THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded [illegible]8 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 28, 1913 — 5c. THE COPY

The Progressive-Republican Merger

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

MARY ANN!
You can just WAIT.

Painted by Galen J. Perrett for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1913 by Cream of Wheat Co.

You really *ride* on Goodrich Tires

THE enthusiastic increase in the already tremendous demand for Goodrich Tires shows what confidence the tire user puts in experience and quality. When not only car owners, but the makers of cars that are pioneers of long established reputation continue to equip with Goodrich Tires it shows conclusively that Goodrich Unit Molding gives value and service that count.

GOODRICH UNIT MOLDED TIRES
BEST IN THE LONG RUN

Goodrich Dealers, Goodrich Branches and Goodrich Service Stations all over the country are alertly ready to satisfy your wants. No matter what car you own or buy, it will be equipped with Goodrich Tires if you simply specify them.

Goodrich Unit Molding makes a tire that can't come apart

The Goodrich principle of Unit Molding is what we *learned* in our forty-three years of experience in rubber manufacturing. By this single vulcanization all the layers of the tire, including the thick, tough tread, are literally molded into a unit. The layers disappear and you have a one-piece tire which *must* give you satisfaction.

Goodrich Unit Molded Tires selling by hundreds of thousands

This enormous demand for Goodrich Tires has been created solely by the service which their value and quality deliver to the user. The reinforcement of the sides to overcome strains and prevent accidents, and the unifying of the thick, tough tread with the strong, buoyant body, insure long, uniform wear—and the treads, naturally, can't strip.

There is nothing in Goodrich advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

Goodrich Tires themselves are Goodrich advertisements. The long history of successful, satisfactory service, with *never* a season when they were anything but the best and highest quality, is to every tire user a most convincing argument why he should use them.

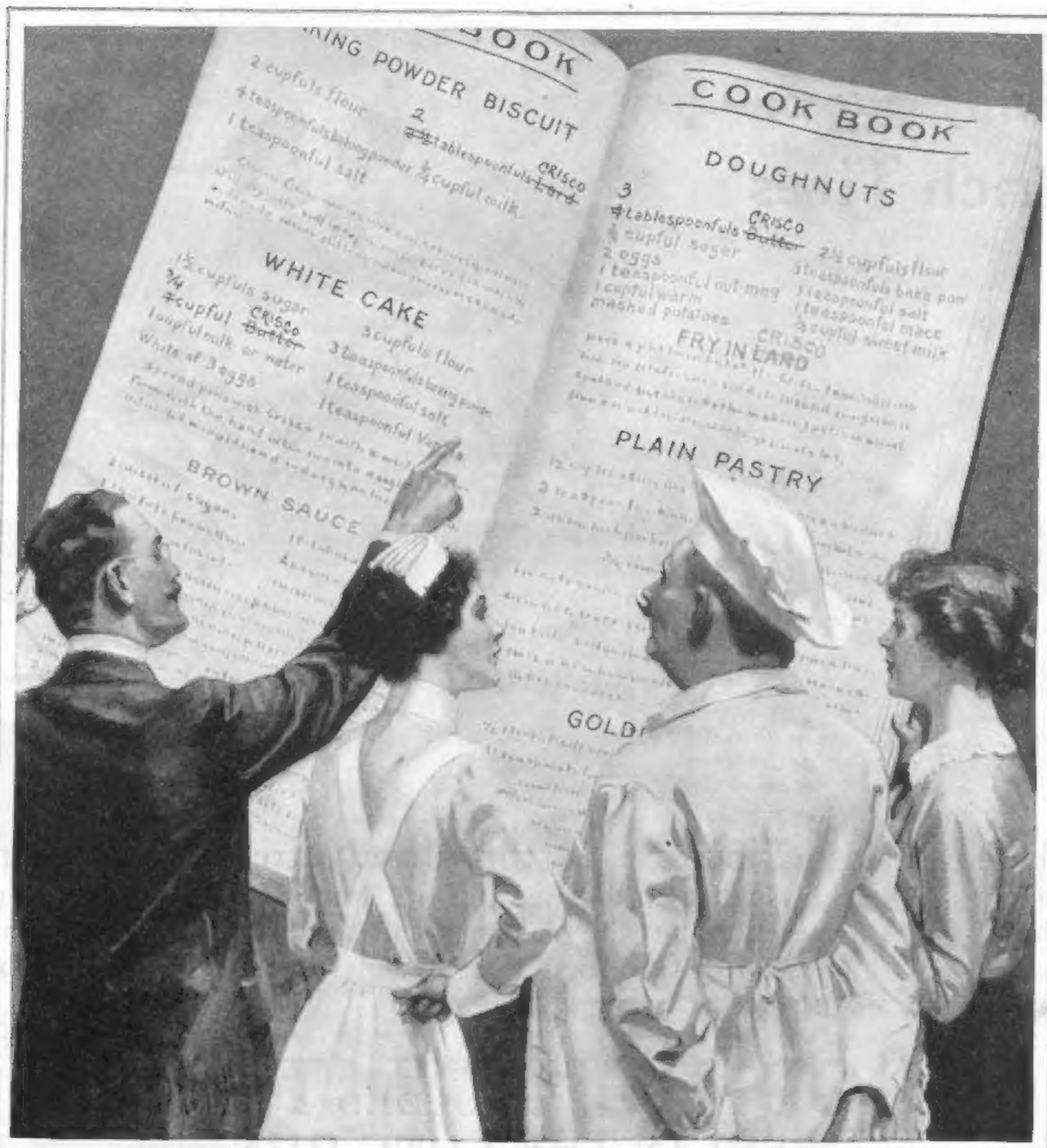
The B. F. Goodrich Company

Everything That's Best in Rubber

Branches and Service Stations in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Factories: Akron, Ohio

Write for Goodrich Route Book, covering the auto tour you select. These books are sent free on request.



Revising the Nation's Cook Book!

THE past few years have seen great changes in our attitude toward food. Pure food laws are now in effect; more intelligence is shown in weighing food values; Domestic Science has come to stay. In an age of advancement it is only natural that the cause of cookery should progress. The nation's cook book is being greatly bettered. Upon the pages where the words "lard" and "butter" formerly appeared, now is seen the word

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Many of the most progressive housewives, chefs, hospital dietitians and physicians have put this new and wholesome product in the place of the older and less efficient cooking fats.

You will discover many delightful qualities in Crisco cooked foods. A few of Crisco's distinctive points are given below.

Crisco Facts

Crisco gives butter richness without butter expense.

Crisco fried foods do not taste of the frying fat. The *true* flavor of the food is allowed to assert itself.

Crisco does not smoke at frying temperature. Crisco frying makes for a sweet, smokeless kitchen.

Crisco keeps sweet and pure indefinitely in any climate and without refrigeration.

Crisco is the wholesome cream of vegetable food oil.

You can fry fish, onions, doughnuts, etc., in the same Crisco. Merely strain out food particles after each frying.

Crisco is a rich fat that digests readily.

Crisco is the most economical cooking fat; less Crisco than lard or butter should be used for shortening and cake making. Use plenty of Crisco for deep frying as none is wasted; it may be used over and over. Costs less than pail lard and about half as much as butter.

Crisco Cook Book Free

An attractively illustrated booklet of 100 tested recipes sent free to any address. Department K6, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1913, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 185 *PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28, 1913* *Number 52*

The Progressive-Republican Merger—By Albert J. Beveridge

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Senator A. B. Cummins

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Left to Right—Robert Bacon, Jacob Dickinson, Senator Root

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Victor Murdock

AFTER its first defeat, and before its second victorious campaign, earnest proposals were made to the new party of Lincoln to merge with all other elements opposed to the Democratic party of that day. The new party had suffered some local reverses; and it seemed clear that if all elements of the Whig party would get together again that party could win. It appeared equally certain that if this was not done success was impossible. Yet Lincoln strongly opposed this plan.

"Rational men," said Lincoln, "can only entertain it in the strange belief that Republicans are not in earnest for their principles. This mistake must be dispelled. For the sake of their principles, forming their party, they broke and sacrificed the strongest mere party ties and advantages which can exist. There can be no letting down. . . . 'He who is not for us is against us; and he who gathereth not with us scattereth.'"

So the merger plan was rejected and at the next election the people placed the new party in charge of the Government.

The people felt that a new party was needed in Lincoln's day, just as the people had felt the same thing four times before Lincoln's day. There had been the Federalist party of Washington and Hamilton; the Republican party of Jefferson and Madison; the Whig party of Webster and Clay; the Democratic party of Jackson and Van Buren—and then came the new party of Seward and Lincoln. Looking back over our history, all of us now see how good a thing it was for the country that these parties rose and fell. We now see that each of them did a needed work which the others could not do, and then gave place to a new party that better stood for the spirit of the times.

The average life of American political parties has been about thirty years. Jefferson thought even that too long. The only exception was made by the Civil War, which practically dissolved the Democratic party for many years and gave the Republican party an unnatural lease of life. History then, as well as present conditions, shows that the time is overripe for a new party now.

Recently a few gentlemen calling themselves Progressive Republicans met in Chicago to arrange for a merger of the Progressive and Republican parties. The day before they met, Senator Gallinger, the Republican dean of the Senate, declared in the public press that "when the time comes to reorganize the Republican party we must follow the men who helped build the party and not those who helped to wreck it." And the newspapers added: "Senator Smoot and other regulars expressed similar sentiments." The following day the same newspapers that described the meeting of these Progressive Republicans in Chicago carried a dispatch from New Haven, quoting Mr. Taft, the last Republican president, as saying in his Yale lecture that progressive reforms are "hair-trigger" affairs "leading to anarchy and despotism by the majority." And the day after the meeting Mr. Cannon, the last Republican speaker, wanted Senator Cummins, leader of the Progressive-Republican Chicago conference, to tell why Senator Cummins, four years ago, had not supported the very plan to reduce Southern representation in Republican national conventions that Senator Cummins now favors. Still the promoters of the merger went merrily ahead.

Even if these well-meaning gentlemen had composed these radical differences among those who still call themselves Republicans they still would be up against the impossible in trying to unite the Progressive party with the Republican party. They start out with three fundamental errors, all fatal to their plan:

Their first mistake is that the Progressive party is only a faction of the Republican party. But one plain fact knocks this theory in the head—the fact that more than a million of those who joined the Progressive party and voted the Progressive ticket last year were men who had been Democrats. Long before the election Mr. Penrose said publicly that more than a hundred thousand of his followers in Pennsylvania would vote for Mr. Wilson; and in his first formal speech in New York after the election Mr. Taft said that more than a million Republicans had voted the Democratic ticket. That was true; and it is also true that a good many more than this number of Democrats voted the Progressive ticket.

More than this, men who had been lifelong Democrats were and are among the most active, vigorous and efficient of the workers and committeemen of the Progressive party. Many of these were prominent men, whose solid qualities gave them an influence extending beyond their own states—as, for example, John M. Parker, of New Orleans, who became and now is a vice-chairman of the National Committee of the Progressive party. Hundreds of county committees of the Progressive party were made up of former Democrats and Republicans alike. Almost every county committee of the Progressive party had and has one or more members who had been lifelong Democrats. And in almost every case these former Democrats are men of substance and weight in their own communities. As I write, I can think of many such men whom I personally know—farmers, merchants, working men, secretaries of commercial clubs, doctors and teachers. And these workers of the Progressive party who formerly were Democrats are as able, determined and enthusiastic as any of their fellow Progressive party workers who formerly were Republicans.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Herbert S. Hadley

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

R. M. La Follette

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. Murray Crane

Also many Progressive candidates for Congress were former Democrats; and this was true of our candidates on Progressive county tickets. Mark well the fact, too, that these candidates on county, state and congressional tickets of the Progressive party were mostly men who had never run for office before. Very seldom could they be accused of being disappointed officeseekers. Also most candidates of the Progressive party became such knowing that they could not be elected; for, from our great leader down, nearly all Progressive candidates for office in 1912 were willing to make the fight without any notion of succeeding at that election. One of the many fine things about the campaign the Progressive party made last year was this very fact that it was made for principle and not for spoils.

All this proves that the promoters of the proposed political merger of the Republican and Progressive parties are wrong in their major premise. How do they propose to amalgamate this great host of Progressive voters, who formerly were Democrats, with the Republican party? And the fact that the Republican party cast a great many hundreds of thousands of votes less than the Progressive party cast will not help the merger promoters to answer that question. How are they going to merge men like Parker, of Louisiana; and Wannamaker, of South Carolina; and Harris, of Georgia—with Root, of New York; Lodge, of Massachusetts, and Smoot, of Utah? For the matter of that, how do these gentlemen propose to make an amalgam out of such materials as Mr. La Follette and Mr. Cannon, or Mr. Cummins and Mr. Penrose, all of whom still label themselves Republicans? Do they think that such a mixture would be attractive to American citizens? Do they think that anybody would believe in the sincerity of such a political gentlemen's agreement?

The second fundamental mistake that our promoter friends are making in trying to get up a merger between the Progressive and Republican parties is that the Progressive party is merely a protest against certain purely party methods and laws, which became more plain and clear than usual in the Republican convention last year in Chicago. They think that the party law governing the election of national committeemen and the party rule by which Republican delegations from the Southern states are given great power in national conventions are what caused more than four million American citizens, both Democrats and Republicans, to leave the two old parties and form the Progressive party. Does not the mere statement of this show how deeply mistaken the amalgamationists are?

Men and women do not leave their parties to which they have belonged all their lives and openly join a new party for any such surface reasons. Such things may cause them silently to vote for the opposition party in order to register their resentment; but men do not publicly and irrevocably cut lifelong party ties and formally become members of a new party for such feeble reasons.

They did this, too, with hardly any party organization—and everybody knows how necessary organization is if a party's full strength is to be registered at the polls. Last year our Progressive party committees were formed almost at the polls—literally they were minutemen. By far the larger number of the members of our county, state and even national committees were totally unacquainted with political work or management; by far the greater majority of them were merely earnest and thoughtful men and women who sincerely believed in the principles and program of the Progressive party. They were like undrilled volunteers meeting seasoned and veteran regulars. Yet even with these beginnings of an organization the Progressive party became the second party in the nation.

Now, however, the Progressive party is perfecting its organization everywhere. In those states where we have no organization at all one is being built. In states where our organization was poor—and they were many—our committees are being strengthened.

Within two weeks after the election great Progressive meetings began to be held in various states and sections—precisely what happened after the first defeat of Lincoln's new party. Within two months these meetings developed into party conferences. And this remarkable phenomenon has continued up to the present time and is going on right now. Every one of these Progressive party conferences is a notable affair in the number, character and enthusiasm of those who attend them. This is admitted even by the old party newspapers at the places where these extraordinary gatherings are held.

The fact is that at the present moment more party work is being done by the Progressive party than by both of the old parties put together. For example, Progressive party clubs are being formed in many states. Over five thousand such clubs have been organized during the present year. And this work is being pushed into other states as rapidly as they can be reached. It is an understatement of the truth to say that more

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Penrose and Oliver

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

William B. McKinley

Progressive party clubs are now being formed than Republican and Democratic clubs put together. As a department of our national committee, we have a progressive service that is a new thing in party politics and characteristic of the Progressive party's purposes. This service is sowing Progressive party literature and spreading the Progressive party propaganda throughout the nation. Next year the Progressive party will have full county tickets in most of the states and a Progressive party candidate for Congress in practically all the congressional districts of the nation. Last year we had very few such tickets in the field. Also in 1914 the Progressive party will have its own candidate for United States Senator—a straight-out Progressive party man—in every state where a Senator is to be chosen. A gloomy prospect for the merger promoters, is it not?

It is when one gets to the heart of the present situation, however, that one sees how impossible is the proposal to Progressive voters to leave the Progressive party and go back again to either of the two old parties; in fact, Progressives could well say to both the old parties, "Physician, heal thyself!"—before such a proposal from either of the old parties could become understandable.

Take for example the Republican party at the present moment: Its leaders are not agreed on a single principle or policy for which the party can stand throughout the nation. On the contrary they are at unrelenting war with one another, to which there can be no end or even a temporary truce without a yielding of basic convictions. For example, Mr. Cummins believes in Republican voters nominating their candidate for president by a nation-wide primary; but only the other day, in a carefully prepared lecture, Mr. Taft was hard put to it to find words strong enough to denounce that very thing. Mr. La Follette believes in the initiative and referendum; yet Mr. Cannon, in a very able, reactionary article in this magazine, called this "the dynamite theory," which would "blow up the foundations of the Government."

Compare what the Republican party stands for in Rhode Island with what it stands for in Nebraska! A Republican of Iowa is a good deal more of a stranger among Republicans of Massachusetts than among Democrats of Oklahoma. The Republicans of Utah and New Hampshire announce the same beliefs; but put the beliefs of New Hampshire and Utah Republicans in parallel columns with those announced by Republicans of North Dakota and Wisconsin!

It is just as bad or even worse with the Democratic party. The Governor of Connecticut says he is a Democrat—and we must believe him, for he is a very learned, honorable and able man; but the Governor of Washington also says that he is a Democrat—and he, too, is an honorable, able and informed man. Yet Jefferson and Adams did not hold each other's views in greater detestation in 1800 than the Democratic governors of Connecticut and Washington do in 1913. Mr. Sullivan, boss of the Chicago Tammany Hall, calls himself a Democrat, is consulted and deferred to by Mr. Wilson, and is the strongest single factor in the Democratic party of Illinois. Yet Mr. Sullivan is opposed to everything for which Mr. Bryan stands, on the one hand; and Mr. Bryan is opposed to those things for which Mr. Sullivan stands. If a foreign student of our politics were to read the New York Times, published in New York, and the Rocky Mountain News, published in Denver, he would think that those two papers were printed in the interest not only of opposing political parties, but of frantically hostile political parties; yet each of these papers declares that it truly states the principles and purposes of the Democratic party.

So we see that neither of the old parties has any principle or even any policy on which the respective parties agree or can agree throughout the whole country. Both have come to be merely crazy-quilts of glaringly opposite beliefs.

One of the moving causes that for many years have been forming a new party was to put an end to just this confusion—a confusion that prevented either party from standing for clear-cut principles and plainly understood programs which would be carried out in the event of party success, and permitted evil and non-public interests to work out their will, no matter which party won an election. For be it remembered that the more the people are confused by these party jumbles of conviction and party catch-words of expediency, the clearer the antipublic forces see their way. These forces never are confused; they know exactly what they want, are always ably generaled, and so perfectly disciplined that they act as a unit. That is why they want the two old parties to stay as they are, and are bringing all their power to bear against the Progressive party.

For a long time millions of thoughtful citizens were impatient of this party condition; and their impatience finally grew to despair. It was inevitable, then, was it not, that there should be a new, intelligent and honorable party alignment? We need a frankly liberal party, with plainly understood liberal principles and clearly stated liberal policies, to which all citizens who believe in them can belong; and a frankly conservative party, with plainly understood conservative principles and clearly stated conservative policies, to which all citizens who believe in them can belong.

With such a party alignment citizens can know exactly what they are voting for and be sure they will get what they voted for if their party succeeds. It was this deep and fundamental necessity that created the Progressive party. It is the liberal party of America, to which all who believe in its principles and policies will come in the end; and its very existence will compel all those who believe in opposite principles and policies to get together in an opposition party in the end. Thus, and only thus, can we have honest politics in America.

The third mistake the promoters of amalgamation make is the assertion that the Progressive and Republican parties want the same things. But this is not true. It is the worst mistake of all. For example, take the subject this moment most before the public—the business question. The Progressive party is as far apart from both the Republican and Democratic parties on this subject as were the Whig and Democratic parties on the subject of internal improvements.

The whole country needs business peace. Yet here we are in the midst of a tariff upheaval, which has in it the seeds of still another tariff upheaval. And this will go on just so long as this great business question is handled by

(Continued on Page 49)

CONSIDER THE LIZARD

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY T. DUNN

JOHNNY built the breakfast. Todd unharnessed and watered the team from twenty-gallon casks slung amidships on the deep-sea wagon—the roadrunner—of Oasis. Serving out hobbles and corn, he filled a canteen, saturating the cloth cover, and hung it to cool, unstoppered. Last, he spread a tarp under the wagon and suggins thereupon, fore and aft, for skipper and crew. They had driven twenty-five miles since moonrise: their high purpose was to make a little six-hour nooning, dinner about three P. M., and a homestretch spurt to Oasis.

Hot biscuit, black coffee, bacon and reckless rabbit; then the shade of the wagon, coat and boots for heading. It will be pleasant to remember these things hereafter.

Seen from this point of view, the world had no limits. Between the wagonspokes it stretched away to a quivering heat-haze, where there was no more to see. In vain Todd assured himself that he had but to raise his head to see the far-off mountains. It did not help; he still felt like a very small Saint Simeon Stylites on a very large pillar drifting in empty space. Next, prompted by the blistering glare of the sun, came the reflection, new to Todd, that interstellar space must be perpetual sunlight. He said as much aloud.

"Huh? What's that?" said Johnny's drowsy voice.

Todd repeated his statement.

"Suppose it does—what you goin' to do about it, you little runt? Go to sleep!"

"Little? Come—I like that!" said Todd in tones exceedingly bitter, the inference being he did not like that.

"I'm five-feet-six, half an inch taller than you, and I outweigh you twenty pounds."

"Fat," said the voice scornfully. "Piffly fat!"

Todd's eyes filled with tears. A lizard from nowhere appeared on the felly. His tail curled aquiver; he cocked an impudent eye at Todd, as who should say: "Huh! Fat little runt!" He winked; he thrust out a swift black tongue; his throat pulsed stormily. Tears gave way to a cherubic smile. Todd began a mental note of the visitor's color-scheme. Presto! The lizard blinked, whisked, frisked—and was gone. Todd vainly tried to eke out his notes by memories of all the lizards he had ever seen. He had a vague impression of gray or olive green, black bars. Oh, confound it!

"Johnny, what color is a lizard?"

"Idiot!"

"Yah! You can't tell! You don't know. That's the trouble with you outdoor men. You don't use what few and elementary faculties you have. A trained and intelligent observer like myself can tell you more about your own country, after a week of it, than you have found out for yourself in a lifetime. But a lizard's markings are so strikingly beautiful, at once fantastic and orderly—man, dear man! Haven't you any idea what an ordinary lizard looks like?"

"Sure! Beautiful fleshmarks, at once fantastic and orderly, sort of—er—gray color and—and brown stripes, I reckon."

Todd groaned.

"Stripes? You great gipe! There's just one stripe—wavy dull brown stripe down his back. Then there's an elaborate double row of tessellated designs on each side, alternating in shape and color—first, a bright brown T, and then a red circle like a target, with a green bull's-eye. And every other T is upside down. Stripes! Sweet spirit hear my prayer!"

"What's a gipe?" said Johnny fearfully.

"You are. A guttural gipe—a gruesome, gibbering, guttural gipe!"

"Well, anyhow," said Johnny, after a crushed silence, "that's your specialty—fauna and floradoras. Things you know nothing about, your eyes ain't such a much. Cards, now. Ever notice what court cards look alike?"

Todd winced at this unkind speech. He was a field naturalist of some note and of an affectionate disposition, now field-naturally listing the smaller Southwestern mammalia for the Smithsonian and making yet other researches on the side. For the rest, in his own habitat Todd had been triumphant and undisputed champion rummy player: it grieved his proud spirit that New Mexicans, irrespective of age, sex or color, languidly and gently beat him at it. The game of Con Quien is native to the Southwest. It is easy to see how the name was corrupted to "Coon Can" in transplanting; but why it is pronounced "Rummy" is not known. It beats Cholmondeley.

"King o' diamonds has one eye, meat-ax, Vandyke, and reverse english on his curls," said Johnny Dines dreamily. "The other three are lefthanded; they got swords and two eyes apiece, and they all part their beards in the middle. But the king of clubs, he had his trimmed lately on an election bet. King of hearts wears his Buffalo Bills curling to his neck on the left side and curling away from his neck on the right side; and his upper lip is shaved, and he's fixing to fetch somebody a wallop with his sticker. All the queens are packin' posies; and she of spades is twiddlin' hers, real flirty, and she's got a chair-leg for emergencies."

Todd raised to his elbow very cautiously. Johnny was stealthily fingering an old deck; his drawling persiflage was to gain time for research. Todd glared.

The able mariner continued his discourse:

"The Jack of hearts, he stole some tarts, and he's only got one eye and a battle-ax. The other three carry doodads and dingbats. Jack of spades, one eye and two entirely different suits of curls—gets 'em a-comin' and a-goin'. I'll fix yours that way this evenin' if you want. . . . Oh, well, just as you say! Spade cards all have their little coatees trimmed with spades, and the diamonds all wear diamonds; but the others ——"

Todd pounced upon his perfidious companion and shook him violently.

"Cheater! Sneak! Jackass! *Je vous accuse! Canaille!* Cutthroat! Scab! Demagogue! Mugwump! No principle—no sportsmanship—not even common decency!"

He clasped his left hand to the back of Johnny's neck just below the ears; he rubbed Johnny's chin firmly with finger and thumb—this exercise is known as the "suasion." If you have bristles under your skin get some discreet friend to try it on you.

"Ouch! Help! Yelp! Leggo!"

Johnny made a furious attempt to bump his assailant's head against the reach, and so broke loose from the suasion.

"Cheat, will you?"

"Oh, what's the matter with you, you fat swab? What you howling about? Didn't you swell up like a hoptoad just now—coming the high and mighty over me, and you lookin' at a lizard all the time?"

"It's a black lie!" hissed Todd. "I'm incapable of such an action. I wasn't looking at any lizard at all. I just made that up!"

II

FOR sheer skillful engineering, New Mexican railroads know no rivals. Neglecting fractions, spurs and feeders, consider only the trunklines. Four of them were built from border to border without touching a town!

Ill-natured people speak of townsites and hogsties in this connection. They say—these malicious ones—that when many-millioned railroads came begging, as is the custom, for gifts of land and cash, those hardheaded and benighted Southwestern towns cordially declined, mentioning terms of barter and sale. Nor could any high-salaried press agent manufacture enthusiasm, charm he never so wisely. The New Mexican's mind was, and is sometimes to this day, a primitive affair. But, as it has never been misused as a storehouse for odds and ends of useless information, he uses this mind or thinker, such as it is, to do his thinking with; and resolutely prefers to do his thinking with his own mind rather than with any other mind soever—even a mind with all the latest new-fangled improvements.

So far from an offering of yards on a lordly dish, garnished with bonus and bonds, the railroads faced the astounding and insulting proposition that they should buy what they needed, just as you and I have to do.

Hence new townsites were hatched in an incubator, hand-raised, coddled and taught to gobble the unearned increment. New Mexico is a land of twin cities. Commonly one name serves for both towns, with a prefixed Old or New. When the old town was left too far afield there are two names—as in the case of Mesilla and Las Cruces.

Not one of these recalcitrant old cities got a station within *her* borders—and not one weakened. They had been wont to freight from Independence by ox team; their unit of distance was twenty-five miles, and a little jaunt to the station held no terrors for them. They were hardy old towns and they foraged for themselves a goodly share of the increment they had earned by a few centuries of hardship.

Also, in some instances, Old Town made annual visits of condolence in the matter of a few feet of Rio Grande water in New Town's first floor. In these pious pilgrimages Old Town sat on the bank, offering sympathy and advice. Results varied, but an enjoyable time was had.

Now you know why Oasis Station is one mile west of Oasis. It remains to be seen why the station agent's family firmly declined to live in the rooms above the depot—thoughtfully provided for their use and in fixing the agent's salary—but dwelt in Oasis proper: why even the section hands trudged a mile to work and back again.

After all, human nature is one of the most natural things possible. Oasis irresistibly brings to mind—if you have that kind of mind—Emerson's noble line of those lives which "advance the standard of humanity some furlongs farther into chaos." Physically, that is—pushing out garden, orchard and field, a league of brave defiance to the besieging desert. It is a convincing desert—no semi-arid nonsense about it. In reaction that same human nature has made Oasis a riotous bravado of shade.

The town was founded that year in which Paris began to speak patronizingly of the young man Bonaparte, who had shown some military ability at Toulon. Each generation of Oasis made sorties against the desert, with conquest of new fields: builded new streets, and lovingly lined those streets with cottonwoods. They arch and meet now, those old trees, home of a million mocking-birds to thrill

"Toddle Along Now! Got Those Wires Cut?"

the dawn with unimaginable sweetness. Literally the town cannot be seen from the outside. There are no towers and minarets and things. The houses are adobe, one story high and a block long—recumbent skyscrapers.

Strangers arriving by rail condemn this prodigality of shade trees as wasting the slender resources of water and soil; but those who come in from the desert find no fault with the arching cottonwoods.

Indeed, Oasis has all the drawbacks you mention and some you would never guess; civically speaking, it is "link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

Yet—for that deep and cool and generous shade, and the brave tinkling of her hundred acequias—men in the world's showplaces think with a pang of that dim and far old town, and name her puny river with a kindling eye, as Naaman spake of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus.

Now you know why the night operator of Oasis curses the company from franchise to dividends, standing up or sitting down, walking or lying, sleeping or waking.

He is lonesome. His nearest neighbor is one mile away.

So much was needful. In addition it will do you no harm to know that a near-by mountain range about the size of Palestine makes the eastern horizon for Oasis—a range never lower than highest Lebanon, capped by a peak to peer Mont Blanc, overhanging Oasis; or that the visible West, desert and mountains beyond, is pretty much the size and shape of England. For these things are dominant, ever-present, unescapable—they draw out the minds of men; they teach a sense of proportion.

The westbound flyer is an aristocratic institution—excess fare; limited baggage; carrying only through passengers, through mail, through express. Running south through New Mexico, it is not immediately apparent where the westbound flyer gets the title. That is not even the name of the train. It is only what the name of the train is called. The name of the train, officially, is The Goldplate Limited—but the train really is Number One. Towns where it does not stop mention it, with rancor, as Flossy.

Flossy is due at Oasis at eight-fifteen P. M. It stops there to drop passengers from St. Louis or beyond, to take passengers for Los Angeles or beyond, and for derailment or collision—not otherwise.

Flossy paused rather snippily this particular eight-fifteen. Miss Carroll qualified, coming all the way from Covington to visit her brother, the Indian agent at Mesculero. That gentleman is waiting with a Government ambulance. In a moment he will whisk her away and you will see them no more. Delightful people, no doubt—important to us only because for them the Limited stopped at Oasis.

Yeardsley, the express messenger, yelled to the night operator and dropped a heavy box from his door—a stout and padlocked chest not unlike those in which valuable express is carried, but smaller, new and unpainted.

"Here you are, Oasis!—P. Crandall, La Golendrina Mining Company—Rush! Here's your waybill."

"First time we ever got express off the flyer!" said the night man. "Ugh! Heap heavy!"

"Thought I might as well dump it off, so long as we stopped here ——"

"All aboard!"

"—— instead of takin' it on to Mecca to come back on the local."

The messenger shouted back the last words as the train moved off. Turning into his car he noticed a man and a heavy gun. The man wore a new cap, a mask made of a new handkerchief, and a voluminous new slicker, which reached the floor. The gun was cocked and pointed accurately at the messenger's left eye.

"That's right!" said the man behind the gun. He referred to Yeardsley's hands, which were stretched up in search of an imaginary trapeze. A second man appeared, arrayed precisely like the first. He carried a sack. The long oilskins made a perfect disguise, completely hiding the form. Evidently they had climbed in at the farther door during that brief chat with the operator. Number Two passed swiftly through the door to the other half of the car, the baggage compartment.

"Goin' to rain, do you think?" said Yeardsley.

Number One smothered a laugh. Number Two returned escorting the baggage-wrangler. He secured Yeardsley's gun and took a long rope from the sack.

"Hands behind you!" said Number One.

The messenger's hands were bound quickly and securely.

"Now sit down," advised the spokesman.

"Say, there's no good doing this! Timelock on the safe, you know!" remonstrated the messenger as his feet were swiftly knotted to the chairlegs and a turn taken round his body.

"Yes; set for eight-thirty-seven—so you can check up contents with your relief between Mecca and El Paso. Don't worry—we'll tend to that. Goin' to back up in a minute. We'll jolly the passengers while we wait on your little old lock. A swell bunch like that ought to shell out a nice piece of money."

Meanwhile the baggageman was trussed up by Number Two's nimble fingers.

"Gag 'em?" queried that deft bandit, speaking for the first time.

"Shucks, no! What's the use? No one living along the track or in ten mile of it. Let 'em holler if they want to. It develops the lungs." He turned to the captives. "Now, old hands, we hate to do you this way. Take it easy. The boys have got your pardner in the mailcar hog-tied the same way, if that'll make you feel any better."

He pulled the bellcord and the train slowed down. Before it stopped two other robbers—capped, masked and slickered—swung in at the side door.

From the sack-of-all-trades the chief took a set of climbing irons, a pair of pliers, and a pair of incredibly large shoes—all fire-new. Leaving these behind, he threw the sack over his shoulder. "We must leave you now—going to take up a little collection!" he explained. They filed into the vestibule.

The affair passed off pleasantly. The train stopped and instantly backed up. Passengers remarked the presence of fishermen three—Wynken, Blynken and Nod—come to fish for the herring fish that live in this beautiful sea. To be sure, there were four fishermen instead of three. What of it? The Three Guardsmen were four. A single fisherman so far inland would have been noteworthy; at four the passengers assumed the attitude of those who say *La sus!*—especially as regards the hands. Trainmen, when met, were held under herd.

Wynken held attention in the first car, Blynken in the second, while Nod and his sack-bearing chief passed into the third and last. The train was backing at full speed.

"The congregation will now stand up!" announced the spokesman—"except the ladies, who will be getting their offerings ready. Hands up, please!"

While his brother-in-arms kept the assembly amused, Nod induced the porter to carry the famous sack; and into it dropped pocketbooks, watches, rings, and such trinkets. He did not indulge in any brilliant badinage. His chief was the entertainer: Nod's was a practical, sordid mind, wholly intent on fish. They passed into the middle car, taking the conductor and the porter with them.

By this time they had backed past the station. But financial operations were transacted much faster now, for there were two willing workers instead of one. Four miles

north of Oasis, negotiations were satisfactorily concluded: the train stopped on a northward slope. A procession trooped back from the engine; the engineer and fireman, followed by a fifth outlaw in the regulation uniform—cap, yellow slicker, mask and gun. At his instigation the fireman undid the couplings between the Pullman and the baggage coach ahead. A bandit opened the vestibule door and dropped off, tripping back to the engine with Number Five. The other three stepped over to the platform of the baggage car, first uncoupling the bellcord.

"Well, so long, old sports!" said the cheerful chieftain to the train crew, still under herd. "Put out a flag! We'll send the expressman and his pals back to you afoot in a few minutes—don't shoot 'em when they come."

He took the sack of valuables and tipped the porter; he pulled the bellcord and the first half of the flyer, under the new management, slid away into the night.

It stopped something like half a mile south. One robber took the pliers and climbing-irons and departed, obviously to cut the telegraph wires—stepping, all shod as he was, into those mighty brogans. Another went to the mail car, cut loose the clerk and brought him back. The leader did the same kindly service to the baggageman and turned him over to his mate for guarding. Then he looked at the messenger's watch and laid it on the safe.

"Eight-thirty-five," he said, cutting the ropes. He picked up the watch and held it open in his hand. "At eight-thirty-seven I'll say, Go! Then you get to working the combination on that safe. If it's open at eight-thirty-eight you can hike along back to the Goldplate." He held the gun—cocked—in the other hand. "And if it isn't you won't! Go!"

The messenger twirled the knobs earnestly and opened the outer and inner doors. So at eight-thirty-eight he dropped out of the side door and the man on guard climbed in.

"Thanks! Be good to yourselves, gentlemen! Toddle along now!" said the leading man. "Got those wires cut? Hop on, then. All aboard!"

III

MECCA, the county seat, is fourteen miles south of Oasis, where the next little stream runs down from the mountains. Those miles are pure desert and no man lives between the two towns. Mecca cannot see the approach of southbound trains until they pass the cut through a low ridge, a mile north of town; just north of this ridge a thirty-mile spur leaves the main line to bring lumber from the mountains. Mecca is a railroad town—division point, machine shops and all that.

Ateight-seventeen Oasis reported Number One by on time. At eight-twenty-five the train dispatcher sent orders through to a freight train at Malaga, forty miles north. At eight-thirty-five, or thereabout, the flyer's headlight should have flashed into sight; she was due at Mecca at eight-thirty-seven.

She did not come. The dispatcher called Oasis. There was no answer. For minutes he clicked out the imperative call: O S—O S—O S. He began to sweat, with visions of a wreck. He took down the receiver.

"Hello! Get me the Oasis depot—quick!"

He heard the sharp, decisive call for Oasis Central before he hung up. He called an assistant and set him to pounding the O S call. There was a bare chance that the operator was merely out of the depot. He looked at the clock and shuddered. On time fourteen miles away, the flyer was now fifteen minutes late! The telephone rang:

"Oasis says depot don't answer."

"Get me Lipton's saloon then. Tell her if any one's on the line to cut 'em off!" Sweat was rolling down his face. "Hello! Is this Lipton?"

"Lipton's not here and the barkeep don't speak English. This is Johnny Dines. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes. This is the train dispatcher at Mecca. The flyer's not in yet. I can't get the Oasis depot. Please go down and see what's the matter with him. I'll have the wrecker out—— What's that?"

"Wait a minute! . . . Hold your wrecker! Your flyer's been held up! She just left here a-goin' south, hell-for-leather, carryin' the black flag! Hold the wire! Your operator's here—run all the way up. He'll report to you as soon as he gets his breath."

The dispatcher got his own breath. Train robbery was bad, but not like a wreck. He looked at the time. It was nine o'clock.

A special was slung together with a jerk. It pranced at the heart-breaking delay while the destined passengers were found and gathered up by phone and message—the sheriff, and Ben Cafferty, the railroad's special officer; the division superintendent; the Wells-Fargo agent; linemen for telegraph repairs; gangs of doctors and sectionmen for possible other repairs.

The special crept her way cautiously. On any mile of the single track they might smash into the piratical flyer, coming without lights or standing still without them—or a rail might be taken out to wreck inquiry and delay pursuit; but they did not meet her. They made Oasis about ten o'clock, finding there part of Number One's train crew, who had walked in, and the entire male population of Oasis.

Down from the north, while they questioned her trainmen, came the hysterical Pullmans of Flossy, pushed by a blasphemous freight train. Plainly, then, the black-flag half of the train had run down within a mile of Mecca and backed up on the High Line spur—perhaps had gone all the way to the lumber woods with her booty. And traffic was piling up from both ways!

The break in the telephone wire was found and mended a few poles away. A second special was ordered up the spur to capture the outlaw train; the sheriff called up men of Mecca to go with it as his representatives, and set himself to get the facts of the robbery from the victims.

The railroad straightened out its own tangles in its own way. North and south went linemen to mend the breaks, using the special and the peevish engine of the sidetracked freight. From the crowd the sheriff picked men for deputies to go with them—Bat Wilson, his ranch partner, and Petey Crandall, of the Golendrina. They reported all wires cut—through and local, railroad and commercial—at about the same distance on each side of town, and the same set of footprints at each break—the track of gigantic shoes; for the first impulse of the frontiersman is to "read sign."

"And there's something dead wrong about this thing, Bill," declared Bat Wilson; "for we could see the marks of climbin'-irons on both them two poles—but a man to fit them shoes could 'a' bit the wires in two without ever stretchin' hisself! Them was sure the largest brogans ever made in captivity!"

Meanwhile the investigators—sheriff, superintendent and detective—had elicited two new facts, upon which passengers and crew were at one: None of the robbers had been either notably tall or very short; also, since their hands had been ungloved, it was certain that not one of them was a Mexican. Upon this latter discovery the Mexicans of Oasis drew apart, somewhat ostentatiously, with expressions of pained and sniffy virtue.

"And now," said Sheriff Bill Hamilton to his coadjutors, "we'll go in and interview this night operator. Let's see—I want a lot of men to get out at daylight and ride sign on both sides of the track. Pete, you see to that. I'll have a bunch hike out from Mecca and Cadiz and ride the High Line. I guess the robbers went that route all right; but, so long as we're up here, we'll just take a look round. Bat, you come with me. You, too, Cornish—you come in and take notes and take notice. You're an educated man."

Then up spake Johnny Dines:

"I'll just declare myself in on this, sheriff, if you don't mind—me and my pardner. We'd like to hear Mr. Operator. We heard him once, briefly, and we'd like to hear it all."

Hamilton leveled his brows at this.

"Who do you represent, Johnny?"

Todd strutted out and patted his chest.

"We represent ourselves—and other innocent men here present, if any."

"I will ask you to notice," said Johnny grandly, "that all these Onsassins and Oassistants are under suspicion except my friend and myself, who are very short men of high character. Besides," he added sadly, "we didn't come in time—just got in tonight. That ain't all either. My pardner is a very intelligent man, he tells me."

The sheriff shrugged his shoulders, rather annoyed at the intrusion.

"Oh, very well! It isn't often there's any devilment afoot you're not mixed up in, Johnny—I suppose that you want to make the most of it."

The superintendent called in one of his young men to hold down the key, making eight in the party. They moved toward the depot door. The sheriff stopped and pointed:

"Whoserigisthat? I'm going to take a look!"

It was a covered wagon, backed up to the freight platform at the farther end. Bat laughed.

"Good eye, Bill! It'syours. I brought down a couple of hindquarters of beef to ship to Mecca—was aimin' to load up some freight, but it hadn't come; so I unhitched and went back to town. Take a good look and maybe you'll find the money!"

The Sheriff and His Party Turned the Corner From Cadiz Road—Six Dusty But Jaunty Horsemen

As they went into the office the sheriff spoke to the superintendent: "You examine him, Mr. Jones—he's your man."

Mr. Jones delayed his operations while the party were finding seats. There were only three chairs in the room. Todd and Bat Wilson sat on a chest; Johnny and the detective climbed on the ticket counter; Bert Cornish opened the baggage room and dragged in a new flat-topped trunk. The superintendent eyed this performance askance. He privately disliked having so many present at the inquiry.

Cornish caught the glance and laughed frankly.

"It's my trunk, Mr. Jones. I just got in yesterday from a little *pasear* in Oklahoma. Have a seat with me, Mr. Sheriff?"

The superintendent began:

"Let me see—your name is Blinn, is it not—Fred Blinn? Well, Mr. Blinn, we wish to ask you some questions. How long have you worked here?"

"Two months."

"Has Number One ever stopped here before?"

"Not since I have been here."

"Mr. Blinn, did you know that Number One was to stop here tonight?"

"Certainly, sir. A message came for Mr. Carroll, at the Agency, saying his sister would arrive tonight."

"Did you tell any one?"

Blinn flushed with obvious resentment. He was a young man, good-looking, well-dressed, with big blue eyes and reddish hair.

"I telephoned the message to Mr. Carroll, at Mescalero—if you call that telling. Any one could have heard it who cared to rubber."

"Are you sure you spoke to no one else?"

Blinn reflected.

"Why, yes, sir—I spoke of it to Mr. Howe in a jocular way when he relieved me yesterday morning."

"And to no one else?"

"To no one else."

"Now, Mr. Blinn, you came on duty last night at six, I believe?"

"At six-thirty. Mr. Howe lights the switchlamps at night and I bring them back in the morning."

"Isn't that irregular? Are you not supposed to have the care of the lamps?"

"Perhaps. It is an arrangement between ourselves. We get the work done." The tone was sullen and defiant.

"May I ask the reason for the change?"

"You may. It is for our own convenience. Mr. Howe hangs out the lamps, and also fills and cleans them for me—work which must be done in daytime. In return, I do some of his office work for him at night."

"Let that matter rest for the present. Now, Mr. Blinn, after you came on tonight did you see any men round or in the depot?"

"No, sir—not until Mr. Carroll and his man came, about eight. Oh, yes, I did too—Mr. Wilson, over there, shipped some beef about seven or a little after."

"Could there have been any men in or about the freight cars on the sidetrack?"

"Certainly, sir. There might have been a hundred. It is no part of my duties to look for burglars under the bed."

"Easy, Blinn—easy!" said Ben Cafferty. "Keep your shirt on! You're taking the wrong tack."

"How'd you like it yourself?" rejoined Blinn hotly. "Don't you suppose if I'd seen masked men hanging about I should have mentioned it before? What's the sense of baiting me like this? It gets me rattled and it don't catch you any trainrobbers." He jumped up and snapped his fingers at Superintendent Jones. "Do you mean to insinuate that I've got an engine and two cars hid in my vest pocket? Because, if you do, I don't like it, job or no job—I'll tell you that right now!"

Cornish laughed.

"Mr. Sheriff, you called me in here. Am I supposed to keep my mouth shut or may I offer an observation?"

"Let's have it."

"Well, then—our redheaded friend is young and excitable; but the general bearing of his remarks strikes me as extremely judicious. Where we ought to be is up on the High Line, where the outlaws went. To hurry things up—if Mr. Jones will not be offended—I suggest that we allow Mr. Blinn to tell his story his own way, just so we'll get done quicker."

"All right!" said Jones grimly. "Young man, I am sorry if I hurt your feelings about that missing engine. Go ahead!"

"There's not much to tell. The young lady got off. The messenger threw off a box. I reported Number One to Mr. Davis, about eight-eighteen, having been delayed a little to take the check for the young lady's trunk."

"Did Carroll go to Mescalero or did he stop at the hotel?" asked Wilson.

Blinn glared at him rebelliously.

"How do I know? Suppose you find out! See here, Mr. Jones, I judge there'll be a big reward out for these outlaws. If you'll let me turn the office over to this new man you brought in I'll go look for 'em—if these gentlemen don't intend to."

"All in good time. We want to hear your story before we do anything else. Go on!"

The operator chafed at what he seemed to consider a useless harrying and delay.

"Well, I didn't hear the flyer backing up till she was right here. She didn't whistle. I ran out on the platform. She was going fast. I saw a man in the gangway keeping the engine men covered with a sixshooter. The fireman was throwing in coal and the firebox was open; so I could see plainly. The robber was masked and wrapped up in a long slicker. I ran back and tried to call up Mecca. I got no answer. I tried every wire I could use. I called for a long time—both Mr. Davis and the Mecca depot. Then I rang up Oasis on the telephone—and couldn't get them."

"What time was this?"

"I didn't notice at first. I was excited. When I gave it up and went to the telephone it was eight-thirty."

Ben Cafferty nodded.

"The dispatcher got orders for Number Twenty-seven through to Malaga at eight-twenty-five. They must have left a man to cut the wires where they backed up. He would have had just about enough time. What next, Blinn?"

"Well, I called up Mecca again—maybe half a minute. Then I began calling to the north—Saragossa, Santa Rosa, Tucumcari. I thought we could get over the Central to the Santa Fe, and so down to El Paso and back up to Mecca. They didn't answer and I heard the train coming back again. I ran down to the north switch. I could see there wasn't any lighted cars behind; and, at first, I intended to wreck 'em. Then I weakened and let 'em go by. They were running close to a mile a minute. I thought the engineer and fireman were still aboard. If I had only known I could have put them in the ditch! Then I ran up town and gave the alarm—and that's all."

"Let's see that switchkey," said the sheriff curtly.

The baited operator almost flung the switchkey at the sheriff. "Think I'd swallowed it?" he sneered. But that taciturn officer showed the key to Cafferty, without retort, and when Cafferty nodded, he tossed it back.

"H'm! What about the express package that came in on the flyer? Did you bring it in?" asked Bat.

"Now Todd and Me, We Think Hard. We've Got the Punch"

"You're sitting on it!" said Blinn wrathfully. "What did you think I'd do with it? Hang it on the semaphore?"

"Well, you didn't say," replied Bat weakly.

Todd moved and looked at the label attentively.

"Didn't say?" snapped Blinn. "When you brand a calf you turn it loose afterward, don't you? Shut up, you fellows! They're calling O. S."

So, like the snowy-haired Lieutenant-General Bangs, "they stopped to take the message down, and this is what they learned":

The missing half of the train had been found on the High Line spur, barely a quarter of a mile from the junction. The postal clerk was certain the mail had not been tampered with. The express safe was innocent of treasure—in it, piled in a neat and orderly array, five slickers, five masks, five caps; climbing-irons, pliers and a pair of enormous shoes. The whole was capped by a waybill, on which was penciled the insulting legend: Exhibit A.

"Oh, you Captain Kidd!" murmured Todd.

"They're on the way for us now—be here any minute," said Jones. "We'll go down at once. Mr. Blinn, you are exonerated from all blame or suspicion. So far as I can see you did everything any man could have done. If you wish to go along with us you may. Thompson, you will act as operator until further orders."

"You two mighty innocent people can come along if you want to," said Hamilton.

"Why, thankee, sheriff—I guess we'll go to bed," said Johnny. "Me and Todd, we been a-driving nights. We'll take a good sound sleep and tomorrow we'll wake up with our little heads all nice and clear. Then we'll stir round and find that money."

Once outside the door he took Todd firmly by the arm. "If you want to find out what color a lizard is," he said, "you've got to look close!"

IV

EAST and west and south and north, the riders flashed in the morning sunlight, seeking for signs and finding none—save the derisive trail of a malicious giant, where the telegraph wires were cut. No fresh track of men afoot, on horseback or in wagons left the railroad along the scene of last night's adventure—except, of course, round the depot at Oasis, where the thoughtless—or thoughtful—had trampled everywhere. It was as if the wooden shoe had come down from the skies bearing homeward the fishermen three—Wynken and Blynken and Nod. And where, oh, where was all that money gone?

Wild reports were abroad concerning the amount of booty—beginning with any amount and going as far as you liked. The express company would give no figures of their loss, but they offered one thousand dollars apiece for the robbers. Rewards by railroad, county and state totaled as much more.

At Lipton's, the social center, Oasis talked it over. Entire familiarity with local conditions had been shown in this brilliant affair; it was plainly the work of local talent, and Oasis was uplifted accordingly. Every one knew every one else; no one man was missing and unaccounted for—much less five; they had unsuspected ability in town. It was as Johnny Dines had said—every American in Oasis was under a cloud. They showed the effect of this cruel suspicion in their own peculiar way.

To this gathering came Johnny and Todd, fresh from a combined dinner and breakfast and smiling sleepily.

"Hello, you train-robbers!" was Johnny's greeting. "Anything new?"

"Mecca claims all the credit to herself," grumbled Lipton. "To hear them tell it, they beat their way up from there on a freight train, went back to the junction on the head end of Number One, and walked on home, packing the sack of boodle. Mecca was always a hateful town!"

"Dern likely too!" said the town doctor indignantly. "That stroke of business was planned and pulled off by men right in this room likely."

"At least one man went down on the engine—probably two," objected Johnny. "How'd they get back?"

The doctor smiled knowingly and turned the subject.

A seedy man bustled in the doorway and elbowed the bar importantly.

"You know that little bill you got chalked up against me, Tobe? I'll be round and settle it in a few days—soon as things simmer down a little."

Two shabby and mournful seven-up players sat in the corner. "That team of horses, Sim," said one in a confidential undertone, "that you was pricin' the other day and that I offered you so cheap—I don't want to sell 'em now. I've changed my mind."

(Continued on Page 34)

CROSS COURSES

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The Orion Proved to Us That She Was Faster Off the Wind Than We Were by Rounding Cape Cod Before Us

HEARING the boys in the office talking of a lecture at the Sailors' Haven a few nights ago was what set me thinking today.

The lecture was on superstition, and the speaker digressed to expend ten minutes, as he put it, on sailors. A most superstitious lot—sailors!

He had a lot of fun with the sailors, and a crowd of old seafaring men sat there and let him, until a boss stevedore from our wharf who had been at one time mate of a coaster, with the preliminary contribution that this was sure the wisest party he had listened to in seven years, rose to inquire of the gentleman how long he had been at sea.

Well, he had been to sea quite a little—twice to Europe and return; once to Panama and return; once to Jamaica, in the West Indies and ——

"——return?" finished our stevedore. "Sure you returned each time? An' in what sortivver craft did you sail to them places—and return—in?"

"Why, steamers," answers the lecturer.

"Passinjer?"

"Passenger? Certainly!"

"Excuse me!" says our stevedore. "I oughter known better. O' course you know all about sailors!" and sits down.

The lecturer was all right. He was doing the best he knew, with the finest and fattest words he could pick out, to make things clearer to his audience; and his audience, appreciating that, let him run on until he said there was not one mysterious thing that had ever happened which could not fail to be proved very ordinary by mathematical, or historical, or logical, or physical, or some other-cal deduction; which bounced our watchdog out of his seat again.

"How d'you 'count," he growls, "for th' Orion 'n' the Sirius?"

Well, he could not account for the Sirius and Orion—for the simple and overwhelmingly conclusive reason that, previous to that very moment, he had never heard of the ships named.

"Then s'pose you hear of 'em now," says our stevedore; and he starts in and delivers the lecturer a lecture on the Orion and the Sirius, and it wound up the show; for when the lecturer started to butt in, all the old barnacles, who before this had been clinging timidly to the edges of their seats, rose up and rallied for our stevedore to finish his story, which he did. And the old fellows, on leaving the hall, said that the credit of the proceeds for the Sailors' Haven fund—for that night anyway—ought to go as much to their old college chum from the coal wharf as to any imported lecturer with his deckload of lantern slides.

Our stevedore, however, didn't tell all there was of the Orion and the Sirius. The lecturer went home thinking he had been told all about it; but he had not. Here it is as it was.

I

IN THE fleet of big coal schooners that at this time were running from the middle Atlantic ports to Boston, the twin five-masters, the Orion and Sirius, were notable.

They were twins in everything—built from the one set of molds, in the one yard, at the one time; launched together; rigged together; sailed on their maiden trips together; and were brought home with their first cargoes of coal together by two masters who were almost as twinlike to look at as their vessels.

It was the history of these two big schooners that they seemed always to be wanting to get together. Their crews used to say of them that if left anchored at all near each other in the stream they would start right away to swing toward each other. Even if it was slack water they would. Yes, sir!

I can't speak from personal knowledge of that tide-swinging trick, but I do know that I saw them a few hours after they had twice smashed into each other—once under sail off the Capes and once in tow up Boston Harbor; and it was not to be doubted that in both cases they had more than drifted into each other. And of their near-collisions—a day's loaf along the waterfront would yield gossip of a dozen or more.

Now these next few lines are from out of the sailors' book of gossip of mysterious happenings at sea; and it is true that the more sailorly the gossip the more likely will it be to try to account for unusual accidents at sea in a natural way—and the most usual reason given is inefficiency—lack of seamanship. As to that, it is true that lack of seamanship, or of sea-instinct, has accounted for many calamities at sea, and the same lack will probably account for many another not so set down on the public tablets; but lack of seamanship will not account for all the queer happenings at sea. Every now and then there comes a ship with which no earthly power seems able to keep up. From out of our superior shore knowledge we may deduce that the builder or designer was in fault; that there must have been an asymmetry in her hull, or that her rigging lacked balance—such defects tending to render her uncontrollable under certain conditions. Maybe; but there she is as she is, with the malign Fates seeming to be working double tides to get her.

"Hoodoo ships!" sailors term such; and "Hoodoos—both of 'em!" the crews of the collier fleet early labeled the Orion and the Sirius. Yes, sir! And some day the pair of them were going up—or down—in a whirl of glory. If they would smash only each other, and not go to putting poor innocent outsiders out of commission when they did go, that was all they'd ask of them.

The master of the Orion was Oliver Sickles—of the Sirius, Norman Sickles; and they were from the same little hamlet in that Cape Shore region whence come so many capable sailormen. Each was named for his father; and their fathers were brothers who hated each other and brought up their children to hate each other.

It was curious to see them—two master mariners commanding sister ships for the same owners—passing each other on the wharf; brushing elbows in the office; putting to sea time and time together; sailing, again and again, side by side for days together—and yet never seeming to see each other. Indifference was the word; but if by any chance a third person referred to one in the presence of the other in anything like complimentary terms, that third person was soon made to know that he wasn't making any hit with whichever Captain Sickles it was who had to listen. If it was Norman, of the Sirius, he would shift his feet and start to stare intently at the ceiling or the sky; if it was Oliver, of the Orion, with a snarl of disgust he would get up and walk off.

I had heard a lot of the Sickles cousins, but had never had more than a hailing acquaintance with either of them until this summer, when my firm chartered, among others, the Orion and the Sirius, and sent me down to Newport News to see that they lost no time in loading and getting out. It was the time of a threatened coal famine in New England, with coal freights up to two dollars a ton and my firm chartering everything they could get hold of to take the coal from the railroads at Newport News and rush it down East.

In our two new schooner captains, Norman and Oliver Sickles, I found, when I came to have dealings with them, a pair who knew their business. Implacable toward each other they surely were; but, so long as their feelings were not delaying their sailing days, that was their own business. Tall, broad, powerful chaps they both were—twenty-eight or thirty years of age to look at; slow in thought; heavy in action; but competent sailormen always. I had no need to know their records or to talk with them too many hours to find that out. Not much about a schooner, be she two-master or five-master—or much about the North Atlantic Coast—that they didn't know. I had been three months in Newport News, Christmas was at hand, and the railroad people were telling me they would have no more coal for my firm until after New Year's. There was twenty thousand tons not yet gone; but if my four four-master schooners could sail next morning, and the five-masters Orion and Sirius—get away the morning after, that twenty thousand tons would be cleaned up.

I hunted up Captain Sickles, of the Sirius, and put the question to him:

"Captain Norman, if I can get you loaded and cleared by the morning after tomorrow, what's the chance of your making Boston by Christmas?"

And he answered, after some thought:

"It's a westerly wind with a medium glass today. It ought to hang on westerly and dry for another four or five days. Clear me by the morning after tomorrow and I'll lay the Sirius to anchor in Boston Harbor Christmas Eve or"—he was a man of serious ways and spoke most seriously now—"or I'll give you a good reason why."

I hunted up Captain Oliver Sickles, of the Orion, and I found him having a drink in the bar of the Tidewater Café. He looked as if he'd welcome a quarrel; but that was nothing strange in him. I put the same question to him that I had put to his cousin, and the answer came in almost the same words as to the medium glass and the westerly wind; but at that point he looked sharply at me.

"And when does the Sirius sail?" he asked.

"The morning after tomorrow."

"And"—suspiciously—"who of us first that morning the Sirius or me?"

"I don't know. You'll be loaded and cleared together it's for yourselves to say who sails first."

"And what did he say?"

Captain Oliver had a hectoring way about him which used to make me promise myself that some day, after he'd done hauling coal for my outfit, I'd tell him what I thought of him.

"What did who say?" I asked him now.

"Warn't you talkin' to my cousin a while ago about the same thing?"

"I was, though I don't remember telling you about it."

"Huh!" he sneered. "I thought so. Y'always go to him first!"

"Yes, I do!" I snapped at him. "And why? Because he knows his mind. And he's a man to give an answer without using up an afternoon talking about it. He said he'd have the Sirius at anchor in Boston Harbor by Christmas Eve or give me a good reason why."

"He did, did he? Then set this down in your log"—with the end of a prodigiously thick forefinger he was tapping the bar as he said it: "The Orion will be laying to anchor in Boston Harbor by Christmas Eve or there'll be a damned good reason why!"

Right here I should say there was more than a rivalry of craftsmanship between the Sickles cousins. Once, thinking it was the Sirius, Norman Sickles' sweetheart, a very pretty and a very good girl, had gone aboard the Orion as it lay in Boston Harbor. Oliver at once locked her in the cabin, put to sea and carried her to Philadelphia, where, urged by her mother and to save her good name, as she thought, she married Oliver. But that her heart was still with Norman was current gossip in the fleet.

Because he had recently heard that I had been about as freespoken as anybody on the waterfront in my comment on that exploit was perhaps why Captain Oliver now—his forefinger tapping the bar and he eying me from under his hat brim—added to his good reason the word that, no matter what my firm or any other firm thought of this or that, "which warn't none o' their business anyway," he wanted 'em all to understand that he was as capable of getting a quick passage out of a vessel as any Norman Sickles that ever walked; which gave me a fine chance to say: "Well, the place to prove that is at sea—not in a barroom ashore."

Not very delicate—no; but it sent him almost on the run down aboard his vessel, to clear his decks for loading, which was mostly what I was after.

And I let it leak out—the answers of the two cousins about being in Boston before Christmas. A little rivalry of that kind doesn't do any harm; and I wanted to walk into the office on Christmas Eve and say, "The last of that Newport News coal is lying out there in the stream waiting to dock!" and then go home, even as many of the crews would want to go home, with an easy conscience for a Christmas holiday.

II

PEOPLE in my line used to say that I was pretty young for my job; and some of them warned me about allowing the underlings to get overfamiliar with me. Well, perhaps I was too young for my job, or for any other job of any account; but, as to the other charge, I never noticed anybody getting overfamiliar with me. Even the head of the firm himself couldn't get overfamiliar with me—unless I let him.

Part of my job, as I figured it, was to know freights and ships and the masters of ships; and where it hurt the firm's interests if I knew the crews as well I couldn't see. Some would tell me that the farther away I kept from them the more highly they would respect me, and the more highly they respected me the more they would do for me—which would have sounded well if their vessels were getting in and out of loading ports any faster than mine did; but nobody noticed that they were.

And beyond that: I could never see where a little friendliness to anybody did any harm. I may have been too young for my job, but I wasn't too young to know that the world is alive with unassuming little fellows who are full to the hatches with knowledge of one kind or another they will cheerfully unload to anybody who has time for them—not that I want anybody to think I am so longheaded or forehanded a chap as to spend time only with people who could tell me things. I didn't do any thinking about it one way or the other—any man that had time for me, I had time for him.

I had time for Drislane. He was one of the crew of the Sirius, and I had been seeing quite a little of him while I was in Newport News this time on the coal. The Sirius would load, sail and return—load, sail and return; and between trips Drislane and I would have sessions.

I had seen something of Drislane before this in Boston. His mail used to come addressed to our Boston office, where everybody knew that twice a year, toward the end of June and just before Christmas, a check would come to him from his home in the West. When he came up from the vessel after a trip and found that home envelope awaiting him he would step round to his room, clean up, and in his shore-going suit of clothes come back, have us cash his check, and then, according to our office force, it was Good Night! for two weeks.

The check, always the same—for twelve hundred dollars—would have given him a good two weeks' whirl in highly-rated, expensive places, if he cared for splurge; but I guess he never was influenced much by regulation ratings. Any place he liked the looks of would do for him—and some perhaps that he didn't like the looks of.

It was no use to try to tell the office force that Drislane hadn't a weak joint somewhere. Man, they knew! And holding no berths for the purely spiritual, with but one suspicious and unexplained action to work from, they would build you up a character of any depth of depravity you were pleased to have. Three guesses—no more—was all they needed for Drislane's case. It was rum or women—or rum and women! If neither, then there was no hope for him at all—he was insane. And certainly his judgment in women was something fierce! I'm setting down now the language as well as the judgment of the office force, this last judgment being based on the evidence of the two illuminated occasions when he had come in to cash his check and each time had brought with him a young woman. Naturally, on his departure, the lads in the office had a word to say. The only way they could account for his selections—well, they couldn't account for them. It must be a genius he had—something born with him—to pick the homely ones.

There wasn't the least evidence to show that there was anything wrong in these companionships of his. My notion of it was—he would never speak of it—that he picked up any kind of people in any kind of place and made them as happy as he could while his money lasted. He certainly never went off for any two weeks' jamboree. Whatever his experiences were, they seemed to leave him in good shape—physically anyway. At least the marks of too many lonesome hours seemed to be ironed out of his face when he came back.

And this was the Drislane—a man so unconscious of himself that he was a delight—who, on this night before the Sirius and the Orion were to sail for their last coal trip of the year, met me and asked me to have supper with him. He took me to that same place where I'd had the words with Captain Oliver Sickles the day before—that is, the Tidewater Café, where there was a drinking bar in front and a restaurant in back; a common-enough sort of place, where women could and did bring drunken sailors, and where they served you pie with a knife.

I speak of that item of serving pie with a knife, not by way of poking fun at anybody; but here was a man five years away from his inland hills—for a whole year owner of an eating place in a good-sized seaport city—and had not yet noticed that some people ate pie without a knife. By it I fancied I could gauge the man's social inheritance. And there were other customs of the place in keeping with the pie and knife. I used to wonder what primitive sort of an upbringing he had that he was so slow to adopt the commonest civilized customs.

Drislane seemed to be at home in the place. So was I, for that matter—by which I mean I felt safe enough. Several times before this, in my inquisitive ramblings about the port, I had looked in there.

So far as that goes, there are not many places where they bother a man who doesn't bother them—always excepting, of course, that he doesn't get drunk and disorderly and isn't naturally foolish.

While I was studying the place and the people Drislane ordered supper. I paid no attention to him until he joggled my elbow.

"What do you think of her?" my companion asked.

"The Orion Will Be Laying to Anchor in Boston Harbor by Christmas Eve or There'll Be a Good Reason Why!"

"Which one?" I asked, and looked about me afresh to note what worshipful creature it was I had missed.

"You didn't notice?" he said, plainly put out with me. "The girl who is waiting on us!"

I had noticed her; but when she reappeared with the first part of our order I noticed anew. A tall, full-bosomed girl she was; and as she walked across the floor toward us, a load of table things in each hand, she swayed from her hips like a young tree in the wind.

The physical poise of the girl was the notable thing about her. She carried her armfuls of dishes and food as if they were handfuls of marshmallows. She must have spent years working like a man in the fields to have developed such physical power. Her face was as innocent as a child's.

Drislane introduced me when she had set down her dishes—"Miss Rose"—I didn't get her surname and it doesn't matter. "Rose's uncle owns this place," he added.

"Poor girl!" I thought.

She met his enchanted gaze with a slow, red-lipped smile. To me she gave an embarrassed glance. Strange men, as yet, were evidently disturbing items in her life.

Drislane watched her when she left us until she had passed through the kitchen door and beyond sight.

"I'm going to marry and settle down," he said.

"This young lady?"

"If she'll have me. I haven't asked her yet." He was fiddling with his bread and butter. Suddenly he burst out with, "If you knew how lonesome I used to get and the things I was tempted to do to forget it!"

"A man doesn't need, son, to be entirely exiled from his family to believe that; but when you're married will you go to sea just the same?" I asked. He did not answer. I felt sorry for him. She looked to be a good girl, but I foresaw her troubles in a place like this while he would be away to sea. It would be a constant fight. She was possibly nineteen; she did not look like a girl who had been tempered by temptation's long siege, and the Lord only knew what resisting power she would develop when so tempted.

From the fragments Drislane fed me with, while she was coming and going, I learned that both her parents were dead; that she had been in the city only three months; that her uncle didn't seem to see anything strange in her employment in his place; and that Drislane was the first man who had shown an honest interest in her.

"I take her to the theater regularly," said he. "I would tonight, only I want to sit in somewhere and have a long talk with her. You'd be surprised at the things she doesn't know about the world."

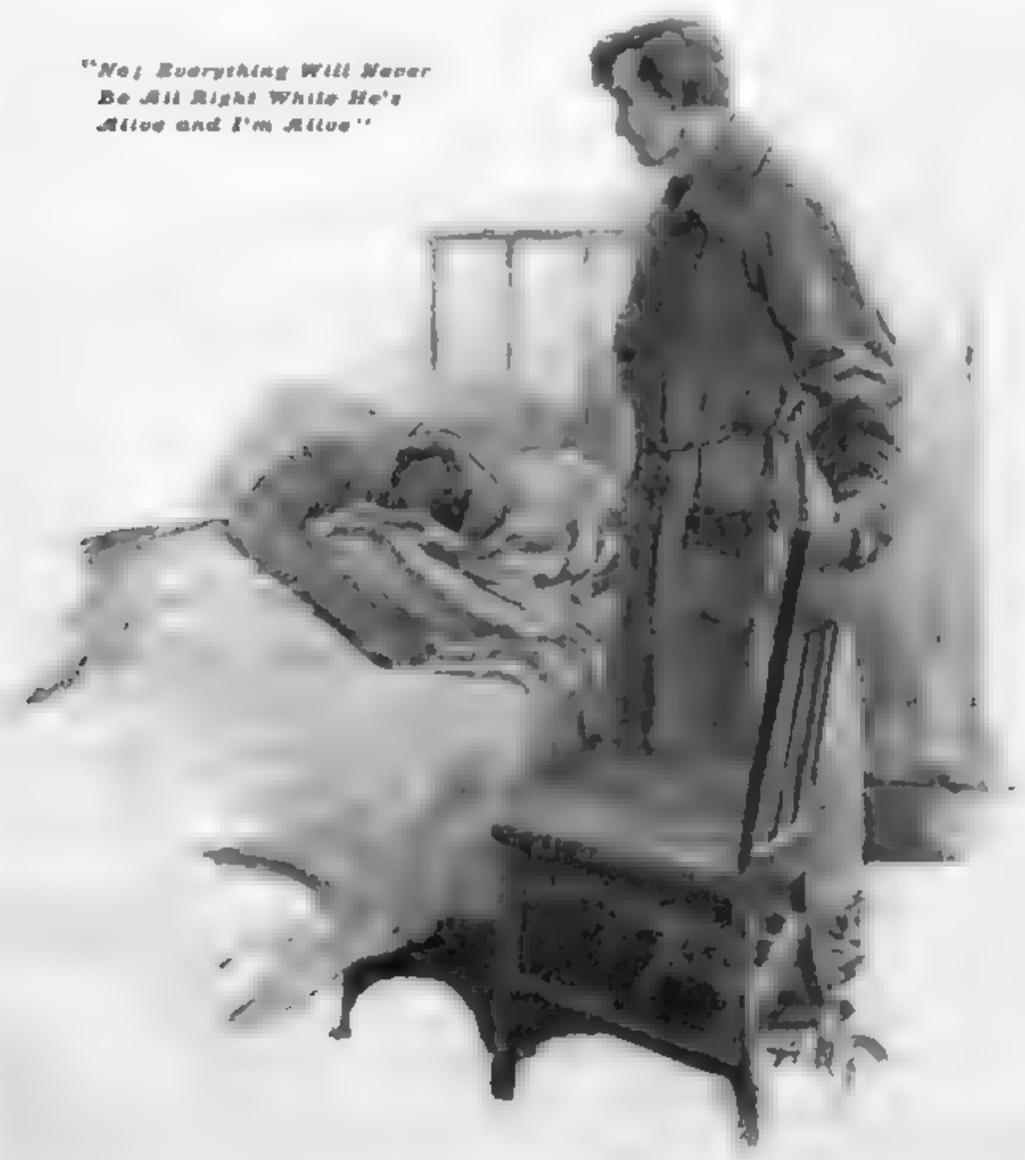
"I wonder," I thought to myself, "if you realize the things you don't know about the world!" And I began to wish then for his own sake that he'd hurry up and take to looking at life through the same glasses other people used.

She was living in sordid quarters in a section where a woman was any man's who could get her—and on any terms he could get her—and she was of the type and at the age that has always been held most desirable by the primitive male; and it was to be doubted whether she had had the religious or home training needful to an emotional nature. In a good home, in a community where a woman was respected because she was a woman, all would have been fine; but here—they married, and he most of the time at sea—I felt sorry for her as well as for him.

"Take her out of here when you marry," I said to him before parting.

He shook his head.

"No. I had a scrap with my people when leaving home. They're all right at home—the best; but they want me to get down on my knees to them."



"No; Everything Will Never Be All Right While He's Alive and I'm Alive"

"Better be on your knees of your own will to your own people than against your will to an enemy," I said, but that had no meaning to him; and I left him to his Rose, almost wishing that something would happen to him soon to shake him up—even if shaking him up shook off a few of the purple blossoms that he thought so necessary to the tree of life. Thinking of him, I almost talk like him in his absent-minded moments.

III

I LEFT Drislane to go to the theater with Captain Norman Sickles. The theater over, he went with me to my hotel to get a few ship's papers I had for him. After that we sat in for a smoke and a chat—not that there was much chatting on Captain Norman's part. He never did have much to say of himself or too much of anybody else, though he could praise a man if he liked him. It was the first time I had ever spent more than an hour with him except on pure business, and I was curious to know just what he thought of a lot of things—among others, of his cousin. I gave him two or three openings, but he didn't rush in. What he did have to say of him he said at one gulp. It was:

"Where I was raised 'twas common talk that after you'd been gettin' naught but fair winds for a long course it was then a good time to keep a watch-out. The head winds have to come some time, and the longer they be in coming the longer they'll stay with you when they does come. Oliver Sickles 'a been runnin' with a free sheet so long that I calc'late he's forgot there's such a thing as head winds this side the Western Ocean."

Even as Drislane, so did Captain Norman look like a terribly lonesome man at times. He probably was not yet over losing that girl who had been tricked into marrying his cousin. His cousin seemed to have got over it. There was gossip enough between Boston and Norfolk to hang more than a suspicion of that on—for that, and the belief that not so much in marrying her as in getting the girl away from his cousin, was where Captain Oliver had most likely achieved his main desire.

We talked until Captain Norman thought it was time for him to be getting back aboard his vessel and turning in. As he stood up to go he said: "'Tis said you like a little sea-trip now and again? Why don't you go home with me in the Sirius?"

I was pleased at that—he was known to be not overfree with his invitations—and I thanked him, but, on my not saying yes or no at once, he looked chagrined; seeing which I explained that early that fall his cousin had invited me, if ever I cared to return to Boston by water, to take passage with him on the Orion.

He tried to smile. He was a whale of a man, bashful in his ways. He smiled like an overgrown boy who had done something there was no harm in, but of which he was ashamed. "He always appears to be gettin' in ahead o' me, don't he?" he said wistfully-like after a momentary pause, which hurried me into saying:

"But I never said I'd go with him, captain, and he probably thinks he knows me too well to ask me now. I want to go with you, captain, and "—I made up my mind then and there—"I will, and I'm proud to have you ask me."

"Good!" 'Twas a real smile now. "And if the Orion hauls out with us you may see a wet passage, and maybe a bit of excitement of one kind or another before we make Boston Light."

We shook hands on the hope of a fast run to Boston; and then, drawing from my suitcase a package of receipts, coal memoranda, and so on, I held them up. "For the Orion, captain. Where do you suppose I'll find your cousin this time of night to give them to him?"

"Where but the Tidewater—where that girl is?"

I stopped to put one thing to another.

"And he is after that redhaired Rose too?"

"What else?"

"Doesn't she know—or doesn't her uncle know—that Oliver Sickles has a wife in Boston?"

"Her uncle!" he snorted. "He's no more wit than my ship's cat!"

"But Drislane knows—won't he tell her?"

"He don't seem to. A proud one, Drislane! Six months he's been with me now in the Sirius, and if she isn't sure she wants him above anybody else on this earth, then she needn't have him—that's all; or leastwise that's how I sense him. He wouldn't take no odds of the devil—that lad." I could believe that; and it set me to thinking. "Maybe you're thinkin' now," he went on, "that she should be able to see for herself what my cousin is? But what training has she had to judge o' men? What other kind does she see aught of in her uncle's place? Indeed, with her bringing up and what brains the poor girl has, she's done very well, I'm thinkin', to 'a' kept off the rocks as long as she has. A hundred to one you'll find my fine cousin at the Tidewater tonight. But I must be going. Good night to you."

Only the bartender was in the front room of the Tidewater; and he was so busy peeking through a slide in the wall—the same through which he passed the drink orders from the restaurant—that he did not hear me come in. The door to the inner room was closed, but the low-pitched roars of people trying hard not to be noisy was oozing through.

"What's doing?" I called to the bartender. I had to call it twice to make him turn round.

"It's the big captain of the Orion and that little deckhand, Drislane."

Anybody taking Drislane for a joke always did jolt me.

"He's not a deckhand," I bit out—"he's a seaman, and a good one! But what about him and Captain Sickles?"

It Was Drislane She Had, His Head Cuddled on Her Knees Until the Tug Came and Got Us

"It's about him an' the boss's Rose. The captain begins to abuse Drislane somethin' fierce, an' he comes back at him. Then the captain brings her into it. 'What would a girl be wantin' with a little runt like you?' he says; and after that: 'I dunno but I'll take her to Boston with me this trip!'—and said it like he meant it. An' the little Drislane he jumps into him two-handed—an' they're hard at it now."

I squeezed inside the door of the inner room. "Man-to-man fashion!" I could hear in the powerful voice of Captain Oliver while I was crowding through the ring of people to the open space in the middle of the floor. "That's it—man-fashion, wi' the naked fists!"

Man-to-man fashion! As if man could invent an unfairer scheme to settle private quarrels! Give a man heavy muscles and huge knuckles, tough hide and thick skull, add half the courage of a yellow dog, and how can he lose at that game? The oldtime duelists with their swords were a hundred times fairer. A long sword to his wrist and the smallest man had a chance—which is as it should be, or else we might as well pick some seven-foot, solid-skulled savage from out of the jungle and set him up for king.

Man to man! Drislane was five-foot-six, weighed possibly a hundred and thirty-five pounds, and was no boxer. Sickles was six-three and weighed two-fifty. He had enormous muscles and knuckles of brass. His hide was as thick and hard as double-naught canvas. Drislane could have stood off and pounded on his ribs for a week and hardly black-and-blued them. He could have swung on him for a month and not knocked him over.

It was the old-fashioned style of stand-up fighting—no regular rounds with a rest between. The men rushed and slugged and clinched and tugged; and when they fell they got up and went at it again. Always when they went to the floor Sickles let his two hundred and fifty odd pounds drop limp and heavy on Drislane. Drislane would almost flatten out under it. Standing up, when Sickles' fist landed on him he would wince all over. He felt pain like a girl.

It was slaughter! Blood, blood, blood!—and the blood all on one side. For perhaps twenty times Drislane was knocked flat. If Sickles had only the explosive spark to go with those tremendous blows he would not have had to hit Drislane more than once. But he could only continue to knock the little man flat; and knocking him flat often enough the pounding finally told.

The time came when Drislane could not rise to his feet. He worked himself up to one knee, with the big man waiting for him to look up so he might deliver the blow more sweetly. Drislane, knowing to the full what was coming, looked up and took all there was of it. This time he lay flat and quiet. The triumphant Sickles bent over him.

"Y' are satisfied, are yuh?"

Sickles wasn't going to stop with beating him up—Drislane must proclaim his conqueror's victory and his own defeat. Possibly he wanted the girl Rose to hear it. She had been standing back on a box in the kitchen doorway and must have seen most of the fight. I was wondering how far the joy of battle would mount in her primitive nature, but when I looked up to note that and how she took Drislane's beating, she had gone.

"Are yuh? Speak up! Are yuh?" bellowed Sickles.

Drislane by now could open his eyes. He looked up at his conqueror, but would not say the word. Sickles dug the toe of his shoe into his side.

I had been waiting—half-sick at my stomach—for a good excuse to butt in. I had marked, when I first came in, a piano stool sitting upside down atop of the piano on one side of the room. In these possibly rough-house windups it never does any harm to note where a few little implements for self-protection may be picked up in a hurry. This piano stool had a fine two-inch oak seat.

"You wunt, eh?" Sickles lifted his foot—

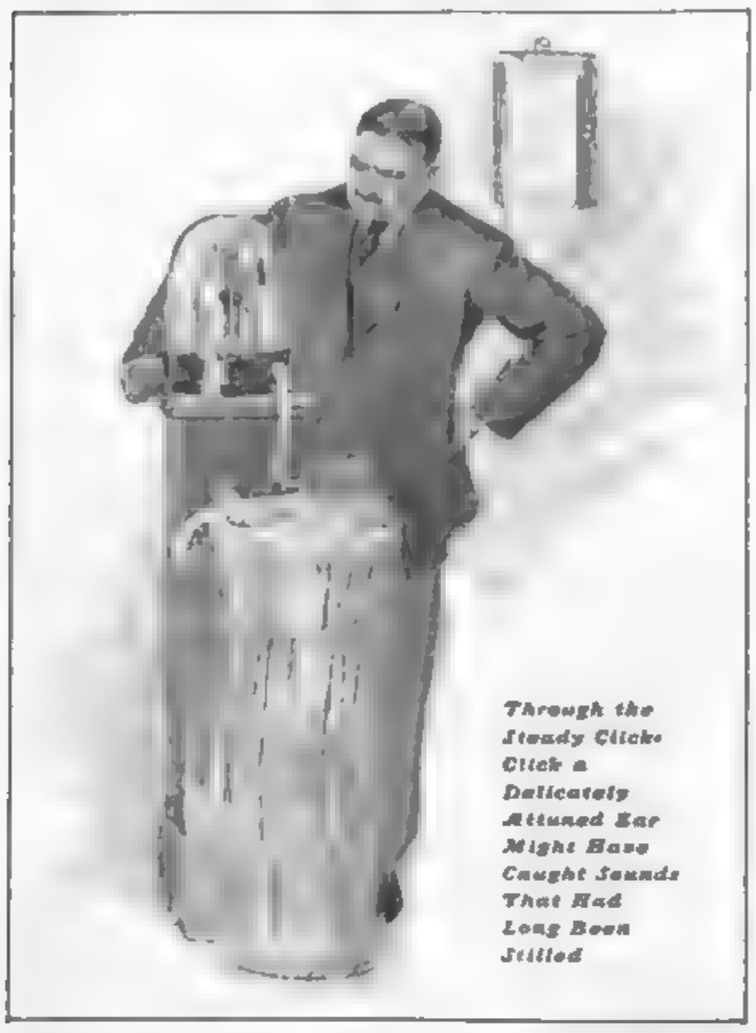
"No; he won't!" I butted in; and as he straightened up to see who it was I went on: "And don't think I'll be foolish enough to go staving in my good knuckles on you. See this little wherewithal I'm holding—and not too loosely—by the wind'ard leg? You've a fine thick skull, but this is thicker. One cute little wallop o' this amidships of your ears, and it's little you'll care whether you take the Orion out on the first or the last of the floodtide tomorrow. Let him be!"

Now don't let anybody think I was making a play for any Carnegie medal thereby. I knew Oliver Sickles; and even better did I know his kind, who only go to battle when certain victory lies before them. The only chance I was taking was with my firm's interests. It might be that he'd have such a grouch against me that he'd carry no more coal for my firm than he could help in the future.

He let him be. He put on his collar and coat and received as his due the applause of that crawling breed who are never by any chance seen shaking hands with anybody but

(Continued on Page 24)

Can the Stock Exchange Come Back?—By Will Payne



Through the Steady Click-Click a Delicately Attuned Ear Might Have Caught Sounds That Had Long Been Stilled

NO DOUBT you have read descriptions of the New York Stock Exchange and know what a scene of mad activity it ought to be; but if you should drop into the visitors' gallery any of these days you would hardly recognize the view beneath from any description you have read. Here at the left is a knot of brokers in earnest conversation; but what they are discussing is yesterday's baseball scores. Over there sits a floor trader, pencil in hand, immersed in thought; but he is not meditating a coup in Reading. He is figuring up his laundry bill. The persons with gold-braided caps, standing at little posts surmounted by telegraph instruments, are the official quotation reporters—all apparently sound asleep.

Uniformed messengers come and go. Members move about—to get the cramps out of their legs. A number flashes out on the big blackboard to the right or the left summoning a member to the telephone. His house wishes to know who sold that last Union Pacific—a quarter of an hour ago. A customer in Baltimore who bought fifty shares of Union Pacific year before last has asked the question.

The scenery and properties are all there—the large and handsome trading room; the numbered posts on the floor; the battery of pneumatic tubes from the cable offices, near which the arbitrageurs are supposed to congregate in order to get their messages from London and Paris hot off the wire; the telephone booths at the rear; the messengers, attendants and members. The stage is all set. The only thing lacking is some business.

There have been extensive dry spots before since the stock market came back to life in 1898, but never any such Sahara as this! In the last two years the Exchange has done less business than it did in a single year when there was a real market. Take one year's income and spread it over two years and you will find that it gets exceedingly thin in places; in fact, for three years now the sporting public simply has not been trading in stocks. The last good market was in 1909.

The Story of the Lean Years

NOW three years is a long while in any trade to wait for business to pick up. Naturally a good many people round Wall Street are asking themselves whether the Stock Exchange ever can come back—whether there will ever again be an extensive outside participation in stock speculation.

It is a very important question for some people, as you can see at a glance by figuring it this way: The Exchange is a voluntary association with eleven hundred memberships. Four years ago a membership sold as high as ninety-four thousand dollars, on which basis the privilege of doing business on the Exchange would be worth in the aggregate more than one hundred and three million dollars. Recently a membership sold for thirty-eight thousand dollars, on which basis all the memberships would be worth nearly forty-two million dollars—a slump of about sixty-one millions, arising from the public's continued and callous indifference to the stock game.

Or you can figure it this way: In 1906 trade on the Exchange amounted to two hundred and eighty-four million shares. Commissions at twelve and a half cents a share came to more than thirty-five million dollars. Last year the trade was a hundred and thirty-one million shares and commissions sixteen million dollars—a decline of nearly sixty per cent in brokers' incomes. No doubt the actual decline was considerably more than that; for with an active market almost any good broker can make office expenses out of his interest account, and with a dead market that source of revenue is cut off.

True, the Stock Exchange has been through much worse times. In 1894 total trade was less than fifty million shares—not much over one-third what it was last year. In 1895 it was only sixty-six millions; in 1896, fifty-four millions; in 1897, only seventy-seven millions—not a great deal over one-half of last year's total. There were months back in those Dark Ages when the total trade fell below three million shares, which meant a total monthly income from commissions of less than three hundred and forty dollars a member.

Those were simple and poverty-stricken times, however, in which the whole country, relatively speaking, was broke. Hardly anybody expected to make real money then. Living—even Wall Street living—was reduced to such barefoot, threadbare terms that nobody except Mr. Morgan, Colonel Astor and a Vanderbilt or two, so much as thought of trying to maintain a steam yacht at a cost of forty or fifty thousand dollars a month. Brokers in good standing wore the same suit of clothes for a week at a time and humbly thanked Heaven for roast beef and beer. A member of the Stock Exchange might be so poor that his family had no means of conveyance except one carriage and still not be ashamed before his fellow members, who were all as hard up as himself.

So there is no use making comparisons with those times. You might as well ask a railroad president to compare his present cost of living with what it took to maintain him when he was a boy on the farm.

The new era began in 1898 under the able leadership of the late Governor Flower, of New York. The Flower bull market of that fall and winter was considered a wonder in its day. It brought quite a contingent of the public into the stock game. Prices rose, orders poured in, commissions multiplied. And through the steady click-click of the rejuvenated ticker a delicately attuned ear might have caught other sounds that had long been stilled—to wit: the subdued popping of champagne corks; the ravishing sizzle of roasting pheasants; the rustling of silks in the millinery shops, and the audible smiles of the jeweler.

Governor Flower died suddenly of indigestion at his country club. They do say that sorrowing friends, upon each relay of doleful news from the sickroom, ran—all bedabbled with tears—to the nearest telephones and sold the governor's pet stocks by the ream. The market broke very smartly and the usual hecatomb of little bulls went up in smoke.

Nevertheless, the speculative public's appetite had been well whetted. For a year or so there was a very good trade in stocks, but no happenings of a monumental nature. A new presidential campaign came on and Wall Street had a chill over Mr. Bryan simply because it had had a chill over him four years before. Meanwhile the Moores and their following had made millions out of the minor steel consolidations that preceded the big trust. The Gates crowd was bursting with profits from barbed-wire consolidations and from various speculative operations. The great trade revival since 1897 had brought many people so much money that it hurt them.

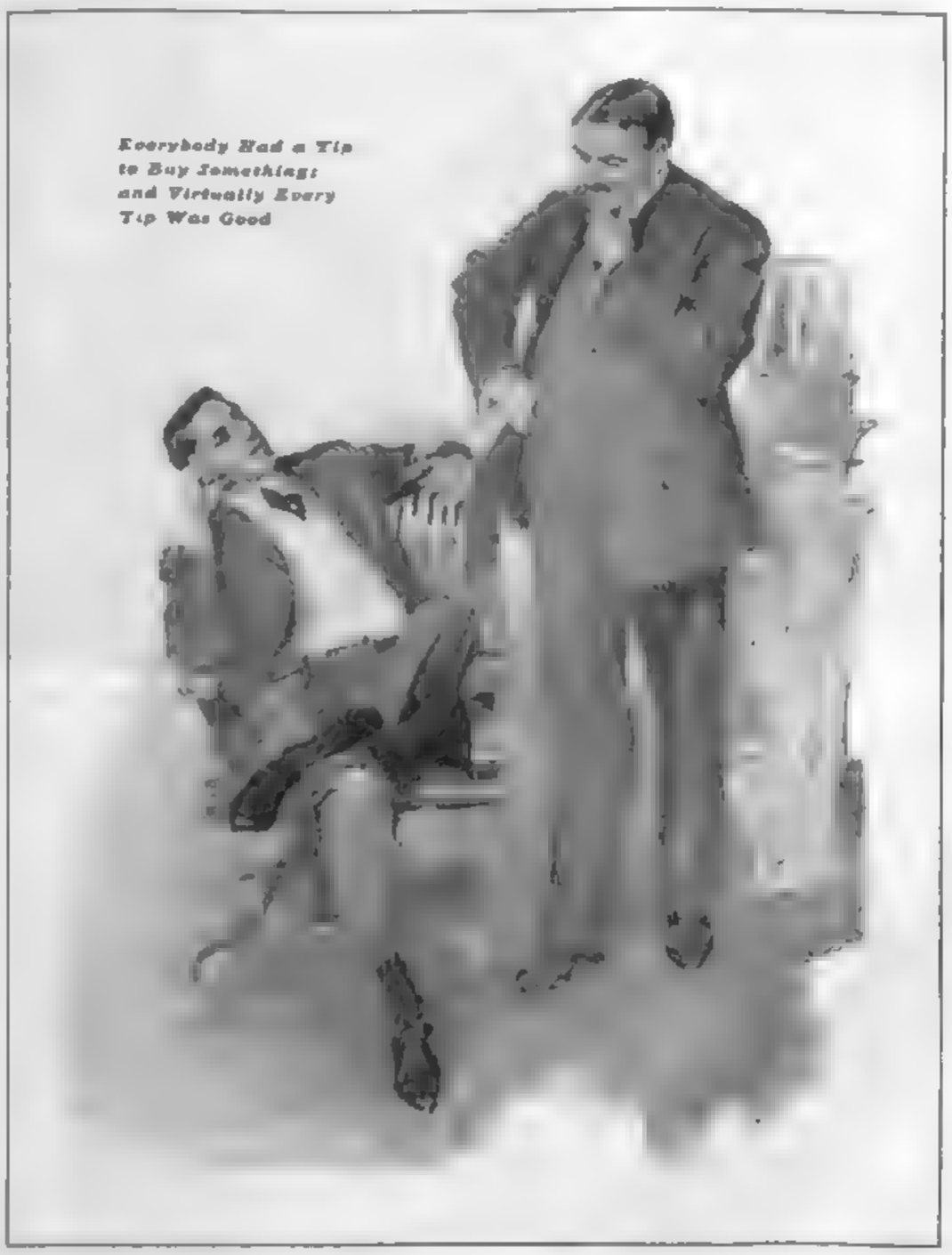
By October, 1900, gentlemen in a position to take the lead had made up their minds Bryan was sure to be beaten and that it was high time to start up the works. Just to get a line on the situation, remember that in that month Atchison was selling at twenty-seven dollars a share, Reading at fifteen, Southern Pacific at thirty-one, Northern Pacific at forty-eight, Union Pacific at fifty-seven.

October was spent in warming up the machinery. Total trade in that month was only eleven million shares of a par value exceeding one billion dollars. In November trade jumped to twenty-two million shares, and December beat that record by a million—that is, stock having a par value of two and a quarter billion dollars changed hands on the Exchange in the latter month.

The Days When Every Tip Was Good

PRICES were rising hand over hand and the public was coming in by companies, regiments and battalions. In Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis—in every sizable city, in fact—brokers' offices were thronged with amateur bull speculators. Lawyers and doctors lunched on a sandwich in order to run in and see how their St. Paul or Great Northern was doing.

And they were all making money. Everybody was buying and everything was going up. It was a wonderful time for tips. Everybody had a tip to buy something; and virtually every tip was good, because everything was advancing. The whole country was in full process of recovery from the long prostration that followed the panic of 1893. Yet the tipsters got credit for preternatural wisdom when their tips proved true. By general consent the kindest office you could do for a friend was to hand



Everybody Had a Tip to Buy Something; and Virtually Every Tip Was Good

him a duly trademarked tip. Waiters at the big hotels disliked to serve persons who gave them no other gratuity than a five-dollar bill. The preferred diners were those who gave them tips on the stock market.

In January, 1901, trade on the Stock Exchange exceeded thirty million shares. In some single days more than two million shares were handled. It was a very mad and merry time. Reports began to circulate about the coming huge steel consolidation—which simply confirmed everybody's opinion that the Wall Street millennium was at hand.

You see, there was a beautiful moral side to this great bull orgy. Its watchword was "Community of interest!"—meaning that the big men of the Street were never going to strive and contend with one another any more. Henceforth forever they were all going to stand hand in hand singing the same hymn of peace and pulling together seraphically in the dove-colored harness of brotherly love.

The Steel Trust was brought out in March. All the big men were represented in it—proof positive that the millennium had arrived. And in April trade on the Stock Exchange exceeded forty-one million shares, of a par value exceeding four billion dollars. On Wall Street or La Salle Street you could not go a block without bumping into persons who had raised themselves from comparative poverty to affluence during the last six months by trading in stocks. I doubt whether there was a broker's office in the United States that did not have a rather numerous contingent of customers who had been struggling with their grocers' bills the summer before and were now talking carelessly about country estates, trips round the world and other concomitants of fortune.

Atchison, selling at twenty-seven dollars a share in October, had advanced to ninety dollars a share. Reading had trebled in market value. Union Pacific had gone up from fifty-seven to a hundred and thirty-three. St. Paul and Burlington had appreciated in price about seventy-five dollars a share.

Swift Ups and Downs

IT WAS a wonderful time! Aladdin had come true! Everybody was rich. The last day of April over three and a quarter million shares were bought; but within a week the market began acting queerly. On May eighth Northern Pacific went up unaccountably while everything else went down. The morning of May ninth everybody knew that Northern Pacific was cornered and half the houses in the Street might be broke by the corner. Though Northern Pacific went up to a thousand dollars a share, the rest of the market went to smash like a crate of glassware dropped from a roof. Atchison, for example, dropped some forty dollars a share in about as many minutes.

You see, though all speculative eyes had been entranced by the tableau of brotherly love that occupied the center of the stage, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hill on one side, and Mr. Harriman and the Standard Oil gentlemen on the other, had been out in the wings gouging each other's eyes and pulling each other's hair in a cat-and-dog fight for control of Northern Pacific. The revulsion of sentiment was quite shocking.

Of course the whole crowd of amateur bull speculators was snuffed out in one pinch. A regiment of millionaires for a day returned their stage money to the property man and went back to the old humdrum ways of making a living.

In the summer of 1900 a young man was earning twelve dollars a week marking up quotations on the blackboard in a broker's office. In the early fall he started buying Reading on a shoestring at about fifteen dollars a share. At the opening of May, 1901, he was long six thousand shares of Reading, which was then worth about forty-five dollars a share. Naturally he had deserted the six-dollar-a-week boarding house and taken quarters in an expensive hotel. Also, he was collecting pointers on European travel. The episode of May ninth came along, and in the summer of 1901 the young man was arrested for sleeping on the benches in a public park.

Four years elapsed before there was another really big market, though at no time in the interval did trade get so dull as it has been in the last two years. In 1905 there was nearly as big a trade as there had been in 1901, and in 1906 it broke all records, transactions that year exceeding two hundred and eighty-four million shares; but it was not the same kind of market as that of 1901. The trade, though larger in volume, came from fewer sources. There was no such inrush of small-fry innocents as there had been four years before. The lower and broader strata of the speculative public—having been taken up on a high mountain and kicked off a couple of thousand feet—were less inclined to venture again. It was more a professional sort of trade, coming from people of some means and experience.

There were plenty of them, however; and all together they made a highwater mark for Stock Exchange income and outgo. The commission account alone for 1906 footed up over thirty-five million dollars, and the price of Stock Exchange membership advanced to ninety-five thousand dollars.

John W. Gates was most conspicuous among the leaders of this big market. The commission house in which he was a special partner, and of which his son was the head, handled three hundred and fifty thousand shares in a single day,

The Market, in Short, Went to Pot

which meant more than forty thousand dollars in commissions. The house's Waldorf branch alone did eighty thousand shares in one day!

It was notably a plungers' market. I recall this little incident: A Gates camp follower is standing rather listlessly in a broker's office, hands in pocket, contemplating the blackboard. A financial reporter strolls in and says casually: "Good morning!" The plunger responds as casually: "Good morning! What's the news?" By way of neighborly gossip the reporter answers: "I hear St. Paul will put out a very good statement Tuesday." "Is that so?" the plunger replies, and turns instantly to the order clerk and says: "Buy me a thousand St. Paul!"—exactly as though you should observe to an acquaintance: "I hear these apples are very good," and the acquaintance should say: "Well, I will buy one."

That, to a large extent, was the sort of trade it was. In their efforts to get that sort of trade some brokers set a pace in spending that made Coal-Oil Johnny look like a piker. One flourishing house, with thirty-three branch offices, rented half the top floor of a hotel and fitted it up in Wall Street's idea of Harun-al-Rashid magnificence—with the slight anachronism of tickers in the parlors. There was a dining room and a suite of bedrooms. Two colored valets were in constant attendance. Any thousand-share patron was quite free to eat, drink and sleep there.

I am reliably informed that when this house failed, in the summer of 1907, the senior partner's entire worldly possessions consisted of the suit of clothes he had on and fourteen dollars in money in the pockets thereof. He is now employed at a not princely remuneration in the theatrical business. A junior partner—who was generally blamed for the wreck—had been a telegraph operator. He returned to that modest vocation, and when he died the hat was passed to meet the funeral expenses.

In the wild competition to catch the big, sporty stock trade a singular business philosophy developed. A certain contingent seemed to take it for granted that the more riotously extravagant a broker was known to be and the more money he visibly burned up, the more confidence his customer would have in him. The head of one house that cut quite a swath at that time seemed to take pride in the rather well-known fact that, in addition to a steam yacht and a flock of automobiles, he was supporting three quite expensive domestic establishments. This man died not only a bankrupt but a defaulter.

While touring with a company of customers and chorus ladies in several automobiles, a broker became displeased over the service at a well-known roadhouse; so he immediately bought the roadhouse outright in order that its service might be brought up to his requirements. The incident was passed round by the broker's admiring friends to prove that he was a man to tie to.

A young man who had been earning fifteen dollars a week as a bookkeeper in a broker's office not many years before was now the head of a large commission house. His business was bringing him a hundred thousand dollars a year; but that fell so far short of meeting his expenses that he had to help himself to a couple of million dollars of his customers' securities.

Among the contingent I am speaking about, economy seemed generally to be regarded as the most shameful trait to which human nature is subject. To be known for a careless scattering of jewelry and automobiles among one's lady friends was supposed to enhance one's business reputation. It was very much as though persons who were about to open a bank should advertise: "Intrust your business to us! We take daily baths in champagne and never go to bed sober!"

Catching the Big Trade

OF COURSE in this riot of extravagance there was really more business sense than that. At bottom there was a cynical idea that people who gambled largely in stocks were apt to have other sporting proclivities, and that the best way of engaging their affection was to cater to their appetites. A broker who was then doing an extensive business objected to a certain young man in the office—not because the young man lacked ability or industry, but because, having recently married, he was so foolishly devoted to his wife that he would not go out nights with the firm's sporty customers.

It was anything to catch the big trade! A good many persons slid into soft berths on the mere suspicion that they might be able to catch it. If a man with a presentable suit of clothes had sufficient acquaintance with any well-known member of the Moore crowd or an important Gates follower to be seen taking a drink with him, that man was lacking in energy if he did not land himself in some broker's office at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year or better, on the theory that he could get some of his bibulous friend's stock trade.

It was this sort of thing that gave the predominant color to the stock trade at that time; but it should be clearly understood that through this time—and all other times—a great many solid, conservative Stock Exchange houses kept right on in their usual thoroughly businesslike courses.

There was a great trade in 1906 and early in 1907, but money was getting tight and stocks began to slump. On the fourteenth of March, 1907, occurred what a contemporary chronicle describes as "one of the worst collapses in Stock Exchange prices on record—in some respects worse than the Northern Pacific panic of 1901." The market, in short, went to pot, with the usual slaughter of bull profits.

Conditions did not improve as the season advanced, and by midsummer Mr. Gates decided it was high time to get

(Concluded on Page 32)

ROUGHING IT DE LUXE

The Hydrophobic Skunk; or, Rabid and His Friends

I Retired With All My Clothes On

"He'd Garner In Some Fellows That Wasn't Sheepherders"

"They Let Go at Sunsup"

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

THE Hydrophobic Skunk resides at the extreme bottom of the Grand Cañon and, next to a Southern Republican who never asked for a Federal office, is the rarest of living creatures. He is so rare that nobody ever saw him—that is, nobody except a native. I met plenty of tourists who had seen people who had seen him, but never a tourist who had seen him with his own eyes. In addition to being rare he is highly gifted.

I think almost anybody will agree with me that the common, ordinary skunk has been most richly dowered by Nature. To adorn a skunk with any extra qualifications seems as great a waste of the raw material as painting the lily or gilding refined gold. He is already amply equipped for outdoor pursuits. Nobody intentionally shoves him round; everybody gives him as much room as he seems to need. He commands respect—nay, more than that, respect and veneration—wherever he goes. Joy-riders never run him down and foot passengers avoid crowding him into a corner. You would think Nature had done umply well by the skunk; but no—the Hydrophobic Skunk comes along and upsets all these calculations. Besides carrying the traveling credentials of an ordinary skunk, he is rabid in the most rabidissimus form. He is not mad just part of the time, like one's relatives by marriage—and not mad most of the time, like a railroad ticket agent—but mad all the time—incurably, enthusiastically and unanimously mad! He is mad and he is glad of it.

Over the Fence is Out

WE MADE the acquaintance of the Hydrophobic Skunk when we rode down Hermit Trail. The casual visitor to the Grand Cañon first of all takes the rim drive; then he essays Bright Angel Trail, which is sufficiently scary for his purposes until he gets used to it; and after that he grows more adventurous and tackles Hermit Trail, which is a marvel of corkscrew convolutions, gimleting its way down this red abdominal gash of a cañon to the very gizzard of the world.

Alongside the Hermit, traveling the Bright Angel is the same as gathering the myrtles with Mary; but the civil engineers who worked out the scheme of the Hermit and made it wide and navigable for ordinary folks were bright young men. They laid a wall along its outer side all the way from the top to the bottom. Now this wall is made of loose stones racked up together without cement, and it is nowhere more than a foot or a foot and a half high. If your mule ever slipped—which he never does—or if you rolled off on your own hook—which has not happened to date—that puny little wall would hardly stop you—might not even cause you to hesitate. But some way, intervening between you and a thousand feet or so of uninterrupted fresh air, it gives a tremendous sense of security. Life is largely a state of mind anyhow, I reckon.

As a necessary preliminary to going down Hermit Trail you take a buckboard ride of ten miles—ten wonderful miles! Almost immediately the road quits the rocky, bare parapet of the gorge and winds off through a noble, big forest that is a part of the Government reserve. Jays that are twice as large and three times as vocal as the Eastern variety weave blue threads in the green background of the pines; and if there is snow upon the ground its billowy white surface is crossed and crisscrossed with the dainty tracks of coyotes, and sometimes with the broad, furry marks of the wildcat's pads. The air is a blessing and the sunshine is a benediction.

Away off yonder, through a break in the conifers, you see one lone and lofty peak with a cap of snow upon its top. The snow fills the deeper ravines that furrow its side downward from the summit so that at this distance it looks as though it were clutched in a vast white owl's claw; and generally there is a wispy cloud caught on it like a white shirt on a poor man's Monday washpole. Or, huddled together in a nest formation like so many speckled eggs, you see the clutch of little mottled mountains for which nobody seems to have a name. If these mountains were in Scotland, Sir Walter Scott and Bobby Burns would have written about them and they would be world-famous, and tourists from America would come and climb their slopes, and stand upon their tops, and sop up romance through all their pores. But being in Arizona, dwarfed by the heaven-reaching ranges and groups that wall them in north, south and west, they have not even a Christian name to answer to.

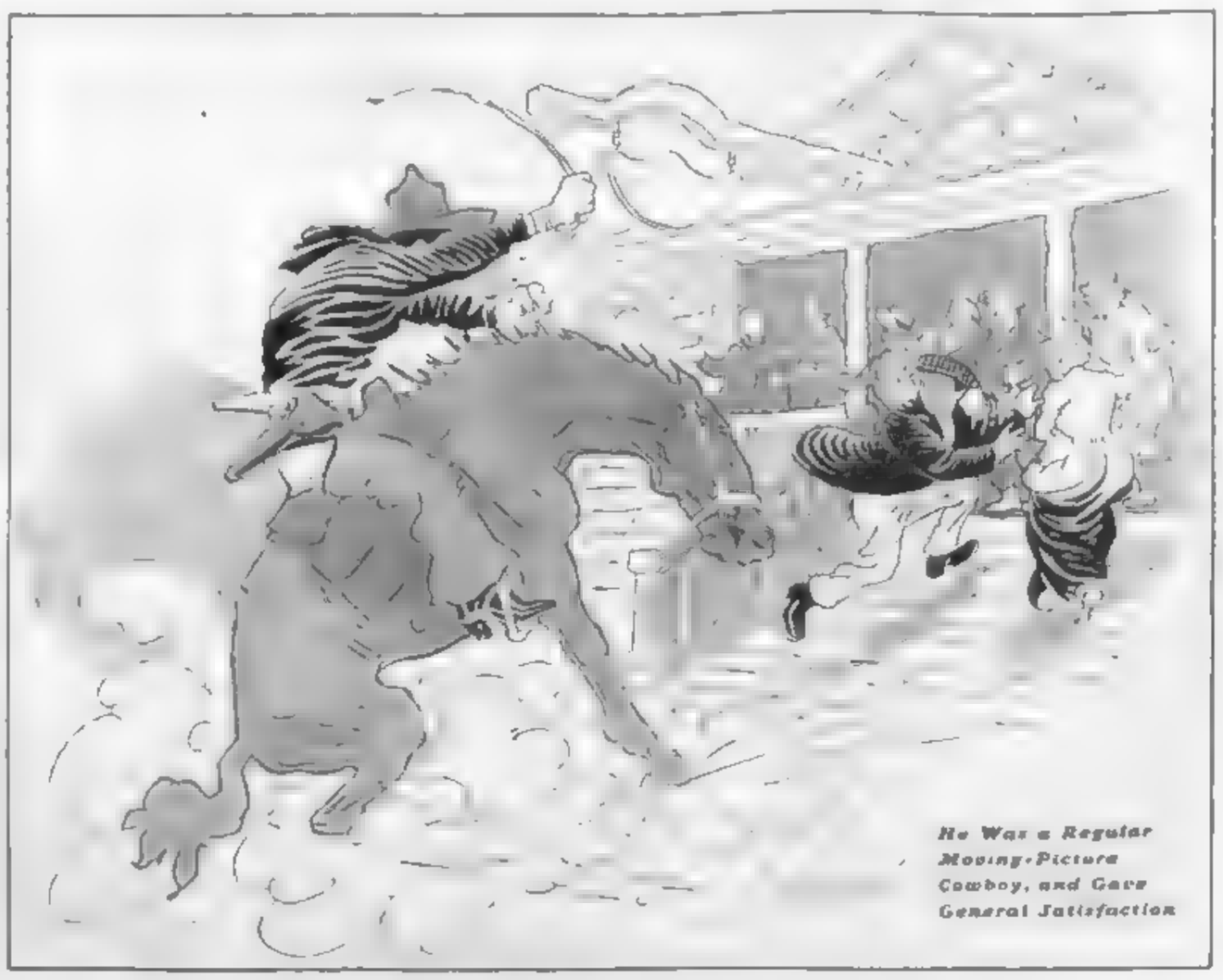
Anon—that is to say, at the end of those ten miles—you come to the head of Hermit Trail. There you leave your buckboard at a way station and mount your mule. Presently you are crawling downward, like a fly on a board fence, into the depths of the chasm. You pass through rapidly succeeding graduations of geology, verdure, scenery and temperature. You ride past little sunken gardens full of wild flowers and stunty fir trees, like bits of Old Japan; you climb naked red slopes crowned with the tall cactus, like Old Mexico; you skirt bald, bare, blistered vistas of desolation, like Old Perdition. You cross Horsethief's Trail, which was first traced out by the moccasined feet of marauding Apaches and later was used by white outlaws fleeing northward with their stolen pony herds.

Looking Down at Blythe's Abyss

YOU pass above the gloomy shadows of Blythe's Abyss and wind beneath a great box-shaped formation of red sandstone set on a spindle rock and balancing there in dizzy space like Mohammed's coffin; and then, at the end of a mile-long jog along a natural terrace stretching itself midway between Heaven and the other place, you come to the residence of Shorty, the official hermit of the Grand Cañon.

Shorty is a little, gentle old man, with warped legs and mild blue eyes and a set of whiskers of such indeterminate aspect that you cannot tell at first look whether they are just coming out or just going back in. He belongs—or did belong—to the vast vanishing race of oldtime gold prospectors. Halfway down the trail he does light housekeeping under an accommodating flat ledge that pouts out over the pathway like a snuffdipper's under lip. He has a hole in the rock for his chimney, a breadth of weathered gray canvas for his door and an eighty-mile stretch of the most marvelous panorama on earth for his front yard. He minds the trail and watches out for the big boulders that sometimes fall in the night; and, except in the tourist season, he leads a reasonably quiet existence.

Alongside of Shorty, Robinson Crusoe was a tenement-dweller, and Jonah, week-ending in the whale, had a perfectly uproarious time; but Shorty thrives on a solitude that is too vast for imagining. He would not trade jobs with the most potted potentate alive—only sometimes in midsummer he feels the need of a change stealing over him, and then he goes afoot out into the middle of Death Valley and spends a happy vacation of five or six weeks with the Gila monsters and the heat. He takes Toby with him.

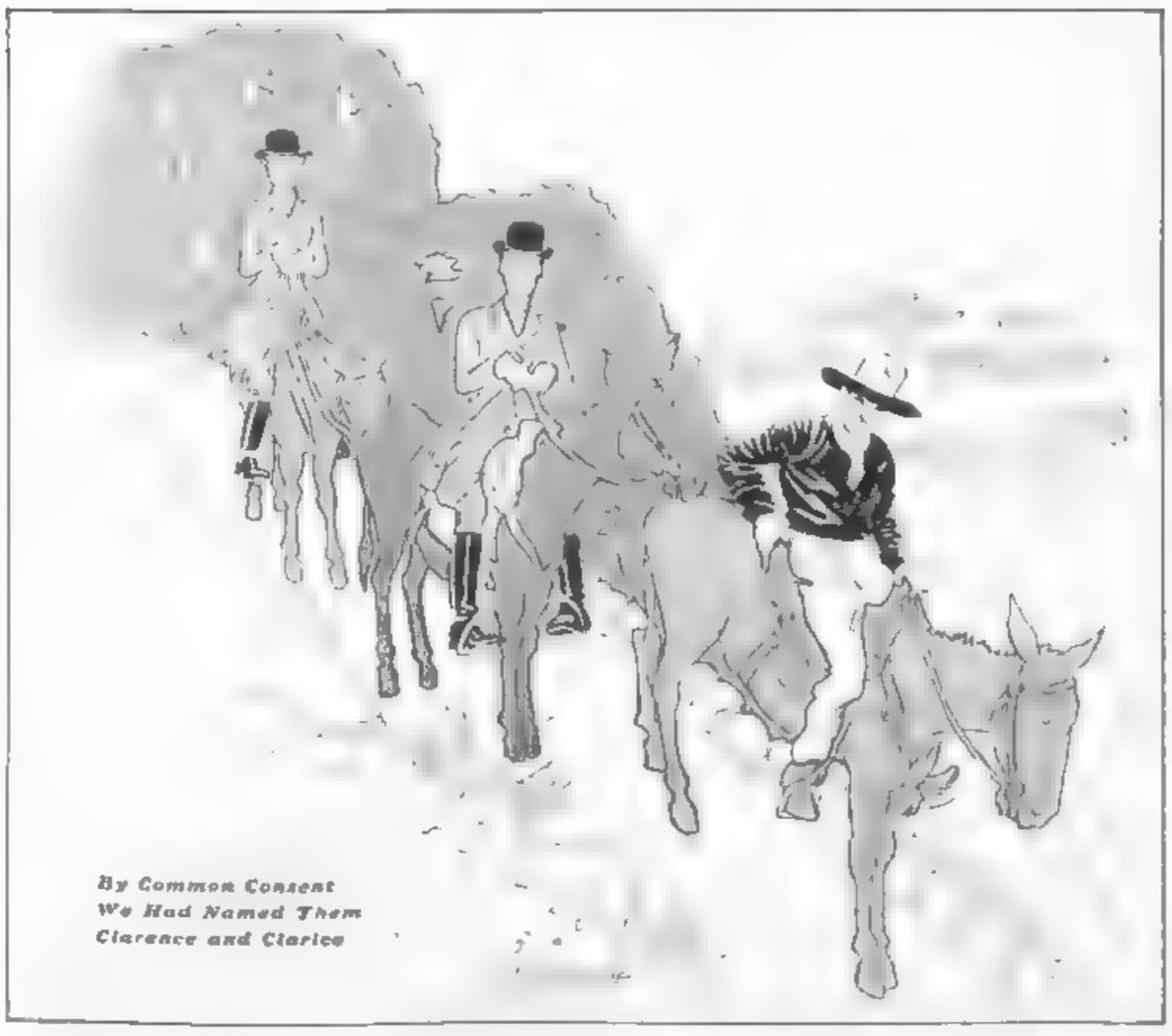


He Was a Regular Moving-Picture Cowboy, and Gave General Satisfaction

Toby is a gentlemanly little woolly dog built close to the earth like a carpet sweeper, with legs patterned crookedly—after the model of his master's. Toby has one settled prejudice: he dislikes Indians. You have only to whisper the word "Injun" and instantly Toby is off, scuttling away to the highest point that is handy. From there he peers all round looking for red invaders. Not finding any he comes slowly back, crushed to the earth with disappointment. Nobody has ever been able to decide what Toby would do with the Indians if he found them; but he and Shorty are in perfect accord. They have been associated together ever since Toby was a pup and Shorty went into the hermit business, and that was nine years ago. Sitting cross-legged on a flat rock like a little gnome, with his puckered eyes squinting off at space, Shorty told us how once upon a time he came near losing Toby.

"Me and Toby," he said, "was over to Flagstaff, and that was several years ago. There was a saloon man over there owned a bulldog and he wanted that his bulldog and Toby should fight. Toby can lick mighty nigh any dog alive; but I didn't want that Toby should fight. But this here saloon man wouldn't listen. He sicked his bulldog on to Toby and in about a minute Toby was taking that bulldog all apart.

"This here saloon man he got mad then—he got awful mad. He wanted to kill Toby and he pulled out his pistol. I begged him mighty hard please not to shoot Toby—I did so! I stood in front of Toby to protect him and I begged that man not to do it. Then some other fellows made him put up his gun, and me and Toby came on away from there." His voice trailed off. "I certainly would 'a' hated to lose Toby. We set a heap of store by one another—don't we, dog?" And Toby testified that it was so—testified with wriggling body and licking tongue and dancing eyes and a madly wagging stump tail.



By Common Consent We Had Named Them Clarence and Clarice

Methodical Tom and His Methods

AS WE mounted and jogged away we looked back, and the pair of them—Shorty and Toby—were sitting there side by side in perfect harmony and perfect content; and I could not help wondering, in a country where we sometimes hang a man for killing a man, what would have been adequate punishment for a brute who would kill Toby and leave Shorty without his partner! In another minute, though, we had rounded a jutting sandstone shoulder and they were out of sight.

About that time Johnny, our guide, felt moved to speech, and we hearkened to his words and hungered for more, for Johnny knows the ranges of the Northwest as a city dweller knows his own little side street. In the fall of the year Johnny comes down to the Cañon and serves as a guide a while; and then, when he gets so he just can't stand associating with tourists any longer, he packs his warbags and journeys back to the Northern Range and enjoys the company of cows a spell. Cows are not exactly exciting, but they don't ask fool questions.

A highly competent young person is Johnny and a cowpuncher of parts. Most of the Cañon guides are cowpunchers—accomplished ones, too, and of high standing in the profession. With a touch of reverence Johnny pointed out to us Sam Scovel, the greatest bronco buster of his time, now engaged in piloting tourists.

"Can he ride?" echoed Johnny in answer to our question. "Scovel could ride an earthquake if she stood still long enough for him to mount! He rode Steamboat—not Young Steamboat, but Old Steamboat! He rode Rocking Chair, and he's the only man that ever did do that and not be called on in a couple of days to attend his own funeral."

This day he told us about one Tom, who lived up in Wyoming, where Johnny came from. It appeared that in an easier day Tom was hired by some cattle men to thin out the sheep herders who insisted upon invading the public ranges. By Johnny's account Tom did the thinning with conscientious attention to detail and gave general satisfaction for a while; but eventually he got careless in his methods and took to killing parties who were under the protection of the game laws. Likewise his own private collection of yearlings began to increase with a rapidity which was only to be accounted for on the theory that a large number of calves were coming into the world with Tom's brand for a birthmark. So he lost popularity. Several times his funeral was privily arranged, but on each occasion was postponed owing to the failure of the corpse to be present. Finally he killed a young boy and was caught and convicted and legally hanged.

"Tom was mighty methodical," said Johnny. "He got five hundred a head for killing sheep herders—that was the regular tariff. Every time he bumped one off he'd put a stone under his head, which was his private mark—a kind of a duebill, as you might say. And when they'd find that dead herder with the rock under his head they'd know there was another five hundred comin' to Tom on the books; they always paid it too. Once in a while, though, he'd cut loose in a saloon and garner in some fellows that wasn't sheep herders."

We went on and on at a lazy mule-trot, hearing the unwritten annals of the range from one who had seen them enacted at first hand. Pretty soon we passed a herd of burros with mealy, dusty noses and spotty hides, feeding on prickly pears and rock lichens; and just before sunset we slid down the last declivity out upon the plateau and came to a camp as was a camp!

This was roughing it de luxe with a most de-luxey vengeance! Here were three tents, or rather three canvas houses, with wooden half-walls; and they were spick-and-span inside and out, and had glass windows in them and doors and matched wooden floors. The one that was a bedroom had gay Navajo blankets on the floor, and a stove in it, and a little bureau, and a washstand with white towels and good lathery soap. And there were two beds—not cots or bunks, but regular beds—with wire springs and mattresses and white sheets and pillow-slips. They were not veteran sheets and vintage pillowslips either, but clean and spotless ones. The mess tent was provided with a table with a clean cloth to go over it, and there were china dishes and china cups and shiny knives, forks and spoons. Every scrap of this equipment had been brought down from the top on burro packs. The Grand Cañon is scenically artistic, but it is a non-producing district. And outside there was a corral for the mules; a canvas storehouse; hitching stakes for the burros; a Dutch oven, and a little forge where the guides sometimes shoe a mule. They aren't blacksmiths; they merely have to be. Bill was in charge of the camp—a dark, rangy, good-looking young leading man of a cowboy, wearing his blue shirt and his red neckerchief with an air. He spoke with the soft Texas drawl and in his way was as competent as Johnny.

A Moonrise Up to Belasco's Best

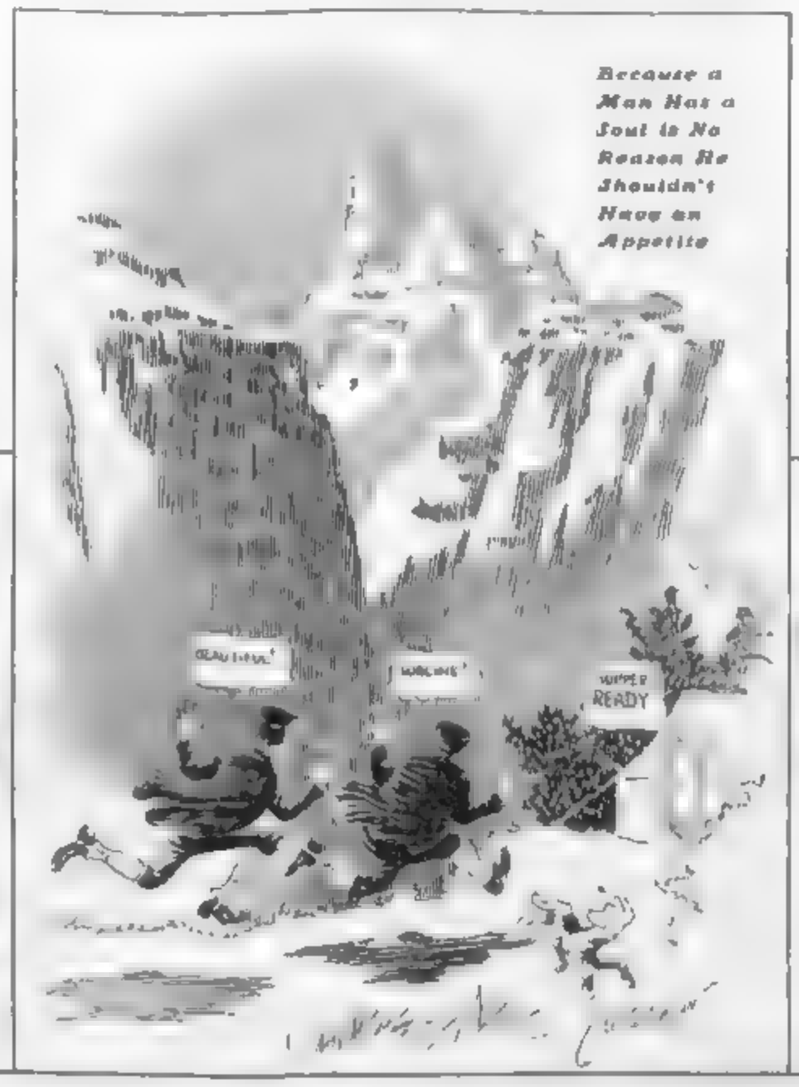
THE sun, which had been winking farewells to us over the rim above, dropped out of sight as suddenly as though it had fallen into a well. From the bottom the shadows went sliding up the glooming walls of the gorges, swallowing up the yellow patches of sunlight that still lingered near the top like blacksnakes swallowing eggs. Every second the colors shifted and changed; what had been blue a moment before was now purple and in another minute would be a velvety black. A little lost ghost of an echo stole out of a hole, feebly mocking our remarks and making them sound cheap and tawdry.

Then the new moon showed as a silver fish balancing on its tail and arching itself like a hooked skipjack. In a turquoise sky the stars popped out like pinpricks and the peace that passes all understanding came over us. I wish to take advantage of this opportunity to say that, in my opinion, David Belasco has never done anything in the way of scenic effects to beat a moonrise in the Grand Cañon.

I reckon we might have been there until now—my companion and I—soaking our souls in the unutterable

(Continued on Page 28)

When in Rome Be a Roman Candle



Because a Man Has a Soul Is No Reason He Shouldn't Have an Appetite

"It's Two Thousand Feet to the First Ledge"

THE PROOF OF LOVE

By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

"You're Not! I'll—I'll Buy You Another Ring Tomorrow!"

A SCRAWNY errand girl, a fat broker, a sealskin-coated modiste, an awed cattleman from South Dakota, a street hawker of shoestrings and collar-buttons, a society leader, a nifty soda-fountain clerk, a lady barber and a shiny-seamed bookkeeper crowded in front of the window and lingeringly, bitterly, smashed the tenth commandment into minute fragments. Every shade and glitter known to iridescence was caught and lay gold-imprisoned in the purple-velvet bed of that window. A fortune in green fire, another in red flame, another in scintillant white light, besides the less costly but equally beautiful gleam of turquoise, topaz, sapphire and jade, mocked lean purses and blazed open full.

Dick Prouty wedged himself between a seedy pickpocket, whose fingers twitched itchingly for a cluster of two-carat diamond rings, and a portly perfumed woman in sable and chinchilla, whose eyes snapped greedily at a necklace of rubies, planted his six-feet-two of handsome robustness square on his heels, cocked his forefingers in the pockets of a gay but not gaudy waistcoat, tilted his twenty-five-cent Havana at a relaxed angle, and sighed agreeably.

In the course of ten years or more of strolling by that window he had often yearned to buy something in it for somebody; but it had been a mild, impuissant yearning. He had a prejudice against gewgaws on his own person; and, until a very few weeks before, his admiration for feminine friends had been content to express itself in liquid and edible tribute.

He announced succinctly: "I'll buy a skirt all she wants to eat and drink; but any wise girl who aims to greenback her old age with pawnable stuff that she's conned from me can use her time to better advantage embroidering doilies for the Woman's Exchange."

A tightwad? Plenty of restaurateurs and lavishly tipped waiters, from Wilson Avenue to Englewood, indignantly denied the charge.

Though he fervently admired Cissy Madill, and was very sorry that she had to toil in a manicuring shop for the pittance of thirty-five dollars a week and a ten per cent commission, he was singularly dense when her small white hand jerked his arm as they strolled past a jeweler's window and she pointed with ecstasy at a dinner ring that would just fit the bare space on her little finger.

"Such a bargain!"—with a long-drawn sigh and an eloquent upward flash of violet eyes. Remarkably lovely eyes! Cissy got that ten per cent mostly through the drawing power of those eyes. "It's really a shame to pass it by ——"

"Uh-huh!" said Dick equably. "Wish I had enough money to buy it for you; but—I haven't. Come on! It looks like rain." This in nonchalant ignoring of Cissy's knowledge that he had just spent a lucrative day with a bookmaker friend.

And when Beatrice De Courcy, of the Fluffy Whirlers' Burlesque, drew his attention to a moleskin scarf and murmured regretfully that her lynx throw was dreadfully motheaten, Dick was blandly uninterested.

"That so?" he drawled. "Never mind! It'll soon be summer and you won't need furs."

Nature had been kind to Beatrice in the matter of complexion and form, and Beatrice had ably seconded Nature. She was pink-cheeked—an expensive imported shade—ultra-golden-coiffed, dimpled; and she dressed with such cognizance of the capabilities of hobbled broadcloth that factory girls from South Halsted and occupants of limousines on Michigan Avenue alike turned enviously to appraise her. Dick appreciated that it was a privilege to escort her and always—as a thank-offering—gave the waiter a dollar.

Nature had not been quite so kind to Cissy; but she was even an abler seconder than Beatrice; and on a manicurist's modest salary she managed to resemble the only daughter of an automobile manufacturer. Dick was complacently aware that seven men out of ten longed to be in his shoes when he trailed along beside her, and the other three were not looking; so he never caviled when the speedometer of the taxi that Cissy invariably required clicked past the contents of his pocketbook and he had to get out and pawn his watch.

It was not for Cissy or for Beatrice, however, that his shrewd brown eyes, so dark that they just escaped black, and so narrow that they just shaved the charge of shiftiness, scanned the glittering contents of that window, passing over the ruby necklace, the tray of turquoise chains, the handful of unset opals smoldering in a silver basket, the sunburst that shot enough blue-white light to blind a moral optic, and surveyed tenderly a solitaire diamond ring in a mauve-velvet-lined box.

Dick was judge enough to know that the two hundred dollars marked was not a cent too much for the carat-and-a-half stone. In the narrow deep pocket of his perfectly tailored trousers reposed the two hundred and an extra ten. In the righthand pocket of his green-and-cream waistcoat was a piece of string he had measured the evening before round Leila Grayne's finger. It had taken four weeks of economy to save the money, and Dick Prouty had never before leaned toward economy. But he had not minded.

Leila was not beautiful, according to many standards; and she had not an atom of style. Her shirtwaists cost either fifty-nine or seventy-five cents—except her best one; that had a strip of imitation Cluny down the front, and Leila had paid a dollar and ten cents for it. She wore it only evenings and Sundays. Her black serge skirt was narrow, not so much because fashion called for scantness as because the factory that turned it out, at eighteen dollars a dozen wholesale, could afford only a meager number of inches to the gore at that price.

When Leila at six P. M. scooted through the employees' exit of the department store, where she was Number Twelve at the hosiery counter, no slim, ferret-eyed, creased-trousered youth loitering on the pavement sidled after her to demand insinuatingly: "Hello, chicken! Got a date for tonight?"

Leila was little and thin, with a small, tired face. Seven months before, when she first came from a small town somewhere up in Northern Michigan, her cheeks had been pink. Seven months of department-store oxygen had turned them to a dead cream. Her hair was brown—an ordinary shade unless the sun happened to be shining on it and had glistened it into life. Then it was as lustrous as a dark topaz. But when Leila raised diffident black-fringed eyelids, and you looked straight down into what seemed balls of liquid blue fire, you forgot that she was a thin, insignificant, tired-faced girl, whose clothes were the only kind that can be bought respectably after meals and room rent have punctured seven dollars a week. At least Dick did—rather to his astonishment, somewhat to his discomfort and greatly against his will.

Given a choice, Dick preferred heart affairs with a Cissy or a Beatrice, whom a fellow could love devotedly a day or a week and forget quite comfortably for a month or a year, or for the remainder of his life.

He had run across Leila six months before in a West Side dance-hall—a place of thick tobacco smoke; clinking bottles; loud, hard laughter; extra police service, and an orchestra partial to the bear rhythm. A girl at the lace counter, which adjoined the hosiery section, had brought Leila, in a good-natured endeavor to share all the social whirl in her power. Dick was lolling in a chair when a disgruntled young man, who sold shoes days and was a turkey-trot devotee nights, piloted Leila to a seat adjacent.

"Don't you know nothin' but two-step and quadrilles?" he demanded reproachfully.

"No," Leila said meekly. Her face wore the unhappy look of a person who has swallowed a spoonful of castor oil in mistake for sweet cough-syrup.

"She don't know nothin' but two-step and quadrilles," the shoe clerk pettishly warned a passing friend who, with inviting eyes, was about to pause in front of her. In unconcealed disgust the friend hastened on.

Dick had been abandoned by Cissy ten minutes before for a more diamonded acquaintance. He did not much care. When a fellow is closer to forty than twenty it is more pleasurable to watch terpsichorean gymnastics than to indulge in them.

At the peeved whisper of the shoe clerk he turned in indolent amusement to survey Leila; began idly to talk; gauged her in two minutes; and promptly took her home—in the city, home to Leila being a room twice as large as a davenport, on the third floor of a red-brick house in that dreary part of the North Side known as "within walking distance." In the same disinterested philanthropy he would have carried to the police station a baby that he found straying alone down State Street.

She did not know what he had taken her out of—even when he testily told her not to go again; but she obeyed him. His almost-loud clothes, easy jargon and peremptory ways reminded her of an elderly cousin on the road—Sam Elbey—who blew into the small town in Michigan twice a year, jovial and energetic, ate supper with them, gave her father a cigar, her mother a silver-plated spoon from his samples, and took Leila to a nickel show when he could spare the time from his customers. The resemblance accredited Dick in her eyes.

Dick sauntered into the department store once or twice to see her, forgot her for ten days, came back again and took her out to a small, secluded summer garden—strictly out of pity. It seemed she spent the evenings in her room sewing or reading, or staring lonesomely out the one window. The window looked down upon an alley.

He warned her earnestly against getting acquainted with other men in the same careless way that she had come to know him. Friendlily he advised her to return to the small town where her old father had an inconsiderable law practice.

"It's stagnation there!" she objected.

"It'll be starvation here!" he told her.

She took his advice against unrecommended acquaintances, but defiantly refused to go back to the small town. Her pay had been raised, she informed him with pride; seven-fifty now—and the buyer for that department, who went to Europe every year, had started as stock girl at three dollars.

Dick chuckled. Pride over seven-fifty! And Cissy railed at her thirty-five, sniffed at her ten per cent, and sobbed that she was tired of slaving for nothing!

At the time he was flush, and came near offering Leila a loan. However, he warily decided not to do it. Experience had taught him that the plan was unwise. A girl at once began to expect more, either in affection or money, than he cared to give. Afterward he decided that he had not gauged Leila so deeply as he thought.

Dick was out of town for two months. A friend—Benjamin Hardy—had concocted a scheme to sell shares in an unformed company and then bring about the formation. It fizzled. Dick came back broke. His finances were too stringent to taxi Cissy from the manicuring parlors to a restaurant.

He went out to the red-brick rooming house. It was a sweltering evening in August. Leila wore the shirtwaist with the strip of imitation Cluny, and a new white duck skirt; factory product, but it fitted her slim, curveless form well enough—at least well enough for the cool gloom of the lakefront where they strolled.

She sympathetically divined that the business trip had not been a success. When Leila sympathized her eyes melted into luminous turquoise—her small face drooped into lines of rare tenderness. Dick had a retrospective

sense of two wasted months. He could have been in town seeing Leila!

A month later he came to the noble conclusion that it was not fair to Leila to hang round her and keep other men out of her head. He was fond of her, but not fond enough to settle down to the every-day grind of marriage. So he told her that he was leaving town to be gone indefinitely. In a week or so he would drop her a postcard.

Leila listened composedly and hoped that he would have a nice time. Dick had braced himself to comfort her. He had expected her to cry. He had been irritably sure that he would have to promise to come back very soon. For Leila's own good he had decided not to let her know when he did come back.

When no comforting was needed a gone sensation troubled him. Once Leila had mentioned a fellow back in the small town who wrote to her occasionally and implored her to come home. It might be possible —— But, of course, he himself did not care to marry her—so it would really be the wisest thing she could do.

He was rather hurt though. Leila had certainly allowed him to think he bounded her horizon. Women were all alike—undependable.

He went away and roamed about almost three weeks, hampered by the feeling that somewhere he had left a good dinner before the entrée course. He came back.

At sight of Leila behind the hosiery counter—for he did not wait until evening to see her—Dick felt content infold him. Only once before had that same soft peace swathed him. It was at the end of a long medically prescribed abstinence from tobacco, when he had luxuriated in three black cigars one after another. He realized that it would be a strain to give up his freedom; but it was a greater strain trying to enjoy it—so he chose the lesser.

That was a month past. Leila was not the kind to hint or insinuate or exact. She was not a grafter nor a sponge nor a lady mulcter. Not by word or look had she intimated that a diamond ring is the customary symbol of an engagement; but when he had mentioned casually the evening before in the melancholy rooming-house parlor that he would buy one the next day, the lost pink had flamed into her white cheeks and the black lashes had swept up, disclosing rapturous eyes. Dick had been ashamed of his delay.

Now he shoved the too-nearing pickpocket over with a dexterous elbow movement, pushed the greedy-eyed society woman away, and smiled with quizzically tender eyes. When he put the ring on Leila's finger that night how the pink would deepen to rose-madder! The blue-flamed circles would glow—she would cry delightedly: "Oh, Dick!"

His smile was softer, more tender, as he stepped toward the door. He wished sentimentally that he had two million dollars, so that he could buy her quarts of diamonds and yards of pearls; and ——

"Hey, old sport! What you grinnin' to yourself so foolish about?" gibed a twangy voice a foot below his ear.

In the twentieth part of a second the tenderness was whipped from Dick Prouty's eyes. A careful masklike geniality took its place. He grinned down at his accoster, a short, rotund man whose chubbiness of face jarred with its swarthy complexion.

"Hello, Benjy!"—cordially. "Where'd you drop from? And when?"

As he spoke he stepped away from the door, and his astute glance tucked into his quick intelligence several betraying items in his friend's appearance—such as a much-worn cravat; a pair of down-at-the-heel shoes, shined but not excessively polished; and a querulous twist to a countenance that usually was as cheery as a length of a new stovepipe.

"Got in day before yesterday from Denver," gloomed Benjamin Hardy, known in some circles as Flashy Benjy.

"In clover?" pursued Dick Prouty with the freedom of old acquaintance. Once he and Benjamin together had sweatingly faced a hard-hearted grand jury over a matter of selling to several peevish farmers some mining stock worth almost as much as the postage stamps necessary to get it through the mail.

"Naw!" twanged Benjy with sorrowful candor. "But, say——" He grasped Dick's arm and drew him to the edge of the pavement. There he stretched up until a cautious lowness of tone would strike Dick's ear. "I got a deal that, if we can get in on it, clover won't be the word! We'll land neckdeep in rose petals! All we need is two hundred dollars!"

"I'm busted myself," said Dick.

"So's everybody," said Benjy glumly. "And such a deal! A fellow's got a string of slot machines from Denver to Cleveland that he'll let go of for next to nothing. He's sunk six thousand dollars in them. The city councils have agreed to take a percentage—so there's no trouble."

"Why doesn't the gent tend to them himself?" asked Dick cynically.

"You can comprehend that sometimes a fellow has to go abroad without regard to his business engagements," Benjy explained impatiently. "He went and got tangled with the Federal Government on another matter. And you know the Federal buzz-saw is nothing to stick your fingers in unless you're wearing iron gloves. He's got no time to waste. I've tried for two days"—almost sobbing—"to find, steal, beg, borrow or make two hundred dollars. In this dog-goned town money's scarcer than real mahogany in an installment furniture house. Such a deal!" There were tears in Benjy's voice. "Forty thousand dollars in three months ——"

"Eh?" said Dick.

"That's what I said. Ain't it a shame?"

Dick Prouty reflectively pursed his lips together. His long, firm fingers, that were as white as Leila's, wandered involuntarily to the deep, narrow pocket. The dark brown eyes drew close together—narrowed until they no longer shaved shiftiness, but crept over the dividing line and became black slits of crafty calculation.

He swung round. "Come on!" he invited the mournful Benjy. They went a block north, another west, to where—in the rear of Pat Monahan's billiard tables—one could find the sequestration needed for the proper discussion

"We'll Land Neckdeep In Rose Petals! All We Need Is Two Hundred Dollars!"

of such a deal. An hour later Dick strolled back alone. The two hundred dollars had changed hands, and Benjy had smilingly gone to meet the fellow who was starting on an undesired foreign jaunt.

Dick Prouty was not smiling. He was frowning hard. It would have been a shame to hold out a measly two hundred when forty thousand yearned to be gathered in. Benjy's deals made good two times out of three. A shame but it was also a blamed shame to disappoint Leila.

Of course he could frame up an excuse; a dozen excuses: a holdup; a pickpocket; an old, forgotten debt; a destitute friend, who begged for assistance—Leila would believe anything he told her.

The rub came in there. It was harder lying to a girl who took your every word as gospel truth than spieling a fairy tale at Cissy or Beatrice, who believed nobody and nothing—not even their own memories.

He could tell Leila the truth; but he had given her the impression that his varying income came from taking short flyers in wheat on a limited margin. She had regarded that highly respectable means of livelihood with unapproving eyes, and hinted that steady work, like keeping books or selling groceries, was more dependable—and honest. The last had come out hesitatingly, with an anxious desire not to offend.

Dick had suppressed a smile. Steady work of any kind did not blend with his notion of a pleasant life. The old, forgotten debt would be the most plausible yarn. He was arranging the details when the glitter of another window halted him. He gazed at it moodily. Confound Benjamin Hardy and his fingle-fangle schemes!

Across lavender plush a row of massive gold bracelets, gem-incrusted or tastily plain, vied yellowly with watches, charms, chains, lockets and rings, all sorts of rings—seal, wedding, baby and solitaire, every brand of solitaire—emerald, ruby, garnet, opal—and diamond.

Dick irritably wedged himself between a tallish, eyeglassed youth in a fourteen-dollar-and-ninety-eight-cent blue serge, who stared longingly at a monstrous carbuncle, and a wrinkled, rouged lady in shoddy pony-skin coat, who was spellbound by a ring in a pink-lined box—a ring with a carat-and-a-half stone of sparkling white facets. Exactly the kind of ring he had planned to buy and Leila expected him to buy!

Dick's sad sigh snapped in the middle and gave way to a snort. The ring was marked six dollars and forty-nine cents; and a small black-printed card invited, defied, entreated, challenged and dared any one—without a microscope and a bottle of acid—to tell its stone from a genuine first-water diamond worth two hundred and fifty dollars!

With an air of determination the lady in shoddy pony-skin turned and entered the store, opening an imitation morocco purse as she went.

"Bluffer!" Dick contemptuously rated her. "She'll likely put it over though. There's plenty won't know the difference. I wouldn't myself"—critically—"if the tag wasn't on. Dare say many a chap palms one off ——"

Then two thoughts lightninged through his mind and dovetailed each other with marvelous precision. No need to disappoint Leila, who would never know the difference. And in a month or two, when the slot machines disgorged, he could pretend the setting was loose, take it away for repairs and replace it with a genuine stone. Leila would never have the slightest suspicion. She was too trustful.

Now Cissy or Beatrice—he chuckled at the idea of deceiving them! Either of those untrustful ladies would be hotfooting to the nearest jeweler's for correct valuation before the donor had turned the first street corner. Put a phony diamond off on them! He chuckled again at the rage that would sear the man who tried. Leila was not that kind. And anyway he was not really deceiving her, because in a month or two at the latest he would make it all right.

He glanced sidewise a bit sheepishly. No one seemed to be looking. Wriggling mentally, he went in. In a career

(Continued on Page 40)

Leila Would Never Have the Slightest Suspicion. She Was Too Trustful

THE FIGHTING SIX

In Partnership—By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IN MY boyhood I was a lively member of our Fighting Six band of make-believe pirates, and it was rather hard for me to settle down to a humdrum clerkship in the Stony Bend Exchange Bank, of which old Loren Rixey was the owner. I vowed at the beginning that I would not stay there long—and I did not. In less than a year I made a mistake in figuring a wheat receipt and thus brought on my final ruction with Rixey. The old fellow was a martinet and at times choleric in temper.

"If you're going to be a banker, Buford Southern," he snapped, when he found I had paid eighty cents too much on the wheat voucher, "you'll have to do better than you have done. If such a mistake occurs again I'll take it out of your wages."

"It'll not occur again," I retorted unwisely, "for I'm not going to be a banker. I've had enough of banks—and of Stony Bend too!"

I got my hat and strode out in anger—and thus closed the first chapter in my business history. Going across the street to Yanney Brothers' grocery, I told Henshaw Hogan what I had done and made him a proposition. Hen, who clerked for the Yanneys, was my particular chum.

"Let's go to New York!" I said. "A fellow doesn't stand any show in this burg. Come along, Hen—we'll strike out for something big!"

Of course I might have known Hen would not go, for he was a slow, cautious sort of chap. Even when we were little boys and played Follow the Leader, he always balked when it came to jumping off Fred Hastings' woodshed. Instead, he slid down the old russet tree that stood near.

"I'd like well enough to go to New York," he said, "but I'm afraid I couldn't make a living there. No, Buf; I'll stick to Stony Bend a while longer."

I did not want to go without a partner in the adventure; so I tried Don Randall, Horace Ewell, and finally Bob Hotchkiss—all of whom had belonged to our juvenile Fighting Six club. In our early teens we six boys had sworn to stand by each other through life in all sorts of piratical deeds, and I had been prominent in our band as Custodian of Bloody Arms; but Fred Hastings, our leader, had run away and become a bellboy in a Chicago hotel, while the rest of us were now digging for a living instead of hunting imaginary hidden treasure.

Don at first promised to go and so did Bob; but both backed out after we had made arrangements to leave town that night. Thus left in the lurch, I decided that I did not care for New York myself; but my Uncle Alphesus, with whom I lived, found out what I had been planning and said I could go if I wanted to—only he did not believe I had the nerve! Uncle was angry over my break with Loren Rixey.

"I'll Guarantee You Ten Per Cent Interest"

"I got you into the bank," he said, "because you refused to go to school any longer; and I've tried to help you, Buf, all I could; but I reckon you're cut out for an ingrate. Do what you please!"

I suppose he was right in a way; yet uncle, who was a blacksmith, had nothing to offer me worthy of an ambitious boy. Anyhow I had paid my board at his house, so I was not in his debt. I had always paid my board since the death of my parents.

Goaded by my relative's challenge I did go to New York on the very evening following my resignation from the bank. Thus, at the age of eighteen, I disembarked from a ferryboat near the foot of Cortlandt Street and faced the problem of keeping afloat in the metropolis, the vastness of which, even in those days, was well calculated to dismay a green boy whose knowledge of the world had been acquired in a town of a thousand people. Multitudes of boys, I suppose, have felt the despondency to which I succumbed as I walked over to Broadway and gazed about me on the scenes of the battlefield I had so rashly selected. My first lodgings were on West Ninth Street, where I had as a roommate a young fellow named Todhunter—a man of unlimited gall but small mental endowment. He had come down from Maine to burn up New York, as he said; but, pending the conflagration, he was reading meters for the gas company.

Goaded by My Relative's Challenge I Did Go to New York

"You'll get a job all right," he assured me cheerfully. "You're a dressy chap, Buf, and good clothes are sure to count in New York."

While I was busy responding to want ads, Todhunter showed his appreciation of my wardrobe by wearing my neckties with graceful abandon and cramping his neck in order to get into my shirts. On the outside of our door he stuck a home-made paper sign—Todhunter & Southern—and he often reminded me waggishly that he was senior partner. On the strength of this he borrowed money occasionally until he owed me thirty dollars.

I had come to New York with nearly a hundred dollars—money I had earned in Stony Bend—but I had only nine dollars left when I landed my first job as errand boy in a button factory near Tompkins Square. It was about this time that Todhunter was arrested, charged with accepting money from a saloonkeeper in return for a favorable reading of the latter's gasmeter. Tod went to Blackwell's Island for six months and I never recovered any of the money he had borrowed.

This experience should have given me some inkling, perhaps, as to the dangers of an ill-advised partnership; but it did not. Some men have to be singed more than once before they get rid of their down. Of course I do not mean to cast reflections on that bulwark of business, the well-matched partnership; but I know plenty of men who regard membership in a firm as unlimited license to wear any partner's financial necktie until it is threadbare.

I was naturally good at figures and penmanship, and before long I was advanced to a bookkeeper's stool at the button factory. I remained there in the office for five years, at the end of which period I was head accountant at a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a month. My savings amounted to more than a thousand dollars.

For some time the factory had been making buttons of potato pulp, hardened with acids. This composition made an excellent button material—and the profits were large, as I knew from the records I kept. This suggested to me the thought of going into business for myself.

My first step was to look about for a partner, for my knowledge of button manufacture related to the sales and financial departments rather than the mechanics. I finally selected Will Blossom, one of the men in the office. He had worked in the factory itself. Besides, Will was one of the most agreeable chaps I ever knew.

"If you'll dig up a thousand dollars," I said, "we'll start a button plant of our own and be our own masters. No New York button factory, Will, has any mortgage on the potato crop."

He was delighted at the idea of being his own master and quite pleased with the prospect of having me for a partner. He had always admired my clothes.

"Of course I haven't the dough myself," he said, "but I'll try to work my wife's old man for it."

This he succeeded in doing, and we formed the firm of Blossom, Southern & Smith—the Smith being added for strength and euphonious effect. Then we rented a loft on Canal Street, got some equipment by giving a chattel mortgage, and bought a load of potatoes. We started with quite a little flourish, our staff consisting of one practical buttonmaker, named T. Zolinski, and one girl for carding. Zolinski had worked many years at the button plant where I myself had so long been employed.

I had supposed that Will Blossom knew everything about the manufacture of buttons, and it gave me quite a shock to discover by degrees that he knew almost as little as I did. However, we managed fairly well so long as Zolinski stayed with us. He was exceedingly skillful, and our product came out quite perfect, despite our limited facilities.

After six months, however, Zolinski made up his mind to go into business for himself. He quit us and our troubles commenced. Somehow we were unable to get hold of a competent man who would stay with us. The fellows we hired did not like our one-horse establishment.

Blossom and I did our best at it, but we could not quite strike the right percentages of acids; then the colors balked us and we were seldom able to match previous lots. Our shaping machines went on a rampage and finally our cash was exhausted. The grand finale took place when the holder of the chattel mortgage came and got his machinery. Blossom, Southern & Smith quit the button industry for good.

As I look back now I wonder why I did not select T. Zolinski for a partner at the start instead of Will Blossom. Agreeable chaps and those who wear good clothes do not necessarily make the best partners. Of course Zolinski & Southern would not have been as hightoned as Blossom, Southern & Smith, but the profits would have compensated for the jolt to my esthetic sense.

I had taken Will Blossom on faith when I might have found out by careful investigation that T. Zolinski was infinitely better material for a partner. Zolinski afterward grew rich in the button business and is living a life of leisure today in Vienna, while Blossom has some cheap Government job—I forget what.

My savings of five years were gone! To complete my humiliation, Hen Hogan came down to New York at that time on his vacation and caught me in court at the bankruptcy proceedings. It hurt some to know that Hen was holding down my old job in the Stony Bend Exchange Bank and was making good with old Loren Rixey.

A good many things had happened up in Stony Bend. Don Randall and Bob Hotchkiss had both quit the town, and only two of the Fighting Six were left there—Hen Hogan and Horace Ewell. Fred Hastings, it was reported, was speculating on the Chicago Board of Trade. Well, he could not do much worse than I had done!

Being out of funds and in debt to boot, I accepted a loan of twenty-five dollars from Hen and bade him goodby at the ferry when he started for home. Then I scouted for a job. Through the influence of an acquaintance I finally landed as bookkeeper for Tintinger Brothers, importers of cheese, down on Murray Street.

I pass over hurriedly the seven years that ensued. I rose in my employers' esteem, invented new ways of detecting fills and of keeping tab on creams and skims, and developed such olfactory abilities that I could almost take an inventory by the nasal method. I could spot Pâté Bleu, Neufchâtel or Parmesan through any wrapper, and in other ways became an expert in the cheese industry. At the end of the seven years I was drawing a salary of two thousand dollars as manager. I had saved fifteen hundred dollars.

Meantime I had married and embarked on the expensive task of rearing a family. My salary was not growing in proportion to my outgo; and after long deliberation I decided to make a break for a bigger income by going into the wholesale cheese business myself.

I wanted more capital and somebody to help me; so the lure of a partnership got hold of me again, despite my unhappy venture with Blossom. This time, however, I told myself I was wiser. I knew the cheese business down the alphabet and back again. If I took a partner I should manage the undertaking myself! That must be understood at the start. In the firm of Tintinger Brothers I had seen an ideal partnership, in which each of the four members played a definite and limited part; and I made up my mind to run my new enterprise that way.

In going over my list of acquaintances in search of possible capital I hit on young Jarvis Grubb, whom I had met at a lunch club. Jarv was twenty-three, unmarried, and lived with his widowed mother in a fine old house just above Madison Square. He had the reputation of enjoying a liberal allowance through the will of his father, a one-time pop manufacturer. That very night I went up to his home to see him.

"Of course if you come in with me," I explained, after making my preliminary statement, "my knowledge of the cheese business will have to count in the allotment of proprietary interests; but if you will put fifteen hundred dollars into the business, Jarv, I'll willingly give you a one-third share in the firm. Besides, I'll teach you the cheese business from the ground up, so that later you may become an equal partner with me if you wish." I regarded myself as quite clever in thus getting a wedge in for another fifteen hundred dollars later on. "And, of course," I added, addressing his mother, "I must keep the executive control. However, I'm sure it's a splendid chance for your son to get into business."

Jarv himself did not appear to be impressed with the prospect and inquired, with a dubious sniff, what quantity of Limburger we should be likely to carry in stock. On the contrary, his mother really cried over the things—she was so delighted at the confidence I displayed in her son.

"I have been so anxious for Jarvie to get into business!" she said fervently. "But you know he's been out of college only a year. You'll take good care of Jarvie, won't you, Mr. Southern? You know he's my baby!"

I had three babies of my own up on East Thirty-sixth Street and did not fancy taking care of any more. Nevertheless, the fifteen hundred dollars contributed by Jarvie Grubb's mother was good for a moderate amount of nursing. Certainly Jarv did not seem like an infant. He stood six feet two and was a swell-looking fellow. In the gay younger set he had already made his hit.

Thus we started—down on Hudson Street—as Southern & Grubb. The firm name rasped a little; but I reminded myself of the euphonic though unhappy firm of Blossom, Southern & Smith, and patted myself on the back for my sagacity in promoting this new and sounder enterprise.

Well, Jarvie certainly did prove to be a lively business baby, and it did not take him long to discover that he possessed one hundred per cent power over our bank account, even if he owned only thirty-three and one-third per cent of the business. He was not interested in studying cheese-selling methods, but he acquired a remarkable comprehension of business law—so far as it favored his authority in the firm. For this knowledge he was indebted chiefly to the friendly offices of his particular crony, McIntyre Twombly, just out of law school. Jarv had spent most of his time with Twombly, who had not yet opened an office, but was still enjoying a paternal allowance.

"Don't you think it would be a clever thing," said my partner one day, "to retain Mac as our attorney?"

"We'd better put the money into salesmanship," I advised. "If we can get a few thousand families in New York to increase their cheese consumption one pound a week, and then get our share of this business through the trade, we'll have enough to occupy us during the first year without hiring attorneys. Now get out, Jarv, and see what schemes you can invent to ginger up retail grocers."

He promised to see what he could do. For a couple of days he sat with his feet on his desk, thinking. Then he said to me one afternoon:

"Buf, if I'm going to evolve real cheese-eating schemes I've got to have more seclusion. The racket round here interferes with my imagination; besides, I can't stand the smell of that Brie and D'Isigny on the shelf under my nose. I think I'll have a private office partitioned off."

This he did and had it made odor-proof. Then he bought a Tabriz rug, a mahogany desk and an art-glass lamp.

"Jarv," I remonstrated, "these royal trappings don't go logically with cheese. I don't see how they are going to help your salesmanship campaigns."

"When a fellow goes into business," he retorted, "he doesn't necessarily become a savage. I want a place where I can receive my friends without hanging my head in shame. I have asked some of the girls to drop in and see me occasionally, and some of the fellows too. It won't hurt us, Buf, to have a little standing in a social way."

These Things Made Us the Laughing-Stock of the Trade

The girls began to come and the fellows along with them; and presently Jarv bought a coffee percolator and some Limoges china—on the firm's account—and began serving French Roquefort, English Stilton, Camembert and other cheese aristocrats, along with fancy biscuits and such things.

Then one evening he set society tongues wagging by giving what he called a cheese party in our store. It was something new and very swell. The guests were served with Fromage à la Crême from France; Serra da Estrella from Portugal; Schweitzer, flavored with curaçoa, from Switzerland; reindeer-milk cheese from Lapland—and so on. The store was gorgeously decorated—but I didn't go myself!

Next day the papers all ridiculed us; and finally a grocery periodical gave us the fiercest roast of all in an editorial entitled: Cheese it, Messrs. Southern & Grubb!

These things made us the laughing-stock of the trade and hurt our regular sales—though we picked up a bit on the fancy stuff. That was not the trade we needed; the bulk of the people use every-day goods.

Jarv would not work at commonplace business getting, and things went so badly that finally I repaired secretly to the office of old Godfrey Broadhead, of the legal firm of Broadhead & Broadhead, on John Street.

"I wish to consult you," I said, "on the problem of retiring Jarvis Grubb from the cheese business. I cannot go on carrying that fellow forever—he's exhausting our capital mighty fast! One active clerk would be worth ten of him; yet I am utterly powerless to fire him!"

The old attorney cleared away some briefs from his desk and took off his glasses before he spoke.

"My boy," he said, "it is harder to get rid of a partner than to get away from a wife. There aren't any divorce laws in business."

"But surely there must be some relief in the law!" I protested. "Jarv refuses absolutely to let me manage our undertaking. Both of us can't be boss—he'll wreck our concern sure as poison!"

"If this were a matrimonial partnership," returned Broadhead, "I might help you. In marriage the junior partner usually agrees to obey, or at least tacitly accepts her inferior executive station. It isn't often that she attempts to divert all the firm's assets from dividend-bearing channels. But a junior partner in business very commonly asserts his legal right to squander the firm's cash and plunge the concern into debt. Partnership, under the law, is more than equal rights. One cantankerous partner can vote the whole firm into commercial Hades!"

"Is there no remedy?" I asked rather weakly.

"If you wish," said the lawyer, "you can ring in an alarm for the bankruptcy courts. They'll come on the first call."

I was loath to do this, for it meant the end of everything. It meant going back on a salary and starting all over again, just as I had done when Fate jammed me out of the button industry. I thought of my wife and three little children up in our dark and cramped flat, and I can tell you the shoe pinched pretty hard. We had been hoping to get a home in the suburbs. So I argued once more with Jarv.

"If only you'd give up your butterfly life," I said, "and get down to real work, we could make money and grow, but the firm simply can't support a society annex."

"You're stronger on the cheese business than I am," he retorted. "If you want to buy me out I'll sell."

He had made this proposition before, but his estimate of the firm's good-will was more than six times its actual value. I could not buy—nor would he purchase of me, even at a fair valuation.

"What could I do with a cheese house?" he inquired.

It was not long after this—about two years from the time we started—when somebody on the outside rang in the bankruptcy alarm. Then a dray came and got what cheese was left.

You see, it behooves a man to take full stock of his prospective partner before the tying-up ceremonies instead of afterward. But the point that impressed me most, as I contemplated our failure, was the undeniable fact that the mere acquisition of capital really counts for little in business. Some partners without a cent are worth more than other partners who command millions of dollars!

The main problem of prospective partnership, therefore, is to study the possible material with as much care and wisdom as a trusty and experienced doctor takes in diagnosing a malady. There are lots of splendid partners available in the world, but there are ten times as many who cannot be broken in. They will kick over the traces the minute the harness is put on and throw the team.

While I was getting on my feet again I took my family to Stony Bend to visit my Uncle Alphesus. For a day or two I stayed there myself, and it made me pretty blue to see Hen Hogan getting ahead so fast amid the opportunities I had abandoned. Hen was now right-hand man to old Loren Rixey in the Stony Bend Exchange Bank, and was interested in various industries of the town. My wife and I had dinner at his house one day and afterward she cried a little over his pretty home—the sort she had been dreaming of getting for years.

Still I had had opportunities in New York too! It was not the fault of New York that I had wasted sixteen long years. Back in the metropolis I had a hard siege of it looking for work; but finally I got a job as bookkeeper in a cornice factory near Williamsburg Bridge. My pay at the start was only a hundred dollars a month, but I brought my family back to the city and we began life once more on a scale proportioned to my income.

(Concluded on Page 38)

BACK-FIRE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

"This Would be an Easy Place to Get Lost in on a Dark Day"

V

PENFOLD glanced admiringly at the trim, erect figure on the seat beside him. Lucia was in white serge, with a Panama hat and a pugree of yellow silk with smart little driving-gauntlets of the same color.

"It was awfully good of you to come for me yourself," said Penfold, admiring the skillful way in which the young girl handled her spicy little cob, which was showing a tendency to roll over backward into the two-wheeled cart.

"I thought it only decent to put you on to things," she answered. "We're a divided household at The Live Oaks. Aunt Nelly would have come herself, but a party from a yacht arrived unexpectedly, and as my sister is lunching at the Casino, Aunt Nelly had to stay and play hostess." Lucia drew her whip across the cob's plump back and he sprang forward with a plunge. "A little rough on his change of speeds!"

"A little high-powered for a girl to drive, I should think," Penfold answered. "What do you mean by saying that your household is divided?"

"It's this charity scheme of Aunt Nell's. When she explained it all to dad he said nothing against it, of course, but he was pretty sore."

"That's not unnatural. It takes a pretty high grade of altruism to see a big fortune go out of the family without a squirm. I suppose that he considers me largely to blame?"

"It's not so much the money. Dad was never avaricious. I wish that he were, as in that case we might have a little of our own left, instead of being dependent on Aunt Nell for everything. We're like sponges or mussels or barnacles or any other of those nasty, clingy things. About all dad ever pays is traveling expenses from one of Aunt Nell's places to another, and the upkeep of his yacht. We've got a punky old schooner that makes quite a show and doesn't cost much to run. Nearly everything else is Aunt Nell's."

"But Mrs. Duane gave me to understand that your father was comfortably and independently situated," said Penfold, surprised and a bit amused at the frankness of the young girl.

"He's not so well off as she thinks, and the worst of it is that he'd be a lot better off if it weren't for Aunt Nell. You see old Uncle Stephen Duane had no family of his own and he loved to have us round. He liked father, though he didn't approve of him, and he was fond of us children. So we were usually visiting them and getting all our bills paid and learning how to be extravagant. No doubt dad thought that the old gentleman would leave us at least a mulion or two, and the result was he spent more money than he would have if he'd been paying his own way. Then Uncle Stephen died and left everything to Aunt Nelly, and now Aunt Nelly's going to give her whole fortune to charity. Dad really is entitled to a yelp or two, don't you think?"

She turned her square little chin to observe the effect of her information. Penfold's face was rather grave.

"It's too bad," he admitted. "I'm not altogether surprised at what you tell me. Mrs. Duane said something of the same sort, but I don't think that she knows that your father is really pinched."

"I know she doesn't. I had no idea of it myself until Edna told me. Dad's got a lot of pride, and though he lets Aunt Nelly pay the bills he wouldn't think of asking her for actual money. The worst of it is he's in love with her."

"What?" Penfold sat bolt upright and stared.

Lucia nodded. "He's crazy about her. That's the reason he's so sore about this charity. He fancies you've got her under your influence and he's jealous."

"But, my goodness, I hope he doesn't think that I've got any personal motive—any designs on Mrs. Duane herself. Good Lord!"

He stared over the dashboard with a blank expression. Lucia swung the cob to the right.

"I'm going to take you for a little drive through the pines," she said. "That will give us a chance to discuss disagreeable things without being bothered by disagreeable people. You see, Doctor Penfold, it is not Aunt Nelly's millions that father is so upset at the thought of having go out of the family—it's Aunt Nelly herself."

"But I'm not going to take her out of the family," Penfold protested.

"You are taking her interests out of the family. However it isn't always what we are going to do that makes the trouble. It is usually what people think that we are going to do. You have made a great impression on Aunt Nelly, and she has been singing your praises to dad until the house is stuffy with them. Aunt Nelly can't see that dad is getting diabetic with jealousy, and dad can't see that Aunt Nelly would never speak of you as she does if she were suffering from sentiment. Not all of our family are bright!"

Penfold laughed in spite of his annoyance. "It's ridiculous!" said he. "When your father sees the difference in our ages ——"

"You are not very chivalrous!" Lucia interrupted in her liquid, demure voice. "Aunt Nelly is a very pretty woman and does not look a day older than you, what with your lined face and the gray hair on your temples. Besides she is getting prettier every day, because now she has an active interest that appeals to her. She was in a state of suspended animation, as you might say, while married to old Uncle Stephen; and one of these days she will wake up to the fact that there are other things in life besides noble thoughts."

"You are a very precocious child," said Penfold severely.

"I have to be when the grown-ups of the family are so childish. Somebody has got to show some sense."

"How about your sister?"

"She has even more, because she never shows it." Lucia knit her smooth brows reflectively. "I don't know precisely what Edna's system is working out, but it's pretty apt to be mischief. It usually is. My machinations are of the good-fairy sort."

Penfold laughed. "Well, what are your directions to me, good fairy?" he asked.

She turned her pretty head and gave him a deep look from her violet eyes. Penfold felt himself strangely stirred, though he could not have said why. He had thought of Lucia as a child not yet arrived at maturity of either mind or body, but it struck him suddenly that there might be a well-developed intelligence behind that piquant boyish face with baby coloring and tip-tilted, childish nose.

"The fairy's advice is this, O wise man from the East," she answered: "Since you can't very well go to dad and say, 'Sir, I have the honor to inform you that I have neither the wish nor the intention to poach on your preserves,' you had better make that apparent in your behavior."

"But upon my word, what do you expect?" demanded Penfold, partly irritated, partly amused. "Did you think that I was going to try any blandishments on your aunt?"

"No," Lucia answered; "but a merely discreet and conventional line of behavior is not enough to disabuse the mind of a man who is hopelessly in love and already jealous. You will naturally be a great deal with Aunt Nelly, discussing your plans and projects and all that. She will show that she trusts and admires you, and dad, who will feel out of it all, will get morose and depressed and possibly do or say something Aunt Nelly may resent. That would not only be very disagreeable for us all, but would no doubt quite pickle any possible chance of his ultimate success."

"Then you are anxious that they should marry?" Penfold asked.

"Awfully," Lucia admitted. "Aside from all selfish interests, I love them both dearly and want to see them happy together. I am sure that father could win her if he had a fair chance. She is naturally affectionate and warm-blooded, though her emotions have been in cold storage for the last eight years. But she has lots of spirit and is not a good person to cross. If they were to marry she would go ahead with her charity just the same, though not, perhaps, on such a lavish scale as she first planned. Aunt Nelly has a good deal of the Christian martyr about her, and rather enjoys the rôle; but she has her emotions, too, and a lot more temperament than most people think. Besides," she finished, giving him a demure, slanting look, "a woman of her age usually falls in love like a person tumbling off the end of a wharf."

"You've been reading French plays," Penfold asserted.

"No, I haven't—at least not lately. But I have always been observant."

"I believe you." He looked at the pretty face and laughed outright. "I can just see you tucked up in a corner, with a sad-looking book in front of your face and your ears buttoned back to catch whatever was electrifying the air. Sat so still that the grown-ups forgot you were there! Well, what else, fairy? You say it's not enough for me to conduct myself with decent propriety in order to efface the unjust suspicions of your parent?"

Lucia nodded and the color of her clear cheeks slightly deepened. Her violet eyes were brimming with mischief.

"You have managed to catch the idea," said she. "Now a jealous man is never satisfied merely because he does not happen to see his supposed rival taking advantage of his opportunities. But if he sees him otherwise interested he is apt to be convinced that his suspicions were unfounded." She flicked the cob with the whip.

Penfold turned slowly and regarded her. Lucia's saucy profile was cut purely by the soft, dark green of the scrub palmetto.

She turned slowly, opening wide her violet eyes, as though to question politely the fixity of his gaze, and again Penfold was conscious of a peculiar sensation which he might have described as that of the passage through his body of an electric current wrapped in pink velvet.

"Then you want me to make a bluff at a sentimental interest otherwise directed, do you?" he demanded.

"That could do no harm."

"Oh, couldn't it? And who, pray, would be the unfortunate mark, the innocent sacrifice?"

"I," said Lucia, with a little mock sigh.

Penfold's gray eyes opened wide. So did his mouth. Lucia leaned slightly forward and glanced at him inquiringly.

"There are a good many gnats in the air," she observed, politely suggestive.

Penfold shut his mouth with a snap, then flung himself back with a roar of laughter.

"Oh, you delicious child!" he cried. "Upon my word, no respect for age, no veneration for dignity!" He chuckled, then looked at her with a sudden softening of his lean face.

"Well," said Lucia pensively, "of course it would have to be somebody who understood the situation. Otherwise the results might be serious."

"Yes, and suppose your dad caught me making eyes at the door of the nursery, eh? The results might also be serious!"

She drew herself up primly. "I am nearly eighteen, Doctor Penfold."

"You are nearly eighty in guile. However I'm game. If anybody gets hurt I fancy it won't be you. So you want me to play cavalier until all suspicions are removed? I've never had much experience, but I'll do my best. But you might indicate my rôle a bit. Sighs, I suppose, and glowering at gilded youths who have the cheek to raise their eyes to your fairy face?"

"Yes, and a marked preference for my society—with perhaps now and then a fugitive caress."

"I fancy I'd be the fugitive if your father happened to intercept the caress. I see that you are going to make me forget my sacred responsibilities. However if I've got to play the entirely novel rôle of lover in order to promulgate peace and happiness in the family and possibly to win another convert to the cause of sweet charity, you can't refuse me a rehearsal now and then. It does seem like cradle-robbing, but let's see!"

He slid his arm along the back of the seat merely to see what the girl would do. Lucia did nothing. Penfold drew her gently to him and it seemed as though a little tremor rippled through his muscular arm. Lucia turned suddenly and looked at him. The color had faded slightly in her cheeks and there was a baffling look in her eyes. Puzzled, half ashamed, yet with a curious, exultant thrill, Penfold looked searchingly into the misty violet eyes which did not falter.

Penfold could not understand; was at a complete loss. He could not believe that so young and charming a girl, carefully brought up, would so readily abandon herself to the caress of a comparative stranger. He thought that her behavior had been largely through a spirit of mischief, because she took him for a sedate and serious young man, proper and correct, whose scandalized demeanor it would be entertaining to observe.

The charming face upturned to his was deliciously inviting, and it would not be true to say that Penfold was not tempted. But as he looked into the half-veiled eyes the sudden intensity of his own softened, and with a little pat, that was almost brotherly, on the soft, warm shoulder he released her and straightened himself in his seat.

"There," said he lightly; "stagefright at the very first rehearsal! I'm afraid that I can't act, my dear!"

Lucia caught her breath and the color flooded her face, which had gone quite pale as his arm encircled her.

"You can act like a gentleman," she murmured. "If you'd acted differently I should have despised you."

"Do you think it was fair to tempt me?"

"I didn't mean to tempt you," she answered soberly. "I went too far, and then, having led you on, I wasn't going to struggle away like a little fool. Besides, you see, I had a feeling that I was safe enough with you. Something told me that you could never be horrid. Do you think that I'm a shameless brat?"

"I think that you're a sweet, charming girl. I think also that you need a scolding."

"You may give me one, if you like."

"Well, then, never play any game where the stake may be to cheapen yourself," said Penfold in a kind but serious tone. "And don't bank too much on men's chivalry. Also it's safer not to joke on serious matters such as we've been discussing since we left the depot."

"But I wasn't joking, Doctor Penfold," said Lucia earnestly. "I may have been silly and flippant, but I really meant all that I said. I want you to show father that his jealousy is absurd and unjustified—and I want you to see as little of Aunt Nelly as you can without being rude. If he sees that you are devoting yourself a good deal to Edna and me he will soon get over his silliness—only I would rather that it were me."

"Why?"

"Because I like you so much," Lucia answered candidly.

"The Worst of it is He's in Love With Her"

VI

A LITTLE cavalcade was winding slowly through the scrub palmetto. Gillespie led the way, mounted on a contemplative mule. Lucia came next, riding a wiry "takki," and some distance in her rear followed Edna and Penfold, also astride swamp ponies. A little behind them there creaked and rattled a skeleton wagon drawn by a pair of large red mules and heaped with the impedimenta for a three-days' camp.

Gillespie and three friends controlled several thousand acres along the edge of St. Lucie Sound and running back into the swamps and piney woods. There was no lack of game on the preserve—ducks, geese, snipe, occasional swans along the shores and quantities of quail in the open, bald, piney woods. There were also the small Florida deer and wild turkeys, and of "varmints"—coons, foxes, wildcats and an occasional panther.

Gillespie had willingly arranged the camp-hunt at the request of Mrs. Duane, who had learned from Penfold that he liked to shoot. Such an expedition meant actually roughing it, for the shooting parties slept in log cabins thrown together on a small chain of lakes. Deer and turkeys were the primary objects, though smaller game was not ignored.

Penfold looked about him with the keenest pleasure. The air was sunny and warm, too warm to be entirely propitious as a weather forecast, and the sky was of a whitish, blinding blue. The woods were open and composed of big loblolly-pines, from which the green plumes hung like long, heavy tassels, distilling their rich balsam in the steaming sunshine. Underfoot the tall, yellow grass rose to the riders' stirrups, occasionally alternating with patches of saw-stemmed palmetto that crackled as the horses waded through it. Here and there, where a head or spring bubbled from the sand, were thick, jungly tangles of bay, magnolia, live and water oaks, swamp cypress and maple, with impenetrable canebrakes deeper in the morass. The country was flat, broken only by slight depressions where a branch springing from the sand would wander away in any direction that pleased it, suddenly to disappear in a dense tangle of green, lustrous jungle.

"This would be an easy place to get lost in on a dark day," Penfold observed to Edna. "There doesn't seem to be any shape to it."

"That's true," she answered. "Father's been lost twice, and he's an unusually good woodsman. It's not like the North Woods, where you've got something to steer a course by—the watercourses and moss on the trees and shape of the ridges. But the natives never get lost."

"I suppose they develop a sense of direction. That's a primitive faculty that's rather rudimentary in me."

"Really? I should have said you would know which way you were heading."

Penfold threw her a quick look, then smiled. "I never did find out until I went in for missionary work," he answered. "I graduated as an engineer, then decided to take a course in medicine. After I'd finished my hospital course I decided to be a traveler and writer. I was rambling round in the most aimless way you can imagine until I fell in with a man who had a distinct objective—a medical missionary named Douglas Ames. He gave me some sense of direction."

"And now you've shifted your course again," Edna observed in a perfectly cool and casual tone.

"No." Penfold looked at her thoughtfully. "I've merely tacked ship. I'm heading for the same general principle, but I've taken advantage of a favorable slant."

"To get where you want to be?"

"No, to get other people where I want them to be."

"Where is that, if you don't mind my asking? And who are the people?"

"The place, just at this moment, is the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and the people are a lot of small prickly heated or frost-bitten kids, according to the season, that I should like to see transplanted to a kindlier soil."

"Do you like children?"

"I like pups better; but then pups work out their salvation under a somewhat different scheme. Children are of the race that governs affairs for itself and pups—also kittens, guinea pigs, earthworms, bacteria and roses. Consequently they are more important."

Edna moved uneasily in her saddle.

"And you want to govern affairs for the children," she observed, "and so your sovereignty will extend over kittens and earthworms and microbes and guinea pigs—and those other things?"

"Don't forget the roses," Penfold cautioned.

"And roses. But they grow without much help, don't they?" asked Edna.

"That is where they differ so widely from children. Still I must say that I think the man or woman who can succeed with roses would do fairly well with children."

"How about the poor microbes? Haven't they a right to their innocent young lives?"

"Yes, so long as they work them out on their own planes without trying to graft on higher types. They have to be disciplined. They are supreme egoists!"

"So are all of God's creatures."

"That's the reason that God puts His check on them."

"Do you believe in God?"

"Yes."

"There's a fox-squirrel flattened out on the limb of that pine ahead. Get down and see if you can bark him. Dad says you are a good rifle shot."

"I'd rather sit here on my pony and see if I can bark you. You make me quite homesick."

"Why?" Edna lost interest in the fox-squirrel.

"You are so much like my Chinese heathen."

"In what way?"

"Their religion consists in the attempt to ward off material evil. Do you think that I can smoke without danger of setting this dry grass afire?"

"No. Father never likes to have people smoke on these barrens." Edna raised her voice: "Lucia!"

"What?" Lucia swung in her saddle and looked back.

"There's a big fox-squirrel on the first branch of that tall pine over there on the right. Let's see if you can hit him. Red bones make delicious soup!"

Lucia turned in her saddle and looked back. Both girls were riding astride, and were costumed similarly in habits of olive dun with short divided skirts and moleskin leggings that buttoned snugly to well above the knee.

"I like him better the way he is," she answered. "Besides dad says we mustn't shoot if we want to jump a buck tomorrow morning."

"Are we getting near the camp?" Penfold asked.

"No, we've got ten miles yet," Edna answered; "but Lucia doesn't like to kill things."

"Do you?" *(Continued on Page 45)*

Penfold Had a Vague Sense of Falling Into a Trap

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28, 1913

Higher Freight Rates

THAT railroads will be permitted to advance freight rates by five per cent seems probable. No such opposition on the part of shippers and public as developed three years ago, when a ten-per-cent advance was proposed, has yet appeared.

An advance in freight rates amounts to a tax on traffic that will remain in force for several years at least. As no one can foretell the future, it is possible for the Interstate Commerce Commission, in a case like this, to err on either side. It may sanction an increase that next year's business will show was not necessary, or it may refuse an increase that next year's business will prove to have been badly needed.

During the current fiscal year the roads have carried the heaviest traffic ever known. Consequently gross earnings for nine months show an increase of more than three hundred million dollars over last year. Until the spring floods happened weather conditions were more favorable to economical operation than in any other recent year, so that net earnings also showed a very substantial gain; but nobody can guarantee favorable weather.

When the losses entailed by the spring floods are counted up, and constantly increasing taxes are paid, it will doubtless be found that net income in the last three years has not increased proportionately with the constantly increasing capital investment.

The public can better take a chance of paying the railroads a little too much than take a chance of cutting net revenue to a point that will impair their borrowing power, for upon that, all extension of transportation facilities necessarily depends.

Successful Tariff Revision

A SYMPATHETIC gentleman from Mars might easily work himself into a state of great excitement by reading the Congressional Record these days. He would gather from the debates that the fate of a great party and of a great political measure hung not merely upon the question of free sugar and free wool but upon such slender threads as a ten-cent duty on wheat and two or three per cent in certain items of the cotton schedule.

As a matter of fact, whether this tariff revision is successful or not depends mostly upon forces over which all the anxious debaters put together have little or no control. That there will be a very substantial reduction in duties is as near a foregone conclusion as anything can be in a mutable world. Whether that reduction proves popular or unpopular depends upon general business conditions in the United States during the next three years; and in shaping those conditions the tariff bill—whatever form it may finally take—will have very little effect. What kept the Democratic party out of power for twenty years was not the Wilson-Gorman tariff fiasco, but the panic of 1893 and the four ensuing years of hard times—for which the poor Democrats were no more responsible than anybody else.

At Magellan's instance a Filipino sultan embraced Christianity and overthrew his heathen idols; but when Magellan was unfortunately beaten in a fight the sultan promptly set up his idols again—regarding the defeat as indubitable proof that Christianity was a false religion. We are that way about the tariff. If luck should run against the Democrats in the matter of general business conditions we shall return to our forty-per-cent idols. It should not be so but it is. Hence the anxious debates at Washington have a pathetic quality.

The Colonial Policy

FOR many years England and Germany have pursued a vigorous colonial policy, on the theory that crowded population at home must be given an outlet to other lands under the national flag. The ideal has been a globe dotted as thickly as possible with miniature Englands and Germanys; and this colonial rivalry has been at the bottom of the military competition that has cost the two countries hundreds of millions of dollars. But there is another side of the shield.

"Opinion seems to have undergone a complete change on the subject of emigration," complains the London Times.

"A few years ago it was generally regarded as a most desirable thing. Great efforts were made to push it; societies sprang up to advocate it and carry it on. . . . But references to emigration are now generally pitched in a lugubrious key. On all sides we hear laments over the departed agricultural laborer. We hear of a dearth of skilled workmen in the great industries—and that, too, is attributed to emigration."

In short, fifteen years ago emigration from the kingdom amounted to about fifty thousand a year; ten years ago it had risen to a hundred and twenty thousand; it is now running at the rate of nearly three hundred thousand a year, and steadily rising. Most of it goes to Canada and other British colonies; but with a large and rising tide of emigration at a time when business at home is the best ever known—with wages the highest and demand for labor most insistent—there are solemn doubts about the policy of scattering British farmhands and artisans over the earth. Probably the historians of the future will regard Europe's competition for colonies as one of the notable delusions of our times.

Pigsty or Cowshed?

WE NEVER heard of any rational person choosing to live in a cowshed on the ground that the pigpen was even dirtier; but inferentially that choice is recommended to New York when it is complacently observed that it is cleaner than many other large cities.

The latest Rockefeller report pictures a certain West Side room that is a sort of board of trade or clearing house for commercialized vice. Here principals and agents of the white-slave traffic meet to barter and to discuss affairs of the trade. Nothing is wanting except a ticker service, publication of daily quotations, and some arrangement at the banks by which a block of women may be hypothecated on warehouse receipts, as wheat and cotton are. Another picture shows the collection of police graft with all the regularity and due form of any well-ordered business transaction.

To make a comparison in cleanliness over conditions of that sort is like palliating murder on the ground that it was formerly much more common. A Philadelphia report shows, by the school census, over fifteen hundred children between six and sixteen years of age in a district of segregated vice. Of course there might have been more.

No such systematic and flourishing commercialization of vice as has recently been exposed in half a dozen American cities could possibly exist without the sanction of the city governments or without corruption of the police. The time is at hand, we think, when the open, advertised, established vice upon which commercialization and graft thrive will no longer be tolerated.

The Sin of Speculating

THERE is no doubt that the British Ministry's popularity was weakened by the Marconi episode. Stanch Liberals admit it—in view of Unionist victories in recent by-elections; and in spite of denials it is still rumored that the attorney-general will resign.

The episode has been very thoroughly investigated. It has been shown beyond doubt that Isaacs and Lloyd George did nothing that reflected upon their official integrity. They simply speculated in the shares of a wireless telegraph company, with which the British government had no relations and which could not have profited by any act of the Ministry. Though their enemies admit that their official skirts are clean, their friends confess, with sorrow, that they personally did something unbecoming in a minister—namely, engaged in a Stock Exchange speculation.

The British public, on the whole, is much more addicted to stock speculation than we are. It is generally regarded more complaisantly than on this side of the water; yet it is interesting to see how apologetically Liberal organs speak of this ministerial speculation—almost as though the chancellor or the attorney-general had publicly exposed himself in a noticeably mellow after-dinner condition. One can easily imagine the Democratic blushes if it should be shown, for instance, that Mr. Bryan had been plunging in July wheat or September cotton.

For undistinguished private citizens, we still keep up the fiction that gambling in stocks or commodities is much more respectable than gambling with cards or bits of ivory; but the fictitious distinction is not so satisfactory when a man whom the nation has honored with high office is involved.

Judicial Progress

THE Supreme Court of Missouri has sustained a law forbidding the employment in manufactures, under ordinary conditions, of both men and women for more than ten hours a day. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States will be highly interesting if this case is brought before it. That tribunal, it will be remembered, decided that a New York law forbidding employment of men in bakeries for more than ten hours a day was unconstitutional. This bakeshop case was first tried in a county court, then taken to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, to the Court of Appeals, and to the Federal Supreme Court. Twenty-two judges passed upon it, first and last. Twelve held that it was constitutional and ten that it was not; but among the latter were a majority—five judges—of the Federal Supreme Court, which settled the law's fate, and under our curious system of legislation by the courts their opinion was final.

In the few intervening years, however, there has been a general advance in so-called social legislation, and our legislating courts do move with the stream of public feeling. If the Missouri law is brought before the Supreme Court very likely a majority will sustain it, though it is much broader than the New York bakeshop law, which a majority condemned only a few years ago.

Smelling the Flesh-Pots

TWO very solid reasons lie behind the zealous effort to annul the divorce of the Progressive from the Republican party: The first reason is that by a reunion of Progressive and Republican forces a good many Democrats can be kept out of office. The second is that through such a union some distinguished Republicans of more or less Progressive leaning may reasonably hope to achieve offices now beyond their reach.

These are excellent reasons as far as they go, and if the grand object of politics is the winning of offices—as some cynical persons allege—they are really unanswerable.

If the happenings at Chicago last June were merely an inadvertence that temporarily estranged political brethren—if those who followed Roosevelt have at bottom the same concept of national duty as those who followed Taft—there should certainly be a reconciliation. If the only thing that keeps Brother Barnes from Brother Pinchot, for example, is a difference of opinion over the decision of the credentials committee in the Texas case, by all means let them shake hands and make up.

If the Progressive party cannot stand being in the minority—if the notion of somebody else's winning the next election is intolerable to it—then it should at once unite with the Republican party, or the Democratic, or the Socialistic, or any other organization that promises to bring it within hailing distance of the flesh-pots—because in that case it is of so little account anyway that where it happens to stand is of no consequence.

Why Men Fight

PASSING a law that drives soldiers to mutiny might strike a civilian as an odd way of strengthening the army; but military men know the soldier. Half a dozen French garrisons have recently hooted and defied their officers, paraded, sung the Internationale, and given other signs of incipient revolt against the bill to lengthen the term of service with the colors from two years to three. This annoys the officers; but they know very well that these mutinous soldiers, if confronted by a foe, will fight with all the desperation of devoted patriots.

It was only a little over a hundred years ago that unbearable abuses in the British navy drove the whole Channel Fleet to revolt. The mutinous fleet—upon which England's national existance depended—blockaded the Thames and seized British merchant vessels. The rebellious sailors were soon bullied and wheedled into submission, and a few years later were writing the name of Trafalgar upon the roll of British naval victories.

Indeed, the great Frederick, with still profounder knowledge of the soldier, did not hesitate to incorporate captured troops of the enemy into his own army. He knew very well that if you put a man in uniform, subject him to military discipline for a year, then show him a body of men in a different uniform and say "Sic 'em!"—he will fight whether or not he understands what he is fighting about, or approves it if he does understand. Tolstoi showed long ago how military discipline denatures humanity.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

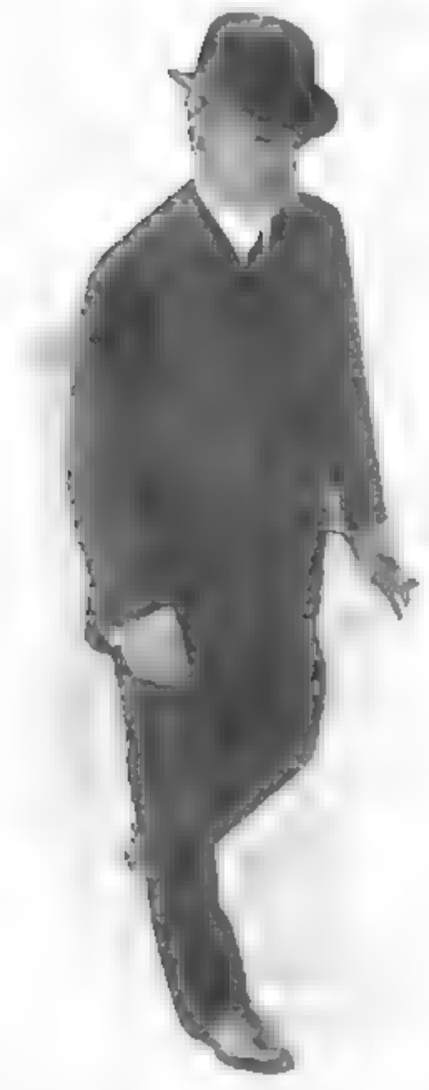


PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

He Will Go Farther Than Most Folks to Help a Friend

The Author of "Try Again"

ALWAYS Delaware is interesting in a senatorial way, beginning, of course, with the well-known fact that this commonwealth, about as big as a fair-sized ranch, has as many senators as New York with eight million people, or Texas with eight billion—or thereabout—acres. Always there is something novel.

Once the imperial Delaware elected a jeweler senator, and once elected a canner; and several times the same Delaware did not—emphatically did not—elect a gasman. Then those three counties that comprise that jewel in the diadem of the Union sent along, for embalming in the Congressional Directory, the man with the flossiest name and the longest autobiography perpetrated since Chauncey M. Depew tried to put over sixty-four typewritten pages detailing in a modest way his triumphs of patriotic oratory and such. I refer, as you will remember, to the appellation and the clear but none too concise review of his brave and brilliant deeds on the field of battle—and elsewhere—furnished by Henry Algernon Du Pont De Nemours—known colloquially as Algie Du Pont.

Now comes Willard Saulsbury, Democrat—and what of him? Simply this: In the person of Willard Saulsbury the state of Delaware has furnished positively the fiercest-looking senator we have had for many years. Why, after taking a glance at him you get the impression that he is abso-terriblelutely facinorous! You think—and shudder at the thought—that he eats 'em alive! G-r-r-r! and Fee-fi-fo-fum! It's terrifying!

The proposition interests you—me—any one: Can a man possibly be so fierce as this man appears to be—with his bristly eyebrows, and his bristling mustache, and his general air of no quarter given or asked? You study him. You inquire about him. You observe him. Then you discover it's a mirage—an illusion. He isn't fierce at all, Willard Saulsbury isn't. Instead he is a kind, loyal, friendly, amenable, companionable citizen, who will go farther than most folks to help or oblige a friend, and who does remember longer than most a service performed for him. The outward and visible signs have no connection with the inward and spiritual graces. That's all! Senator Saulsbury wouldn't hurt you, or me, or any one. Instead he'd help us if he had a chance.

Likely as not that expression came to him during his stern chase after the senatorship. You see, his father was senator from Delaware for a long time—from 1859 until 1871 to be exact—and it was early decided that the son should become a senator also—that is, the Saulsburys decided on that step; but it took quite a time to get Delaware to acquiesce. Still those Saulsburys are determined people and set in their ways; and in the career of the present senator we find much corroboration for the statement that he is the author of the libretto of that helpful little sentiment: "If at first you don't succeed try, try again!" He tried six times—six separate times.

Nominated by Force of Habit

LIKEWISE he was consecutive and continuous in his attempts. Having once determined on his course of action, he became a combination in restraint of other Democratic senatorial candidates in Delaware. He organized the Willard Saulsbury Association for Procuring the Senatorship for Himself, elected Willard Saulsbury to all the offices, and proceeded to maintain what might be called a monopoly of the quest. In 1899, he became the caucus nominee of the Democratic party for the place. He was not elected owing to Republican predominance at the time. Nothing daunted, he annexed the Democratic caucus nomination in 1901. There was no senatorial result. Whereupon he took the Democratic caucus nomination in 1903. Nothing doing! Undismayed, the caucus nomination in 1905 was secured. The Democrats could not deliver. With his face still toward the morning Mr. Saulsbury had himself nominated by the Democrats in 1907. Another fiasco! Girding up his votes, he was the chosen of the caucus in 1911. He girded without avail.

By this time it was automatic with him. Every time there was a chance—and chances were frequent in Delaware—for a caucus nomination by the Democrats the Democrats gave that nomination to Mr. Saulsbury from sheer force of precedent. They had the habit. It came about that the Democrats were in the ascendancy in 1913, and there was some disposition to honor another; but not while Willard Saulsbury was on the spot—not unless they did it over the dead bodies of the Willard Saulsbury Association. They bickered for a time, to be sure; but Willard Saulsbury stood there, labeled with caucus nominations like a trunk that has been the rounds in Switzerland is labeled with hotel stickers, looking fiercely at the Democrats who had caucused favorably on him so often—and they just had to come across.

They came haltingly—but they came. It may be they had a prod or two from the outside—from New Jersey, say—but that is neither here nor there; nor in Wilmington nor Trenton. I think it happened in Dover. However, they came; and Willard Saulsbury is now senator.

Coincidentally with his campaign for the senatorship Mr. Saulsbury has practiced law in Wilmington and is one of the eminent lawyers of Delaware. He has been several times president of the local bar association, and has been identified with various business and charitable organizations. He has been active in politics, not only along the personal lines already described, but as a member of the state and national committees, though he never held public office until he drew down that senatorship. No doubt he might have held office, but there was only one office he desired to hold. So he held off and held on, and now he holds.

A shining example, I should say, of deciding on what one wants and then getting that identical thing; for there is no doubt at all that Willard Saulsbury would have continued to deprive that Democratic caucus of the senatorial nomination every time it had one in its jeans until such time as there were sufficient votes in the legislature to make it good—even if he had hung on for another decade or two.

Everybody is an original Wilson man, though not many of them show any originality. There are some, however, who are real original Wilson men; and Willard Saulsbury is one of the number. Away back in the days when the oldline politicians used to smile patronizingly when told of the movement to nominate Wilson, Saulsbury was on the job with McCombs and a few others; and he stayed through until the result was accomplished. He applied those senatorial methods of his. Once he set out to be for Wilson, that fixed his allegiance. He remained put.

Consequently if it is surmised—quite innocently—that there may have been an intimation from high quarters—quite high—during those days of backing and filling down in Delaware—an intimation to the rather definite effect that a certain person, who shall be nameless, but who was governor of New Jersey at the moment, and subsequently moved to Washington for a four-year residence—I hope I do reveal his identity—a certain person was of the opinion that the state of Delaware, and the Democrats in the legislature thereof, would do well to elect Mr. Saulsbury to the Senate—if this is surmised at this juncture there may be no surprise. The facts are that one Willard Saulsbury can run up to the White House any time he feels like it, get in without knocking, and go out without being knocked.

Mr. Common People: "Never Again—Blindfolded!"

Electric Fans Made by Westinghouse

BREEZY and noiseless electric fans for use in drawing room, library, bedroom, and dining room are necessary accessories to your home comfort during this hot weather.

Westinghouse electric fans are especially adapted to home use.

The drawn steel frame, the greatest improvement yet made in the appearance of an electric fan, takes on a handsome smooth finish and does not look out of place with your finest furnishings. Stronger and lighter than the old type.

The felt base to be found on all Westinghouse fans absolutely protects your fine furniture from the danger of marring.

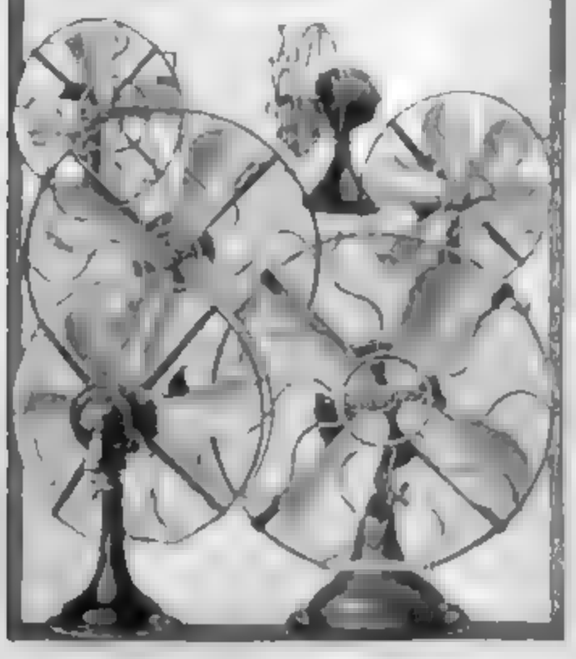
Unusual features include perfectly balanced motor, giving great economy of operation; strongest type of blade guard made; breeze adjustable in any direction.

Buy from good electrical dealers or your electric light company. Westinghouse fans are worth your insistence.

Send for book showing various styles for every purpose.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.

East Pittsburgh, Penna.



CROSS COURSES

(Continued from Page 11)

a winner. While he was still at the handshaking I threw him his ship's papers.

I had the bartender order a carriage, and while waiting I tried to cheer up Drislane. I told him he must not think of going to sea next day, that I would see Captain Norman Sickles and get him off, and later go with him to Boston by rail.

He shook his head. He could hardly part his swollen lips to talk—and then he could only half whisper. "I'll sail tomorrow on the Sirius," he said; and then he rolled his head over to see what Sickles was doing.

Sickles was just then stepping through the kitchen doorway where but two minutes earlier Rose had been standing. Drislane closed his eyes; and then, as if he thought he had to show me he wasn't beaten, he opened them and smiled. After I'd fully taken in that smile I wished he had cried.

The bartender called through the slide that the carriage was waiting. I carried out Drislane, drove him to my hotel and called in a doctor. Between us we gave him a hot bath, salved and plastered him, and put him to bed.

I turned in on a cot I had had brought in. Hours later I heard him groan. I switched on the light and went to him. He was lying on his side, with his head on one arm. His hands were clenched. After a moment he said: "She is in trouble somewhere!" That was another thing he believed in—telepathy.

He may or may not have had it right; but it certainly wasn't going to do him any good to let him lie there and be torturing himself.

"Sh! Go to sleep, son. Don't imagine things. You'll find everything will be all right tomorrow," I said.

"No," he said; "everything will never be all right while he's alive and I'm alive."

That didn't sound good to me, so I sat down by the bed and began to talk to him. We talked, I doing the most of it until daylight. We talked of her.

"She's all right," he said at last—"I tell you she is! Even if she didn't like me and did him, it would be only natural—but she likes me—the best of her likes me better than him; and when she gets to know him all of her will like me. You'll see!"

There were people who used to say Drislane was so innocent as to be a joke; but after that talk into that wintry dawn I had to salute him. He had just a little something on all of us who were so much more worldly-wise. It surely was a great gift he had—to see in every woman only the shining soul.

IV

NO MAN could say where the word came from—no man could say he had seen her himself; but the word was out that Oliver Sickles had boarded his vessel in the early morning with the redhaired girl of the Tidewater Café in tow.

Nobody on the Sirius ever intended to pass the word to Drislane; but no crew of a vessel can be whispering for hours without the one man they don't discuss the mysterious matter with, wanting to guess what it is they are trying to keep from him. Drislane guessed.

I had brought him to the Sirius in a carriage just before she sailed. Captain Norman had told him to keep to his bunk until the Sirius tied up to the dock in Boston if he wished; but Drislane did not wish. He came on deck, still bandaged and battered, on the first morning out to stand his watch. A word blown across the deck when he was thought to be still in his bunk below halted him in his walk aft. He turned and stared at the man who was speaking; whereupon there followed such a sudden and foolish twist to the conversation that he might just as well have been told.

Throughout his trick at the wheel Drislane said nothing; but every moment the compass could spare his eyes they were roaming across to where the Orion, like ourselves, was plugging through the short green seas for home. When his watch was done he borrowed my glasses, climbed by painful relays to the masthead and trained them on the Orion. After he came down and had gone below I went aloft and spent the rest of the morning trying to see what it was Drislane may have seen on the deck of Oliver Sickles' vessel.

Was it a woman's head showing above the cabin companionway? Or was it a man passenger Oliver Sickles had taken aboard at the last minute? If a man he surely was no seagoer; for in the two hours I watched he never once stepped out on deck. He leaned dejectedly, or it may have been patiently, but—either way—motionless as a stanchion against the companion casing, his soft flapping hat and the shoulders of a loose coat showing just above the woodwork. Man or woman, the face was pointed steadily toward the Sirius.

Our captain said it was a passenger of some kind. It had to be, he said, because during the two morning watches he had kept an eye on the Orion's deck and accounted for every man of her crew, which numbered exactly the same as his own—even for the cook, who had shown himself on deck to heave a bucket of galley refuse over the rail. It could not be an extra hand shipped for the trip, because no hand would be allowed to stand in the cabin companionway.

And did he think it was a man or a woman? The shoulders in the loose coat looked wide enough to be a man's. And I looked at him and he at me. So was Drislane's Rose big enough for a man; but we said no more of that then—Drislane had just come on deck and was making his way aft. Again he borrowed my glasses, went aloft and trained them on the Orion. From time to time he looked down to the man at the wheel, as if to hint to him to get a little nearer the Orion; but the man at the wheel had already got a quiet word from the captain. We were to leeward. "Keep off! Keep off—off—off!" Captain Norman was saying in a low voice to the helmsman. "Don't let her get any nearer—leastwise while he's aloft with the glasses."

It looked as if we'd have to wait to get to Boston to settle the question. Meantime, if Drislane would only try to forget everything of shore matters he might be getting great comfort of a run like this. If he were himself he would by now, being half in the way of a poet and half hoping some day to be an artist, be drawing little water colors and writing little rimes of these two big schooners racing home together.

It would have been well worth his paint and paper. The Orion and the Sirius were two of the best in their class and more trimly modeled than most. What the Orion looked like we must have looked like, and she was something I used to spend whole watches on deck just looking at. She carried an open rail amidships; and her white-painted stanchions, carved to hourglass form, with the white-painted flat handrail atop, stood clearly, sharply, beautifully out above her black lower sides and the pale green seas. Not that either of us had much lower planking to show, for forty-five hundred tons of coal had brought us pretty well down to our scuppers, too deep-loaded for our best looks, some would say, but I don't know—with all her jibs and all whole sails on her five lower spars, we must have looked pretty good, the pair of us, plugging along together through the curling rollers. We had set no topsails or staysails because they would not have stayed on, the wind blowing as it was a good half-gale.

It could have been blowing twice a gale and nothing would have happened to either of us. Probably no stiffer class of vessels sail the seas than the big coasters of our side of the North Atlantic. Give them plenty of ballast and there is no capsizing them. We surely had plenty of ballast in us now, took cheerfully all the hard western wind had to give us, and foamed along. Foamed? We wallowed—like a couple of sailing submarines almost. In that wind and sea, with all that loose water sloshing round her deck, there was no careless standing round, of course; but, with rubber boots to your hips, a suit of good oilclothes to your back, and yourself lashed to something solid up to windward, it was a great place for a man to let the wind blow away three months of coal dust from his eyelids; and what the wind could not blow away the sea would surely wash out.

That loose water flopping round her deck—that was no harm. "Tarpaulin her hatches, clamp 'em down and let her roll!"—that had been Captain Norman's word coming out of Hampton Roads. And "Batten her down and let her plug into it!" had come roaring across to us at almost the same moment from the deck of the Orion. And we were no more than into the open Atlantic than we were plugging into it. The sea came mounting up over our low lee rails—up, up our

You can get good pictures just as soon as you get a

PREMO

You need no previous experience, no technical knowledge. Step into the dealer's to-day and see for yourself, how easy Premos are to load and operate, how light and compact, and how altogether desirable.

The above picture (actual size) is from a negative made with the Premoette Jr. No. 1, a marvelously compact little camera which will slip into any pocket, or a lady's handbag, and costs but $5.

And then there are the Film Premos No. 1, just as simple to operate, but making larger pictures—3¼x4¼, $10.00; 4x5, $12.50; 3A (post card size), $12.50—and many other models ranging in price from $1.50 to $150.00.

Get the new Premo catalogue

A book that no one interested in photography should be without. It describes the many Premo advantages fully—the daylight loading Film Premos, the Premos that take films or plates with equal facility, the Premo Film Pack and tank developing system.

It's free at the dealer's, or will be gladly mailed to any address on request.

Rochester Optical Division

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Premoette Jr.

$5.00

swash-swept decks; clear across us sometimes when for a moment a doubtful helmsman would let her ship an extra cargo. But, again, no harm in that! Let 'em slosh and let 'em roll—we were standing up, the pair of us, like two brick houses.

Two vessels may be built alike and rigged alike, but that does not mean they will sail alike. The Orion, in the judgment of seafaring folks, was a shade faster reaching and running than the Sirius. At any rate the Orion proved to us that she was faster off the wind than we were by rounding Cape Cod before us. To there it had been a good passage. No collier loaded to her scuppers is ever going to break any sailing records, but hard driving had brought the pair of us along at a good clip. So far, fine! But it was to be a beat to windward the rest of the way. West-northwest is the course from Cape Cod to Boston, and west-northwest was where the wind was coming from when it hit us on the nose as we rounded the Cape.

The Orion might outrun the Sirius, but to windward there was no difference—except in their masters; and there we had the best of it. Norman Sickles could always get more out of a vessel than his cousin when the going was bad. Oliver used to claw round the deck like a soreheaded bear, and every now and then go below and have a drink for himself when things were not breaking right. Norman took things more quietly, and so taking them was not too busy to grab every little chance that bobbed up.

The Orion stood off on one tack, we on the other; and by and by we lost her below the horizon; but, standing in, after some hours, found her again—and, finding her, were pleased to see that we had made up something on her. We filled away once more and by and by stood back to her. We were making distance fast. Had we held on, we should have crossed her wake almost under her stern. On our next tack we should be crossing her bow, and it would then be on past the lightship in the lead—and the race over; for neither of us was going to tack up the channel deep-loaded against a tide that would soon be ebbing. Up at the harbor entrance two tugs had already seen that and were racing out to pick us up.

More quickly to get in tow of the tug nearest us, which was coming hooked up for us, our captain put the Sirius about earlier than he had originally intended. As we tacked, so did the Orion. We stood in toward the harbor. The Orion stood in toward the harbor. We were surely going to pass close to each other—very close. Altogether too close!

I did not like the looks of things. Being a passenger, I had a mind free for other things than navigation.

"In case of doubt who gives way—the Orion or the Sirius?" I asked Captain Norman.

"Why, she does," he said, surprised. "It has to be her—not us. Both of us are close-hauled, but we on this tack have the right-of-way. He'll have to come about and give us the road."

"But suppose, captain, he will not give way?"

"What! Not give way! That'd be foolish! He can go bulling his way on shore all he pleases, but out here he'll only get what's due him. He'll have to give way!"

So Norman Sickles said; but he was not the man to lose his vessel or risk men's lives. The Orion was holding on. She was going to force us. When Norman Sickles saw that he motioned with his arm for the man at our wheel to keep off—but the Sirius was not keeping off. Norman Sickles turned and yelled: "Keep her off—off—off, I say!"—starting aft at the same time to take the wheel himself.

He was too late. They seemed drawn together. We took a shoot. The Orion took a shoot. "Damned if she didn't get away from him!" I remember hearing one of our fellows jerk out; but I remember also I was left wondering whether he meant our vessel or the Orion.

They rushed together—and g-g-h-h! Talk of a smash! Forty-five hundred tons of coal, nine-tenths of it below the waterline, and a breeze of wind—either one would have sunk a battleship! It shook the spars out of the Orion. Her aftermast came down; the next one came down; the others were swaying. "The boats! The boats!" her crew yelled; but, taking another look up at those wabbling masts, they waited to launch no boat. With few words but much action, they went over her side one after the other and began to claw out for the Sirius, on which—she was sinking too—our crew had a big quarter-boat almost ready to launch.

While the two vessels were still locked in collision I had seen Drislane come running from aft and leap on to the Orion. I lost sight of him then because, with our captain, I had jumped below into our cabin—he to save his ship's papers and I to save my firm's. We were on deck in time to get into our boat and help pick up the crew of the Orion in the water.

Looking for Drislane then, I saw him and Captain Oliver Sickles at each other's throats in the stern of the Orion. There wasn't much left of her above water then; and on her deck was a mess of fallen spars with her foremast the only stick left; and that—unsupported by backstays and the wind still pressing against the big sail—that was wabbling. Even as we looked it came down—lower and top parts—with a tremendous crash that snapped the topmast off and sent it twisting and gyrating to where, after a bound or two, it rolled down and pinned to the deck the two battling men in the stern. With it came a tangled mess of ropes and steel stays.

We had picked up the Orion's crew from the water and were now hurrying to get to the two men on the Orion, which was all but under, when a red-haired girl came running from the cabin companionway. Almost as if she had been waiting in ambush, she rushed over the fallen top-mast, untangled the halyards from the legs of one of the men, and after an effort lifted the end of the spar so that he could scramble free. She needed to be strong to do that; but she was strong. If she had held the spar up only an instant longer the other man might have wiggled free too—but she let it drop back. The man she had freed she picked up and carried to the quarter-rail, where she waited for us in the boat. He made an effort as if to get back to the man left behind, but she would not let him.

"'Tain't no crime, honey!" I heard her say as we got to them. She went overboard as she said it and we had to stop to get her. "I know him a heap better than you-all, honey! Let him rest where he done fell!"

She couldn't swim, but we got them in time. She didn't mind us in the least. "He done tol' me, honey, you was dyin' abo'd yo' ship; an', o' co'se, I goes on down to see. It sure did look like yo' own ship, honey!" she was saying to him before we had them both fairly in the boat. It was Drislane she had, his head cuddled on her knees until the tug came and got us.

We were not in time to get to the man she had left behind. The last we saw of him was his head sticking out like a turtle's from beneath the fallen top-mast as the Orion went under!

We were all in Boston by Christmas Eve—that is, all, of course, but Oliver Sickles—and nobody gibed at his memory for that. He had his good reason.

The tug rushed us all up the harbor to our dock where I left the two crews while I went to order carriages and warm clothes and so on for them. When I came back Drislane and his Rose were gone, and had left no word behind them; but the day after Christmas he came to the office early to cash his semi-annual remittance. I was not there; but he left word for me that he and Rose were married, and he was going to take my advice and go home to his people. The office force said that with him was a girl of glorious Titian hair and superb physique, who smiled wonderfully on him.

Captain Norman married the girl he should have married in the first place. And so all the good people came happy out of it—all except our firm. Nine thousand tons at two dollars a ton—there was eighteen thousand dollars' worth of freight that we never collected!

So there's the Orion and Sirius thing—only in telling it at the Sailors' Haven the other night our old stevedore didn't say anything of Rose's part in it—he probably didn't see what that had to do with it. However, he said enough to convince the lecturer, who was a pretty fair-minded kind, that perhaps he would have to reconstruct his views about sailors' superstitions.

Perhaps there is something in it; but it's a poor case that won't stand hearing both sides of the evidence. "Hoodoo ships!"—it's a fascinating phrase; but—Oliver Sickles it was who held the wheel of the Orion, and it was Drislane at the wheel of the Sirius when they came together.

"Today is just the day for it!"

And this is true any day in the year. Hot days or cool days, holidays or Sundays—there's nothing that always "just fits the case" like

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

It is always dainty and appetizing; always nourishing and easy to digest. Every mouthful gives evidence of the extremely careful preparation this soup has received; yet without labor or fuss for you.

Prepare it as a bisque or "cream-of-tomato" for a change. The simple directions on the label show you how. And if you haven't tried it before, you'll get a delightful surprise.

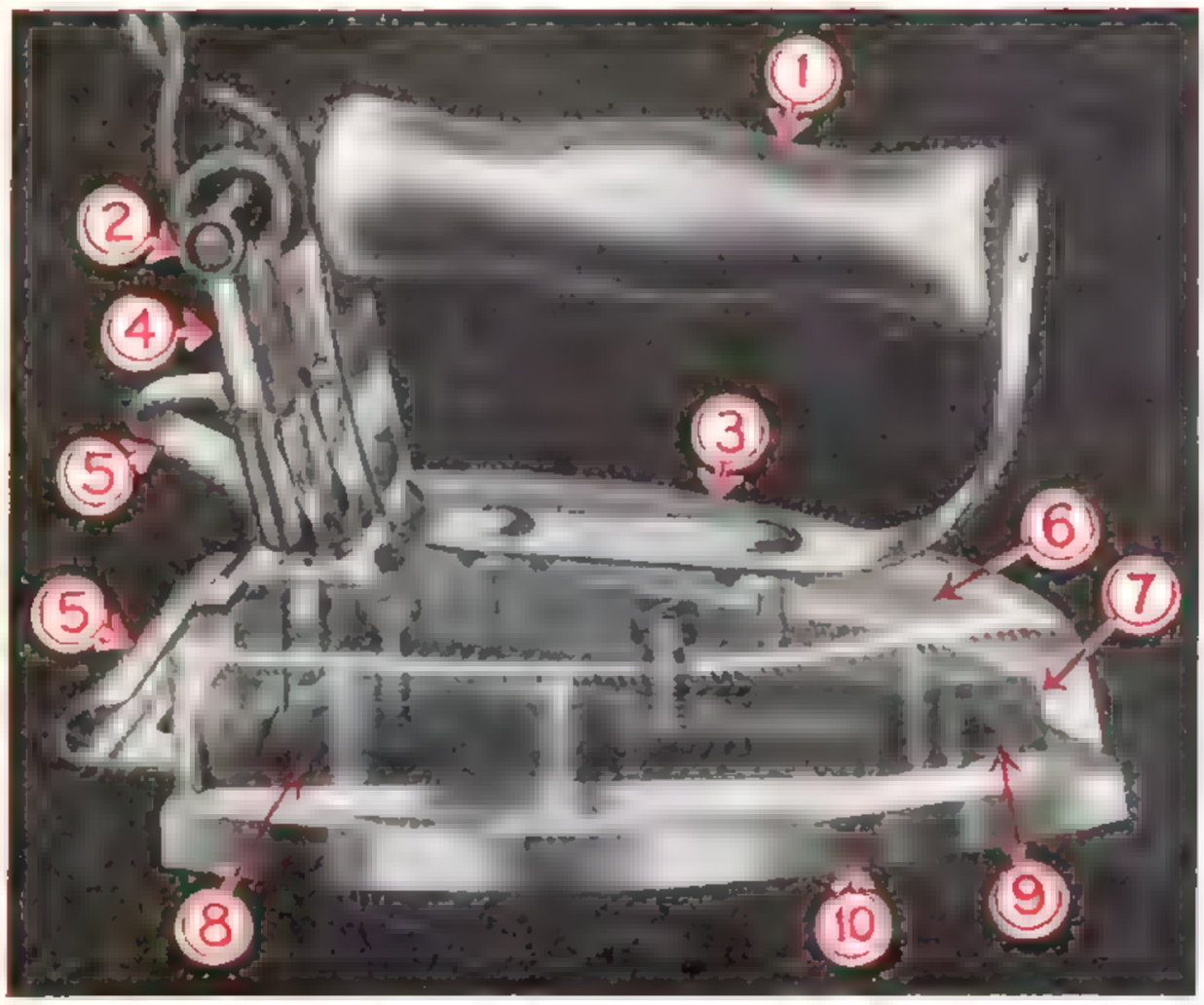
Why not get it today?

Dancing Daisy, plump and sweet,
Skips along with bounce and spring.
What incites her lively feet?
Campbell's Soups so nourishing.

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bouillon	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato Okra
	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label



The 'inside story'. This rayograph shows the Hotpoint iron as it is.

THERE is no mystery about the Hotpoint iron. Note the extreme simplicity, the solidity, the compact strength. Study this picture, the result of 12 years of improvement, in beauty and serviceability.

Then, instead of dropping in anywhere and saying "I want an electric iron," you should go to one of our 10,000 distributors and say,—"A Hotpoint iron if you please." He will gladly explain and advise.

Why is the Hotpoint We originated the Hotpoint type of construction, bringing the double heating element *(see 9)* right up into the nose of the iron. Result: the point is always hot.

Eliminates Lifting Simply tilt the Hotpoint back onto the attached stand *(see 5)* instead of lifting. Stands firmly and should the current be left on delicate fabrics would be uninjured.

Maximum Efficiency The heavy pressure plate *(see 7)* which holds the heating element *(see 8)* in close contact with the bottom, insures constant efficiency. Current is used approximately two-thirds of the time.

Guaranteed Ten Years Should the heating element *(see 8)* in a Hotpoint iron burn out at any time within ten years, we will furnish you a new one free of charge. There is little likelihood that this will happen.

Use no Holder The only iron with an asbestos heat deflector *(see 6)*; this holds the heat in the bottom and insures economy in operation. The heat being deflected downward, the handle never gets hot and no holder is necessary.

Interchangeable Switch Plug The metal-cased porcelain switch plug *(see 4)* which forms the electrical connection at the rear of the iron is easily removed. A fibre bar *(see 2)* affords an easy, cool grip. The same plug fits all of the appliances here shown except El Boilo, El Comfo and El Bako.

Exceptionally High Finish The Hotpoint iron has a heavy nickeled bottom *(see 10)*, mirror polished. The top *(see 3)* is of pressed steel, nickel finished. For household purposes it is in three sizes, identical except as to weight and ironing area. The 3 pound U.S. $3.00; Canada $4.00. The 5 and 6 pound in U.S. $3.50; Canada $4.50.

Several million Hotpoint appliances demonstrating the comfort, convenience

Hotpoint QUALITY

Visualize any of the appliances here described—imagine them in your home—today—right now. Think of the added ease, comfort, convenience. Think how much more hygienic. And realize that every one is practical for every-day use and guaranteed.

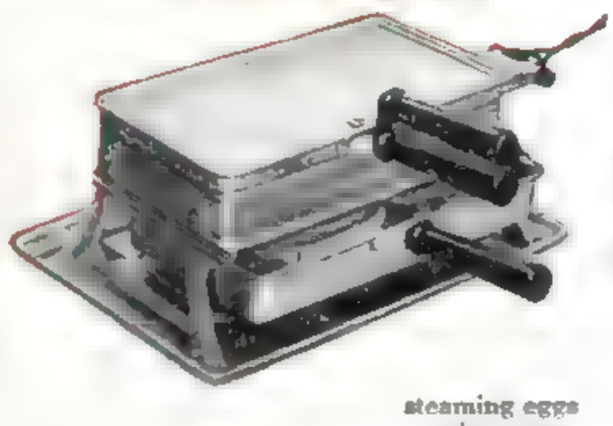
the glowing coils of El Grillo

A RANGE in miniature, is this glowing electric table stove! Does almost all cooking operations, right on the table or sideboard—anywhere there is a light socket. Used in your kitchen El Grillo will lighten labor, banish dirt and discomfort.

The instant the switch plug is inserted the coils glow cherry red. Any two operations at once—below and above these glowing coils.

And it is economical because operations are rapid and current is used only for short periods.

-boils

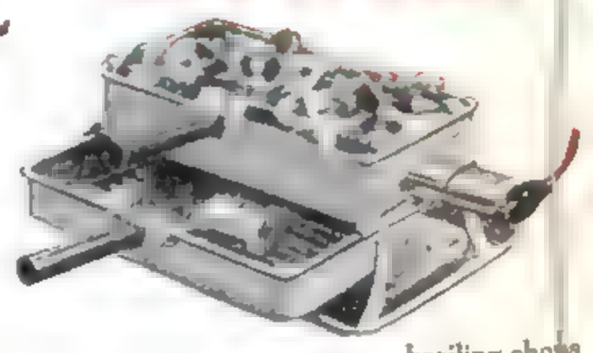


steaming eggs making toast

—boils, above the coils!

—Steams, too. Prepare breakfast foods, boil or steam eggs, stew meats and vegetables, soups and puddings, in the deep dish. Toast at the same time, underneath!

-broils



broiling chops frying potatoes

—broils, below the coils!

—Broils a steak as easily as chops. Think of grilling a tenderloin—right on the dining table! And frying the potatoes at the same time. Yet that's just what El Grillo does.

Sixteen page treatise on "Electr

Interesting Chapters are—"Electric H Operate", "Utensils to Use" and "C

Parcel Post— If unable to secure Hotpoint appliances in your community have dealer order by parcel post or send your check to our nearest office and we will forward prepaid.

Hotpoint Electric

CHICAGO, 1001 Washington Blvd. ON

TORONTO, 25 Brant Street

Beauty and utility are blended in these appliances, any of which can be used on any

El Perco

This percolator machine makes the most delicious coffee in the most approved manner, quickly and cheaply. 7-cup $10; 9-cup $11.00 Canada, $13.00 and $14.50

El Eggo

Electric egg cooker. Boils, steams, shirrs, scrambles or poaches eggs. Also used as a small Chafing Dish. U.S. $9.00; Canada, $11.75.

El Teballo

An electric tea-machine. Brews finest flavored tea on the tea-ball principle. An ornament to any dining table. 7-cup $10.00; Canada, $13.00.

El Teballo

Electric tea-ball pot. Boils water quickly—then current is cut off and tea-ball steeped till tea is right. Gives delicate tea flavor without bitter tannic acid taste. 7-cup $8; Canada, $10.50.

El Stovo

An electric disc stove which heats quickly and retains heat a long time. Its appearance justifies its use anywhere there is a lamp socket. Will do all ordinary cooking. Six inch size single heat $5; Canada, $6.50. Three heat $7, Canada, $9.25

El Tostovo

Combination electric toaster and stove. Holds two slices of bread, or one slice with coffee or tea pot. Ordinary metal dishes may be used on it, for boiling and frying. Splendid for popping corn—use ordinary wire popper. Made entirely of pressed steel. Heater easily removed for cleaning. Ebonite handle. U.S. $4; Canada, $5.25.

El Tosto

Two sided vertical electric toaster. Makes deliciously crisp toast, to suit individual taste. Keeps coffee or tea hot at same time. Right on the breakfast table. U.S. $4; Canada, $5.25.

cs are in use all over the world,
ıce, and economy of electric cooking.

Hotpoint

SERVICE

Our appliances have stood the test of continuous service for twelve years. Result: We are the largest exclusive manufacturers of electrically heated appliances in the world. Let the Hotpoint distributor in your city demonstrate their efficiency.

El Grillo lessen cooking toils.

LIGHT cooking operations are performed quicker and better on El Grillo than on a regular range. And there is a wonderful charm about El Grillo cookery. Three dishes and a table tray are furnished with El Grillo.

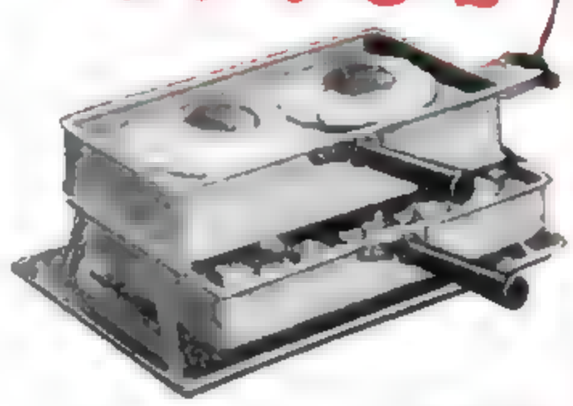
Ordinary metal dishes are used in connection with those furnished. El Grillo is made of pressed steel, nickeled and highly polished. Equipped with interchangeable switch plug and connecting cord. The element is guaranteed five years. Price complete $6.50, in Canada $8.50.

-toasts -fries

making toast
shirring eggs

toasts, above or below.

Thus, one can toast four slices of bread at a time—make toast below, while frying above—or, make toast above, while shirring below. Breakfast in a jiffy!



frying eggs
potatoes en creme

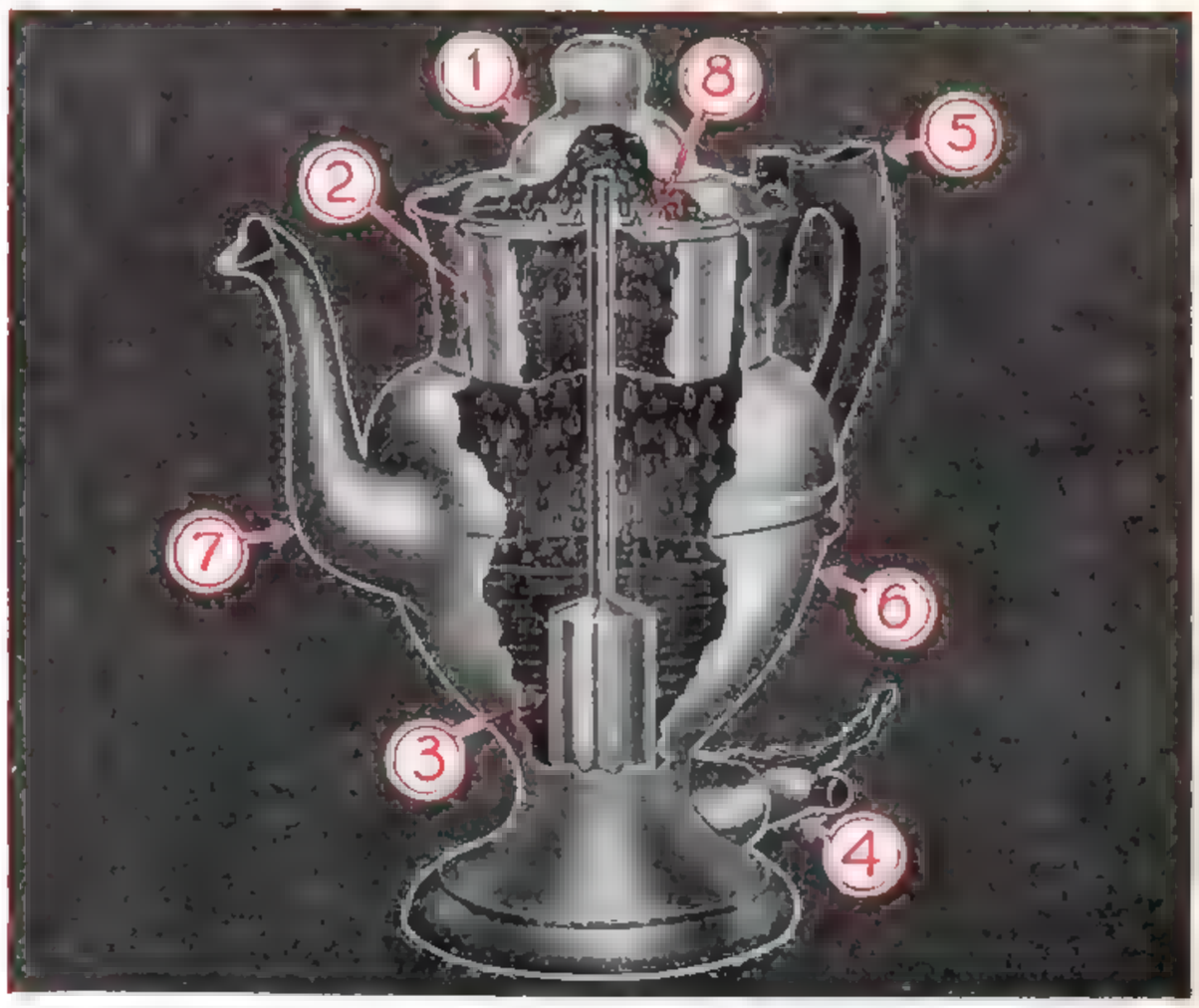
—also bakes griddle-cakes.

—And so one might go on, reciting many more interesting El Grillo combinations. Briefly, it will do any small operation except baking. A multicooker, in fact!

"Cooking" FREE to all who ask. "Advantages", "Installation", "How to Economy"

To the Trade— We should be pleased to hear from distributors in cities where the Hotpoint line is not fully represented. Order samples from descriptions on this page.

Heating Company
ALTO, CAL. NEW YORK, 46 West Street
VANCOUVER, 365 Water Street



An insight into the construction and the operation of El Perco

THE construction of El Perco and the principles under which it operates are important to you and easily understood. Its use will mean the difference between ordinary coffee and a perfect brew.

The introduction of El Perco marked a distinct advance in coffee-making, changing percolation from a slow and troublesome operation. It is now quick, simple and economical when done El Perco way.

Percolation is right In El Perco the hot water slowly drips over coffee. It is not boiled. "To boil it is to spoil it." This secures a clear, true brew—all the flavor, all the aroma.

How to use El Perco It is charmingly simple to use. Put cold water into pot, coffee into basket (*see 2*), put basket in place and push in switch plug (*see 4*). In less than a minute percolation begins. In seven or eight minutes pull out switch plug and pour the amber clear coffee.

Economical Action The heating element (*see 3*) is submerged. Every unit of heat is utilized. This explains the astonishingly rapid and economical action. The brewing is accomplished with hot (*not boiling*) water.

Use El Perco Anywhere You can attach El Perco to any electric light socket. Use in the kitchen, breakfast room, in the den or out on the porch.

Simple and Sanitary El Perco is the only percolator that has no valves, floats or traps to keep clean. It consists of only three parts. One—the pot itself (*see 6*) to which the heating element (*see 3*) is attached. Two—the tube and basket (*see 2*). Three—the basket cover (*see 8*). The glass top (*see 1*) with a solid hinge, enables you to watch the brew. The spout (*see 7*) is solid and without seam. The ebonite handle (*see 5*) is cool. The heating element (*see 3*) is guaranteed against burn outs for five years.

Pot and Machine El Perco pot as pictured above is furnished in five cup size $7.50, seven cup size $8.00. In Canada $9.75 and $10.50. Machine style is identical except it has a glass globe and the coffee is drawn through a faucet, (*see small cut below*). Two sizes: seven cup $10.00, nine cup $11.00. In Canada $13.00 and $14.50.

light socket in your home—and for these operations you will find them economical

El Chafo

...afing dish consisting of a ...set of dishes fitting over ...El Stove. Dishes can be ... and the stove used for ...poses, if desired. Dishes ...00; Canada, $6.50.

El Chafo

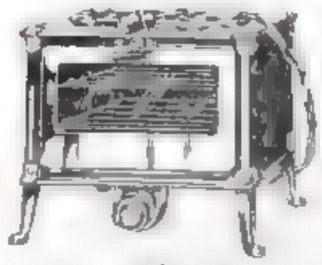
This electric chafing dish is larger, and has self-contained heating element. Has two-heat arrangement. A handsome design. Convenient to use. Economical of current. A splendid, all-around chafing dish.
U. S. $12, Canada, $15.75.

El Chafo

This is a most beautiful Mission-style chafing dish. Electrically it is the same as the preceding but larger and heavier. Handles are of ebonized maple. No fumes. Safe, clean, satisfactory.
U. S. $15; Canada, $19.50.

Utility

Combination iron, curling tong heater and stove. Weighs 2¾ lbs. Iron is just right for dainty pressing. Inverted in stand it becomes a stove. All fits into an ooze leather bag. Ideal for travelers.
U. S. $5; Canada, $6.50.



El Bako

The only electric oven operated from a lamp-socket. Capacity for a chicken, two loaves of bread or two pies, etc. Made of planished steel with nickel trim and glass door.
U. S. $12; Canada, $15.50.

El Comfo

Supplants the hot-water bottle. Temperature is uniform and a dry heat. Comfo is flexible, light, sanitary, convenient, effective. Three sizes, 12x15 $5 for single heat; $6.50 for triple heat. Canada, $6.50 & $8.50. Small size is $1 less; large, $1 more.

El Boilo

An immersion heater that quickly and economically heats any liquid. Also used for boiling eggs, etc. Small size, $3; large, $4. Canada, $4 and $5.25.
"Crook neck" for sterilizing: U. S. $5; Canada, $6.50.

I'm in Love—
as You Will Be!

In love with Armour's Grape Juice, purest, most deliciously sweet and richly flavored grape juice—the undiluted essence of the finest Concord Grapes.

Serve it on every festive occasion, drink it with meals and whenever you are thirsty, and let the children have all they want. For it satisfies their longing for something good to drink, keeps them from craving sweets, and makes them as chubby and ruddy as this gay little grape-juice girl.

You will find Armour's Grape Juice at all fountains, buffets and clubs, and at your grocer's or druggist's in cases.

Armour's Grape Juice

The Family Drink

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

Should your dealer still be unable to supply you with Armour's Grape Juice, we will forward you, express prepaid, a trial dozen pints for $3.00, or a dozen quarts for $5.50. We will also mail you Armour's Grape Juice Book—a collection of grape juice recipes—free for a postal. Address Armour and Company, Dept. 315, Chicago.

Armour and Company's Grape Juice Factory, Westfield, New York

ROUGHING IT DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 15)

beauty of that place, only just about that time we smelled something frying. There was also a most delectable sputtering sound as of fat meat turning over on a hot skillet; but just the smell alone was a square meal for a poor family. The meeting adjourned by acclamation. Just because a man has a soul is no reason he shouldn't have an appetite.

That Johnny certainly could cook! Served on china dishes upon a cloth-covered table, we had mounds of fried steaks and shoals of fried bacon; and a bushel, more or less, of sheepherder potatoes; and green peas and sliced peaches out of cans; and sourdough biscuits as light as kisses and much more filling; and fresh butter and fresh milk; and coffee as black as your hat and strong as sin. How easy it is for civilized man to become primitive and comfortable in his way of eating, especially if he has just ridden ten miles on a buckboard and nine more on a mule and is away down at the bottom of the Grand Cañon—and there is nobody to look on disapprovingly when he takes a bite that would be a credit to a steam shovel!

Despite all reports to the contrary, I wish to state that it is no trouble at all to eat green peas off a knifeblade—you merely mix them in with potatoes for a cement; and fried steak—take it from an old steak-eater—tastes best when eaten with those tools of Nature's own providing, both hands and your teeth. An hour passed—busy, yet pleasant—and we were both gorged to the gills and had reared back with our cigars lit to enjoy a third jorum of black coffee apiece, when Johnny, speaking in an off-hand way to Bill, who was still hiding away biscuits inside of himself like a parlor prestidigitator, said:

"Seen any of them old hydrophobies the last day or two?"

"Not so many," said Bill casually. "There was a couple out last night pirootin' round in the moonlight. I reckon, though, there'll be quite a flock of 'em out tonight. A new moon always seems to fetch 'em up from the river."

Both of us quit blowing on our coffee and we put the cups down. I think I was the one who spoke.

"I beg your pardon," I asked, "but what did you say would be out tonight?"

"We were just speakin' to one another about them Hydrophoby Skunks," said Bill apologetically.

Sociable Little Cusses

I laid down my cigar too. I admit I was interested.

"Oh!" I said softly—like that.

"Yes," said Johnny. "I reckin there's liable to be one come shovin' his old nose into that door any minute. Or probably two—they mostly travels in pairs—sets, as you might say."

"You'd know one the minute you saw him though," said Bill. "They're smaller than a regular skunk and spotted where the other kind is striped. And they got little red eyes. You won't have no trouble at all recognizin' one."

It was at this juncture that we both got up and moved back by the stove. It was warmer there and the chill of evening seemed to be settling down noticeably.

"Funny thing about Hydrophoby Skunks," went on Johnny after a moment of pensive thought—"mad, you know!"

"What makes them mad?" The two of us asked the question together.

"Born that way!" explained Bill—"mad from the start, and won't never do nothin' to get shut of it."

"Ahem—they never attack humans, I suppose?"

"Don't they?" said Johnny, as if surprised at such ignorance. "Why, humans is their favorite pastime! Humans is just pie to a Hydrophoby Skunk. It ain't really any fun to be bit by a Hydrophoby Skunk neither." He raised his coffee cup to his lips and imbibed deeply.

"You certainly said something then, Johnny," stated Bill. "You see," he went on, turning to us, "they aim to catch you asleep and they creep up right soft and take holt of you—take holt of a year usually—and clamp their teeth and just hang on for further orders. Some says they hang on till it thunders, same as snappin' turtles. But that's a lie, I judge, because there's weeks on a stretch down here when it don't thunder. All the cases I ever heard of they let go at sun-up."

"It is right painful at the time," said Johnny, taking up the thread of the narrative; "and then in nine days you go mad yourself. Remember that fellow the Hydrophoby Skunk bit down here by the rapids, Bill? Let's see now—what was that man's name?"

"Williams," supplied Bill—"Heck Williams. I saw him at Flagstaff when they took him there to the hospital. That guy certainly did carry on regardless. First he went mad and his eyes turned red, and he got so he didn't have no real use for water—well, them prospectors don't never care much about water anyway—and then he got to snappin' and bitin' and foamin' so's they had to strap him down to his bed. He got loose though."

"Broke loose, I suppose?" I said.

"No, he bit loose," said Bill with the air of one who would not deceive you even in a matter of small details.

"Do you mean to say he bit those leather straps in two?"

"No, sir; he couldn't reach them," explained Bill, "so he bit the bed in two. Not in one bite, of course," he went on. "It took him several. I saw him after he was laid out. He really wasn't no credit to himself as a corpse."

The Coming of Little Redeyes

I'm not sure, but I think my companion and I were holding hands by now. Outside we could hear that little lost echo laughing to itself. It was no time to be laughing either. Under certain circumstances I don't know of a lonelier place anywhere on earth than that Grand Cañon.

Presently my friend spoke, and it seemed to me his voice was a mite husky. Well, he had a bad cold.

"You said they mostly attack persons who are sleeping out, didn't you?"

"That's right too," said Johnny, and Bill nodded in affirmation.

"Then, of course, since we sleep indoors everything will be all right," I put in.

"Well, yes and no," answered Johnny. "In the early part of the evening a hydrophoby is liable to do a lot of prowlin' round outdoors; but toward mornin' they like to git into camps—they dig up under the side walls or come up through the floor—and they seem to prefer to get in bed with you. They're cold-blooded, I reckin, same as rattlesnakes. Cool nights always do drive 'em in, seems like."

"It's going to be sort of coolish tonight," said Bill casually.

It certainly was. I don't remember a chillier night in years. My teeth were chattering a little—from cold—before we turned in. I retired with all my clothes on, including my boots and leggings, and I wished I had brought along my earmuffs. I also buttoned my watch into my lefthand shirt pocket, the idea being if for any reason I should conclude to move during the night I should be fully equipped for traveling. The door would not stay closely shut—the doorjamb had sagged a little and the wind kept blowing the door ajar. But after a while we dozed off.

It was one-twenty-seven A. M. when I woke with a violent start. I know this was the exact time because that was when the jar stopped my watch. I peered about me in the darkness. The door was wide open—I could tell that. Down on the floor there was a dragging, scuffling sound, and from almost beneath me a pair of small red eyes peered up phosphorescently.

"He's here!" I said to my companion as I emerged from my blankets; and he, waking instantly, seemed instinctively to know whom I meant. I used to wonder at the ease with which a cockroach can climb a perfectly smooth wall and run across the ceiling. I know now that to do this is the easiest thing in the world—if you have the proper incentive behind you. I had gone up one wall of the tent and had crossed over and was in the act of coming down the other side when Bill burst in, his eyes blurred with sleep, a lighted lamp in one hand and a gun in the other.

I never was so disappointed in my life, because it wasn't a Hydrophobic Skunk at all. It was a pack rat, sometimes called a trade rat, paying us a visit. The pack or trade rat is also a denizen of the Grand Cañon. He is about four times as big as an

ordinary rat and has an appetite to correspond. He sometimes invades your camp and makes free with your things, but he never steals anything outright—he merely trades with you; hence his name. He totes off a side of meat or a bushel of meal and brings a cactus stalk in; or he will confiscate your saddlebags and leave you in exchange a nice dry chip. He is honest, but from what I can gather he never gets badly stuck on a deal.

Next morning at breakfast Johnny and Bill were doing a lot of laughing between them over something or other. But we had our revenge! About noon, as we were emerging at the head of the trail, we met one of the guides starting down with a couple that, for the sake of convenience, we had christened Clarence and Clarice. Shorty hailed us.

"How's everything down at the camp?" he inquired.

"Oh, all right!" replied Bill—"only there's a good many of them Hydrophoby Skunks round. We saw four of 'em last night."

Clarence and Clarice crossed startled glances, and it seemed to me that Clarice's cheek paled a trifle; or it may have been Clarence's cheek that paled. He bent forward and asked Shorty something, and as we departed full of joy and content we observed that Shorty was composing himself to unload that stock tale for tenderfeet. It made us very happy.

By common consent we had named them Clarence and Clarice on their arrival the day before. At first glance we decided they must have come from Back Bay, Boston—probably by way of Lenox, Newport and Palm Beach; if Harvard had been a coeducational institution we should have figured them as products of Cambridge. It was a shock to us all when we learned they really hailed from Omaha. They were nearly of a height and a breadth, and similar in complexion and general expression; and immediately after arriving they had appeared for the ride down the Bright Angel in riding suits that were identical in color, cut and effect—long-tailed, tight-buttoned coats; derby hats; stock collars; shiny top boots; cute little crops, and form-fitting riding trousers with those Bartlett pear extensions 'midships and aft—and the prevalent color was a soft, melting, misty gray, like a cow's breath on a frosty morning. Evidently they had both patronized the same tailor.

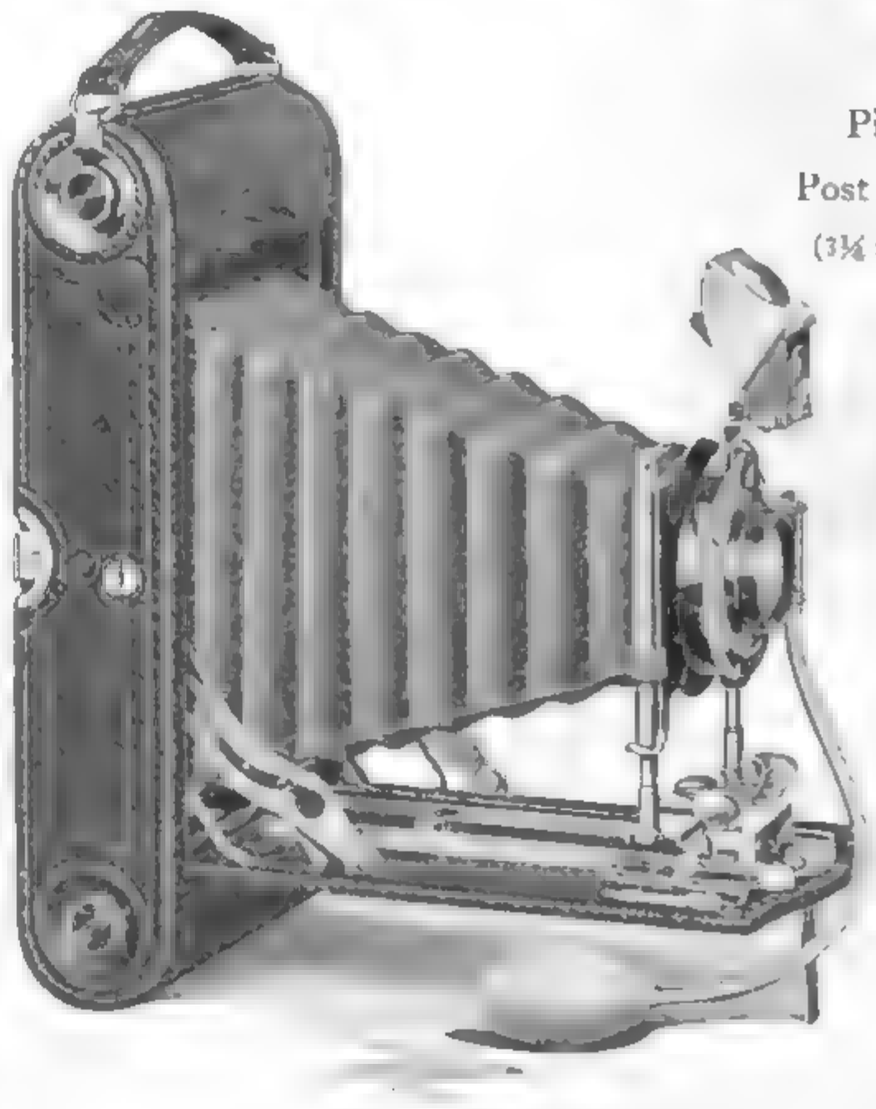
An Indian Uprising

He was a wonder, that tailor. Using practically the same stage effects, he had, nevertheless, succeeded in making Clarence look feminine and Clarice look masculine. We had gone down to the rim to see them off. And when they passed us in all the gorgeousness of their city bridle-path regalia, enthroned on shaggy mules, behind a flock of tourists in nondescript yet appropriate attire, and convoyed by a cowboy who had no reverence in his soul for the good, the sweet and the beautiful, we felt—all of us—that if we never saw another thing we were amply repaid for our journey to Arizona.

The exactly opposite angle of this phenomenon was presented by a certain Eastern writer, a member, as I recall, of the Jersey City school of Wild West story writers, who went to Arizona about two years ago to see if the facts corresponded with his fiction; if not he would take steps to have the facts altered—I believe that was the idea. He reached the hotel at Grand Cañon in the early morning, hurried at once to his room and presently appeared attired for breakfast. Competent eyewitnesses gave me the full details. He wore a flannel shirt that was unbuttoned at the throat to allow his Adam's apple full sweep, a hunting coat, buckskin pants and high boots, and about his waist was a broad belt supporting on one side a large revolver—one of the automatic kind, which you start in to shooting by pulling the trigger merely and then have to throw a bucket of water on it to make it stop—and on the other side, as a counterpoise, was a buck-handled bowie knife such as was so universally not used by the early pioneers of our country.

As he crossed the lobby, jangling like a milk wagon, he created a pronounced impression upon all beholders. The hotel is managed by an able veteran of the hotel business, assisted by a charming and accomplished wife; it is patronized by scientists, scholars and cosmopolitans, who come from all parts of the world to see the

3A Folding Pocket
KODAK



Pictures,
Post Card Size,
(3¼ x 5½ inches)

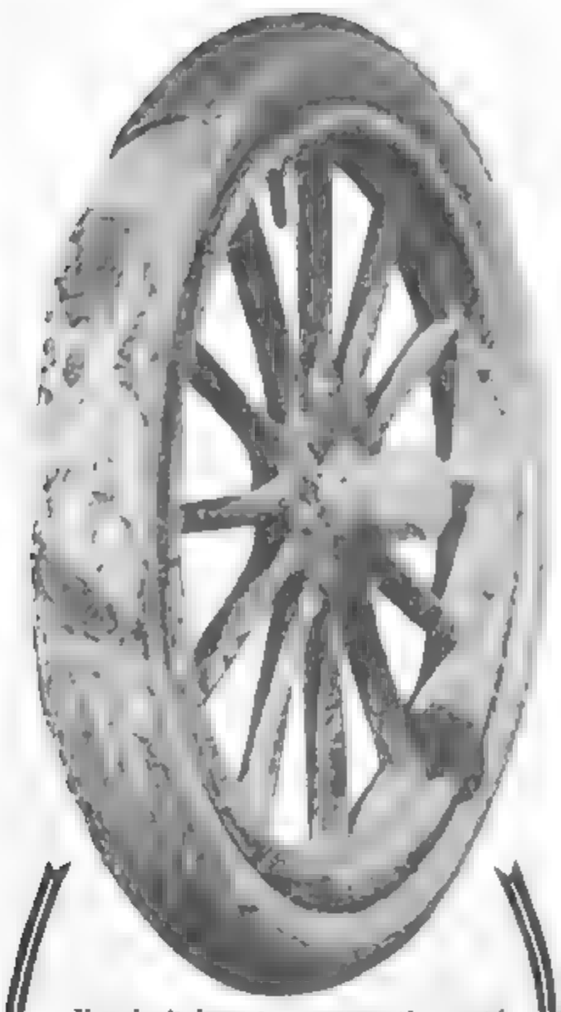
Price,
$20.

So capable as to meet the requirements of the expert—So simple as to fit the needs of the novice.

The high grade rapid rectilinear lens permits snap shots up to a hundredth of a second. The automatic focusing lock is quickly set for any distance from 6 feet to 100. Has Kodak Ball Bearing shutter, automatic speeds 1/25, 1/50, 1/100 second—also operates for time and bulb exposures—loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges, and an indicator registers each exposure as made. Kodak simplicity, quality and efficiency all the way.

Kodak catalogue free at your dealers, or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



You don't *have* to run your tires until they are worn like this—the thing is to be *able* to do it, *without tire trouble.*

—and now blow-outs are eliminated

Think of being able to *enjoy* driving the way-back roads at night—in place of "hugging" the Interurban for fear of tire trouble.

INTERLOCK

INNER TIRES

make your tires doubly strong. This practically eliminates all chance of a blow-out—in fact the common expression from last year's customers is that they "simply wouldn't drive a car again without Interlocks."

Right now is the time (when the best of the touring season has just commenced) to equip your tires with Interlocks. They make no change in any of the tire's good qualities, but they do relieve all danger of blow-outs—make the tires practically puncture proof—and pay for themselves several times over by greatly increased mileage.

Interlocks are made in correct sizes for all makes and types of tires. They are really an extra *strengthening tire*, easily placed between the regular outer casing and the inner tube.

There is nothing else like the Interlock—its merit alone has brought it into universal use—it is something that every owner should know about.

Car Owner's Coupon

Send this so we can outline just what Interlocks will do for you.

Double Fabric Tire Co., 801 W. 9th St., Auburn, Ind.

Size of tires using

How many new? ____ Half Old? ____ Old?

Tires usually last about ____ miles

Name

Address

Dealer's Name

To Dealers: *We want a local dealer in each town. Write for our proposition.*

Grand Cañon; and it is as up-to-the-minute in its appointments and service as though it fronted on Broadway, or Chestnut Street, or Pennsylvania Avenue.

Our hero careened across the intervening space. On reaching the dining room he snatched off his coat and, with a gesture that would have turned Hackett or Faversham as green with envy as a processed stringbean, flung it aside and prepared to enter. It was plain that he proposed to put on no airs before the simple children of the desert wilds. When in Rome be a Roman candle—that was his motto evidently. He would eat his antelope steak and his grizzly b'ar chuck in his shirtsleeves, the way Kit Carson and Old Man Bridger always did.

Hopi Hooligan's Sorrows

The young woman who presides over the dining room met him at the door. In the cool, clarified accents of a Wellesley graduate, which she is, she invited him to have on his things if he didn't mind. She also offered to take care of his hardware for him while he was eating. He consented to put his coat back on, but he clung to his weapons—there was no telling when the Indians might start an uprising. Probably at the moment it would have deeply pained him to learn that the only Indian uprising reported in these parts in the last forty years was a carbuncle on the back of the neck of Uncle Hopi Hooligan, the gentle copper-colored floorwalker of the white-goods counter in the Hopi House, adjacent to the hotel!

However, he stayed on long enough to discover that even this far west ordinary human garments make a most excellent protective covering for the stranger. Many of the tourists do not do this. They arrive in the morning, take a hurried look at the Cañon, mail a few postal cards, buy a Navajo blanket or two and are out again that night. Yet they could stay on for a month and make every hour count! To begin with, there is the Cañon, worth a week of anybody's undivided attention. Within easy reach are the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forests—thousands of acres of trees turned to solid agate. If these things were in Europe they would be studded thick with hotels and Americans by the thousand would flock across the seas to look at them. There are cliffdwellers' ruins older than ancient Babylon and much less expensive.

The reservations of the Hopis and the Navajos, most distinctive of all the Southern tribes, are handy, while all about stretches a big Government reserve full of natural wonders and unnatural ones too—everything on earth except a Lover's Leap. There are unexcelled facilities for Lover's Leaps too—thousands of appropriate places are within easy walking distance of the hotel; but no lover ever yet cared to leap where he would have to drop five or six thousand feet before he landed. He'd be such a mussy lover; no satisfaction to himself then—or to the undertaker either.

However, as I was saying, most of the tourists run in on the morning train and out again on the evening train. To this breed belonged a youth who dropped in during our stay; I think he must have followed the crowd in. As he came out from breakfast I chanced to be standing on the side veranda and I presume he mistook me for one of the hired help. This mistake has occurred before when I was stopping at hotels.

"My friend," he said to me in the patronizing voice of an experienced traveler, "is there anything interesting to see round here at this time of day?"

Either he had not heard there was a Grand Cañon going on regularly in that vicinity or he may have thought it was open only for matinées and evenings. So I took him by the hand and led him over to the curio store and let him look at the Mexican drawnwork. It seemed to satisfy him too—until by chance he glanced out of a window and discovered that the Cañon was in the nature of a continuous performance.

The same week there arrived a party of six or eight Easterners who yearned to see some of those real genuine Wild Western characters such as they had met so often in a film. They trotted out a troupe of trail guides for them—all ex-cowboys; but they, being merely half a dozen sunburned, quiet youths in overalls, did not fill the bill at all. The manager hated to have his guests depart disappointed. Privately he called his room clerk aside and told him the situation and the room clerk offered to oblige.

The room clerk had come from Ohio two years before and was a mighty accommodating young fellow. He slipped across to the curio store and put on a big hat and some large silver spurs and a pair of leather chaps made by one of the most reliable mail-order houses in this country. Thus caparisoned, he mounted a pony and came charging across the lawn, uttering wild ki-yis and quirting his mount at every jump. He steered right up the steps to the porch where the delighted Easterners were assembled, and then he yanked the pony back on his haunches and held him there with one hand while with the other he rolled a brown-paper cigarette—which was a trick he had learned in a high-school frat at Cincinnati—and altogether he was the picture of a regular moving-picture cowboy and gave general satisfaction.

If the cowboys are disappointing in their outward aspect, however, Captain Jim Hance is not. The captain is the official prevaricator of the Grand Cañon. He moons round from spot to spot, romancing as he goes.

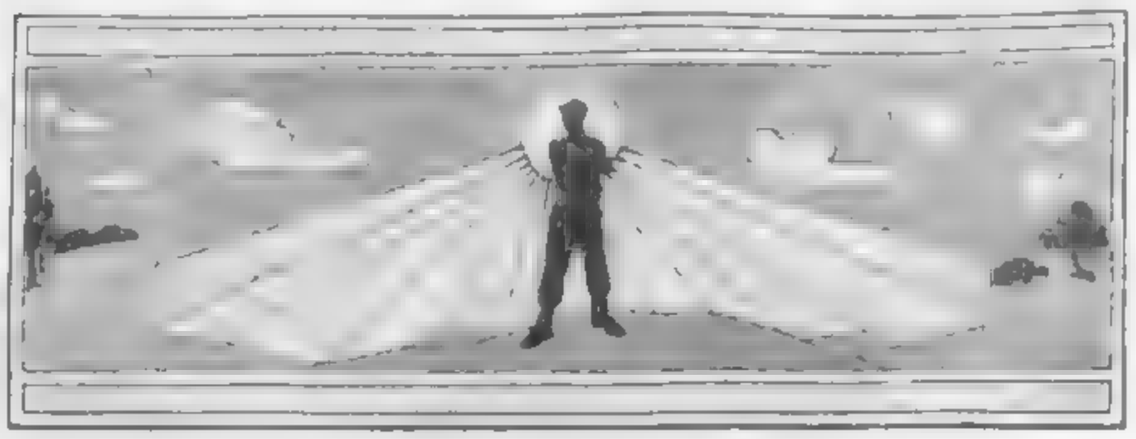
The Damaged Bride

Two of the captain's standbys have been advertised to the world. One of them deals with the sad fate of his bride, who on her honeymoon fell off into the Cañon and lodged on a rim three hundred feet below. "I was two days gettin' down to the poor little thing," he tells you, "and then I seen both her hind legs was broke." Here the captain invariably pauses and looks out musingly across the Cañon until the sucker tourist bites with an impatient "What happened then?" "Oh, I knew she wouldn't be no use to me any more as a bride—so I shot her!" The other tale he saves up until some tenderfoot notices the succession of blazes upon the treetrunks along one of the forest trails and wants to know what made those peculiar marks upon the bark all at the same height from the earth. Captain Hance explains that he himself did it—with his elbows and knees—while fleeing from a war party of Apaches.

His newest one, though—the one he is featuring this year—is, in the opinion of competent judges, the gem of the Hance collection. It concerns the fate of one Total Loss Watkins, an old and devoted friend of the captain. As a preliminary he leads a group of wide-eared, doe-eyed victims to the rim of the Cañon. "Right here," he says sorrowfully, "was where poor old Total slipped off one day. It's two thousand feet to the first ledge and we thought he was a gone fawnskin, sure! But he had on rubber boots, and he had the presence of mind to light standing up. He bounced up and down for two days and nights without stoppin', and then we had to get a wingshot to kill him in order to keep him from starvin' to death."

The next stop will be Southern California, the Land of Perpetual Sunshine—except when it rains!

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The third will appear in an early issue.



Ready When You Stop

A food immediately ready for use. Add a little cream (or milk) and a sprinkle of sugar.

It is put up in double sealed packages—impossible of contamination from dust or moisture.

Post Toasties

the deliciously toasted bits of wafer-like corn are the food for picnics, auto tours and any kind of trips—and for the home.

Its convenience does away with a lot of bother to whoever prepares the meal.

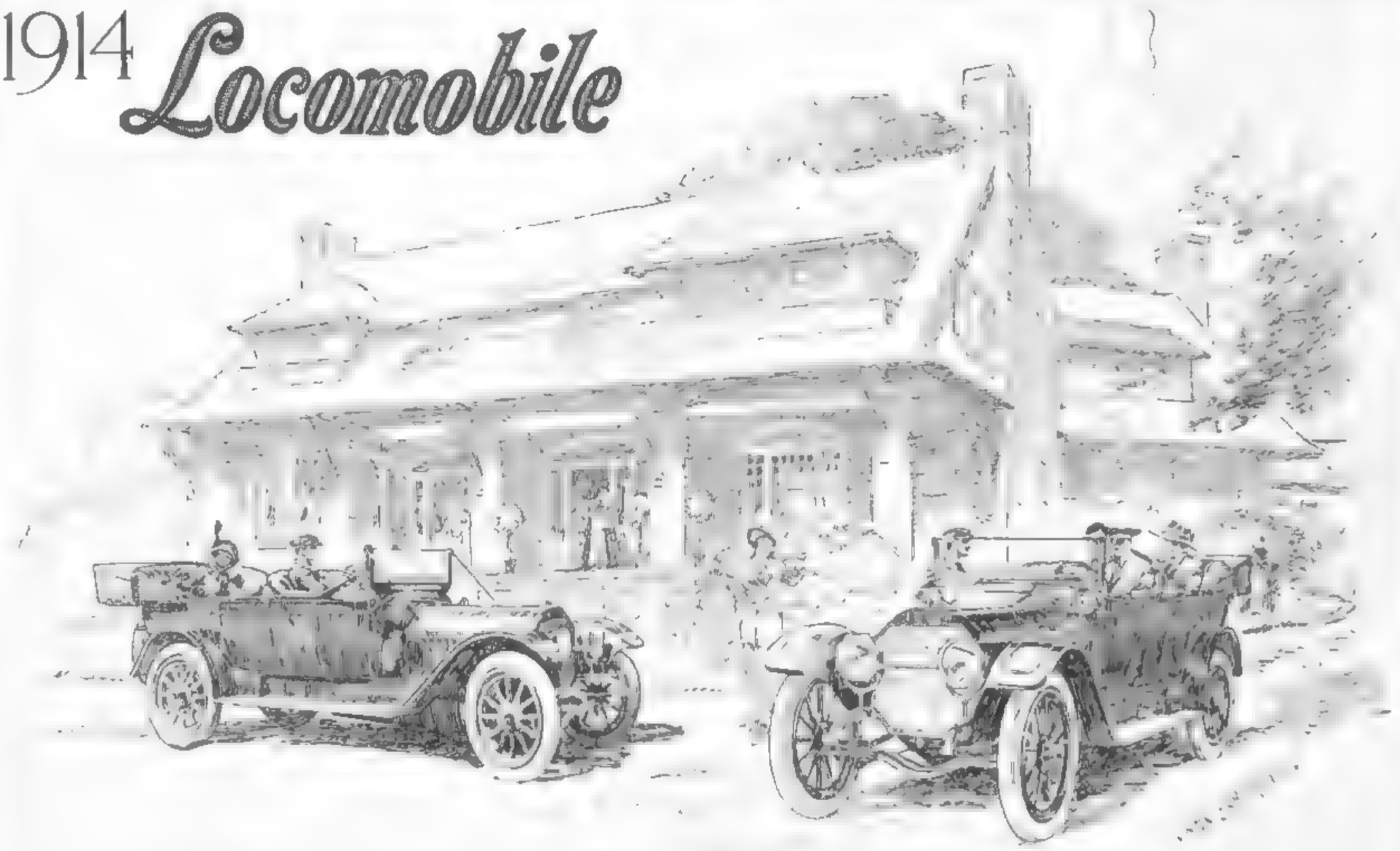
The delightful flavor of Post Toasties makes new friends every day—and

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

1914 *Locomobile*



Announcing the Locomobile for 1914

Right Drive Models and Left Drive Models with Gear Lever operated by the Right Hand

ESTABLISHED as the easiest riding and best built car, with individual beauty of line and finish, the Locomobile is presented for 1914 in right drive and left drive models. On all cars control of the change gear lever is by the Right Hand, the safest and most natural arrangement.

Compare the Locomobile with other cars for comfort, beauty, mechanical excellence and firmness at high speeds. In a competitive test over the same course, we believe the Locomobile will outpoint any other in all features contributing to the greatest satisfaction of the owner.

A new, distinctive body type for 1914 is the six passenger Torpedo on the Big Six chassis; an original presentation. Closed cars include the Locomobile Berline and Berline Landaulet, models of distinctive atmosphere and elegance, and a new type of Limousine and Limousine Landaulet with sloping roof lines.

New Features for 1914

New Carbureter—built to meet demand of owners of high grade cars for maximum fuel efficiency and economy; makes the Locomobile an unusually economical high grade six.

New Tire Brackets—at rear, hold tires in place by metal band. Locking device prevents theft of tires.

Crank Case Oil Drain—oil in engine base lowered without getting under car.

Starting Crank Removed—and placed in tool kit—improves beauty of car.

Nickel Trimmings—rich in appearance, easy to keep clean.

Easiest Riding—rear springs free to move at both ends absorb all road shocks; Ten-Inch Upholstery; seat cushions fit under upholstery on back; perfect balance of weight.

New Wrinkle-Proof Top—special form of bow construction supporting top in 6 points makes it wrinkle-proof when raised.

New Fenders—concealed rivets and rounded surfaces; harmonize with clean lines of car.

New Storage Compartment—at back of front seat, for side curtains, canes and umbrellas. Reached without disturbing occupants.

Air Adjustment—on steering post, provides regulation of mixture from seat. Gives smoothest running motor under all driving conditions.

New Lamps—of octagonal design, harmonizing with general decorative scheme of car.

Advanced Equipment—70-mile speedometer, electric horn, Locomobile air compressor for inflating tires, rain vision wind shield, robe rail, foot rest, quick detachable tires and demountable rims.

Electric Motor Starter—an unfailing success since it was first adopted, continued as regular equipment on all Locomobiles for 1914.

New Priming Device—operated from dash, injecting gasolene in intake manifold. Ensures easy starting in all weather.

Electric Lighting—brightest lights and a system that never gives trouble.

SIX CYLINDER MODELS

"38" Left Drive Models and Right Drive Models **"48" Left Drive Models and Right Drive Models**

Special folder now ready giving additional information regarding Locomobile cars for 1914, together with complete specifications of all models. Further printed matter showing cars in colors and giving more complete details mailed on request.

THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

BRANCHES: NEW YORK, ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, ATLANTA, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURGH, BOSTON, MINNEAPOLIS, WASHINGTON, BRIDGEPORT, BALTIMORE, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND

"The Best Built Car in America"

"Love's Fire Burns Forever"

(Order 1914 Art Panel now)

$100 Name Contest

The makers of Pompeian Massage Cream offered $100 for the most catchy title for their 1914 Art Panel—for above popular title, sent in by John S. Kirk, 1903 Lenox Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., was awarded $100 prize by the judges who were 100 men and women scattered over the country and known to us only by reputation and not personally. The vote of so many must be wonderfully fair. Several titles were only slightly different from the winner's.

Extra Awards

Because we feel sympathetic to those who competed, we take pleasure in awarding 10 extra prizes of $5 each. These prizes are in addition to what we promised, and are awarded on the vote of the 100 judges. Those receiving $5 each are

Our regrets and hearty thanks go to the unsuccessful contestants, who strove so cleverly. If you still think your title better we don't blame you, for doesn't every parent think his or her child the best? The contest was worth while the time given to it, for in honor alone the reward is great to him or her who can name America's most popular annual Art Panel.

NOTE. If you sent money for a trial jar and didn't get it, please let us know. A post card will do.

Panel Very Popular

Advance orders sent in for the above panel (ready Nov. 1st) exceed even us. It already looks as if this panel is going to break all records for picture popularity. You may reserve a copy now. Last year 60,000 people were disappointed because our limited supply of last year's panel was sold out. Exquisitely executed in brilliant colors. An art store would charge you 50c or $1 for picture as handsomely executed. Panel is always 10 cents, with or without trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream. "Don't envy a good complexion—use Pompeian Massage Cream and have one." Read coupon carefully.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Cut off, sign and send. Stamps accepted, coin preferred

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps). I understand you will send a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream at once, and a 1914 Art Panel about Nov. 15th of this year.

★

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

CAN THE STOCK EXCHANGE COME BACK?

(Concluded from Page 13)

out of the brokerage business. Suppose a stock is selling at par. The customer who gives a broker an order to buy that stock puts up a margin of ten dollars a share; then the broker puts up ten dollars of his own money and borrows eighty dollars on the stock at the bank. In other words, every time a customer puts up ten dollars the broker must put up ninety dollars of money and liability.

The Gates house, in order to carry the tremendous volume of stocks its customers were buying, had to borrow at times more than a hundred million dollars in this country and Europe. Gates explained the situation this way: "In order to meet our big overhead expenses and make any profit worth mentioning we've got to do a big business; and if we do a big business we've got to borrow a tremendous lot of money." Owing a tremendous lot of money in the summer of 1907, when stocks were going off all the time, did not look attractive, so the house wound up its affairs.

Then occurred some unsavory Stock Exchange failures, which disclosed the fact that customers' orders had virtually been bucketshopped—that is, one house being at the end of its resources and receiving an order to buy a thousand shares of stock would immediately sell a thousand shares of the same stock on its own account. Thus its books would be even and it would not have to take up stock it had no money to pay for. Also embezzlement of customers' securities was disclosed.

These disclosures did not help the stock trade any; for, with the market against him and his broker robbing him, a customer obviously stood a poor show.

The panic of 1907 came along, slaughtering what bulls were left, but also shaking stocks down to a bargain-counter level that brought in a good many buyers. In 1908 and 1909 there was a very fair trade, mainly of a professional sort; but since then there has not been even a fair professional trade, and for two years the public has been as little interested in stock speculation as in theosophy.

The Busy Two-Dollar Man

If you take up a Stock Exchange directory for 1913 you will see that about a fifth of all the members have been admitted since 1907. Not much more than half the membership is active. Big fiscal houses, like J. P. Morgan & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., hold memberships in the Exchange for certain incidental advantages which that gives them. More than a hundred out-of-town firms—in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and elsewhere—hold memberships for the sake of getting their New York orders executed without having to pay the full commission charged non-members.

Thus not much more than half of the memberships will be represented on the floor on any given day. Of those on the floor a part are partners in brokerage houses. Every time they buy or sell a hundred shares it means twelve dollars and a half in commissions for the firm; but in order to earn that twelve dollars and a half the firm must maintain its floor member and its main office in Wall Street or vicinity, with a partner in charge there and a corps of clerks. It may also have half a dozen or more branch offices uptown and out-of-town, connected with the main office by private wires. In short the twelve dollars and a half is subject to a large overhead charge.

Or a member on the floor may be a specialist, confining his attention exclusively to two or three stocks, in which he executes orders for other members of the Exchange at a uniform charge of two dollars on a hundred shares. Again, a good many brokerage houses that hold Stock Exchange memberships do not keep a partner on the floor. Instead, when they get an order they telephone it down to a floor broker, who executes it for them and charges a fee of two dollars for every hundred shares. In this case, though the customer pays twelve dollars and a half commission, the brokerage house gets only ten dollars and a half and the floor broker gets two dollars.

The daily income of the specialist or the floor broker consists of two dollars for each hundred shares he buys or sells. One can see at a glance that a man could not afford to keep ninety thousand dollars tied up in a membership unless he handled a good many hundred-share orders in the course of a day.

Then there are forty or more odd-lot brokers on the floor. They buy and sell lots of less than a hundred shares at an advantage of one-eighth of one per cent. And some of the members on the floor are arbitrageurs. They keep in the closest possible touch with the London market. A stock that is listed in both London and New York may, at a given moment, sell half a point higher in London than in New York. It is then the arbitrageur's business to make himself look like a squirrel in a wire cage while he buys the stock in New York and sells it in London before either or both markets can get away from him.

Finally an important contingent of members on the floor are floor traders. They accept no orders, but devote themselves to scalping the market on their own account. Of course the larger and more active the market is, the better their opportunity. In such a market as there has been during the last two years the scalps are very few.

Now these specialists, floor brokers, floor traders, odd-lot brokers and arbitrageurs, who make up a large part of the active membership of the Exchange, get their living and profits by taking a very small slice off a great many transactions. When the market is as dull as it has been the last two years many of them find profit quite pindling. A little of the coin that was so merrily burned up in 1905 and 1906 would be very acceptable. In order to do business at all they must own memberships in the Exchange; so it is easy to understand why the price of memberships has fallen from above ninety thousand dollars to below forty.

The question is: Can the Stock Exchange come back? About nine amateurs out of ten who dabble in it lose money. That fact has been so thoroughly demonstrated and so widely advertised of late years that this generation will probably never see another such big public participation in stock speculation as occurred in 1901. If it does it will probably be because another panic has intervened and stocks have been shaken down to such a level that anybody can buy anything with reasonable certainty of a profit.

The professional and semi-professional element is pretty thoroughly discouraged and disgruntled at present. A large part of the active trading is always in shares of public-service corporations—steam railroads; electric roads; gas, telephone, telegraph and electric-light companies. It is becoming more and more a settled policy of the country that these public-service companies shall not be permitted to charge rates that yield more than a fair return upon the actual investment, which necessarily tends to limit the speculative possibilities in their shares. On the other hand there is Steel—defendant in a suit by the Government to dissolve it and sentimentally affected by tariff revision. These things tend to dampen the professional speculator.

Money Made in New Issues

However, that there will be periods of more active trading than we have seen during the last two years and a half is also fairly certain. The gambling instinct remains. Time out of mind the British public has gone on a speculative debauch once in a while, lost its money and sworn off—and then, after just about so long, has gone at it again. It was only two or three years ago that they had a great jamboree in rubber shares. To be sure, we are more conservative than the British public is; but in due time you will again see quite a crowd of gentlemen putting their money on the red in Broad Street.

Twenty or more years ago, in the days of the old Stock Exchange, several ingenious persons used to pick up a bit of much-needed small change by acting as guides to visitors in the gallery. If you gave them a little tip they would point out on the floor below all the celebrated figures of Wall Street. The florid man with sidewhiskers over there, they would tell you, was William H. Vanderbilt; the small, bearded gentleman in the middle distance was Jay Gould; this stocky man right beneath you was J. P. Morgan.

Of course the men whose names they used had not been on the floor of the Stock Exchange in years. Some of them had never been there.

The Stock Exchange is only one comparatively small department of Wall Street. Broadly speaking, it has not made a dollar in two years; yet you may go from one end of the financial district to the other and not see the smallest visible sign of that fact.

Brokers complain that they are not making office expenses out of their stock trade; but offices are in as great demand as ever—rents as high as ever; in fact, right through this period of stock-market stagnation the planning and construction of new and enormously expensive office buildings in the financial district have gone on as briskly as when the stock trade was running over two million shares a day—nearly ten times the present volume. To mention two conspicuous examples, there are the thirty-nine-story Bankers' Trust Building and the fifty-one-story Woolworth Building, both recently opened. And in April, Mr. Du Pont took title to the block on which the old Equitable Building stood, for the purpose of erecting a huge office building that will represent a total investment of nearly thirty million dollars. Two short blocks away an express company is putting up the steel frame of an office building that will reach the clouds when the weather is foggy.

To identify Wall Street with the Stock Exchange is like identifying a large circus with a single elephant. The Street, indeed, has been making a very tidy bit of money during the last two years. For one thing it has promoted a lot of relatively small industrial concerns, with an aggregate capitalization of half a billion dollars or more, out of which it took a large slice for its services. There has been very notable activity in buying up and tying together electric-light and gas plants and electric roads in many sections of the country.

Waiting Till the Clouds Roll By

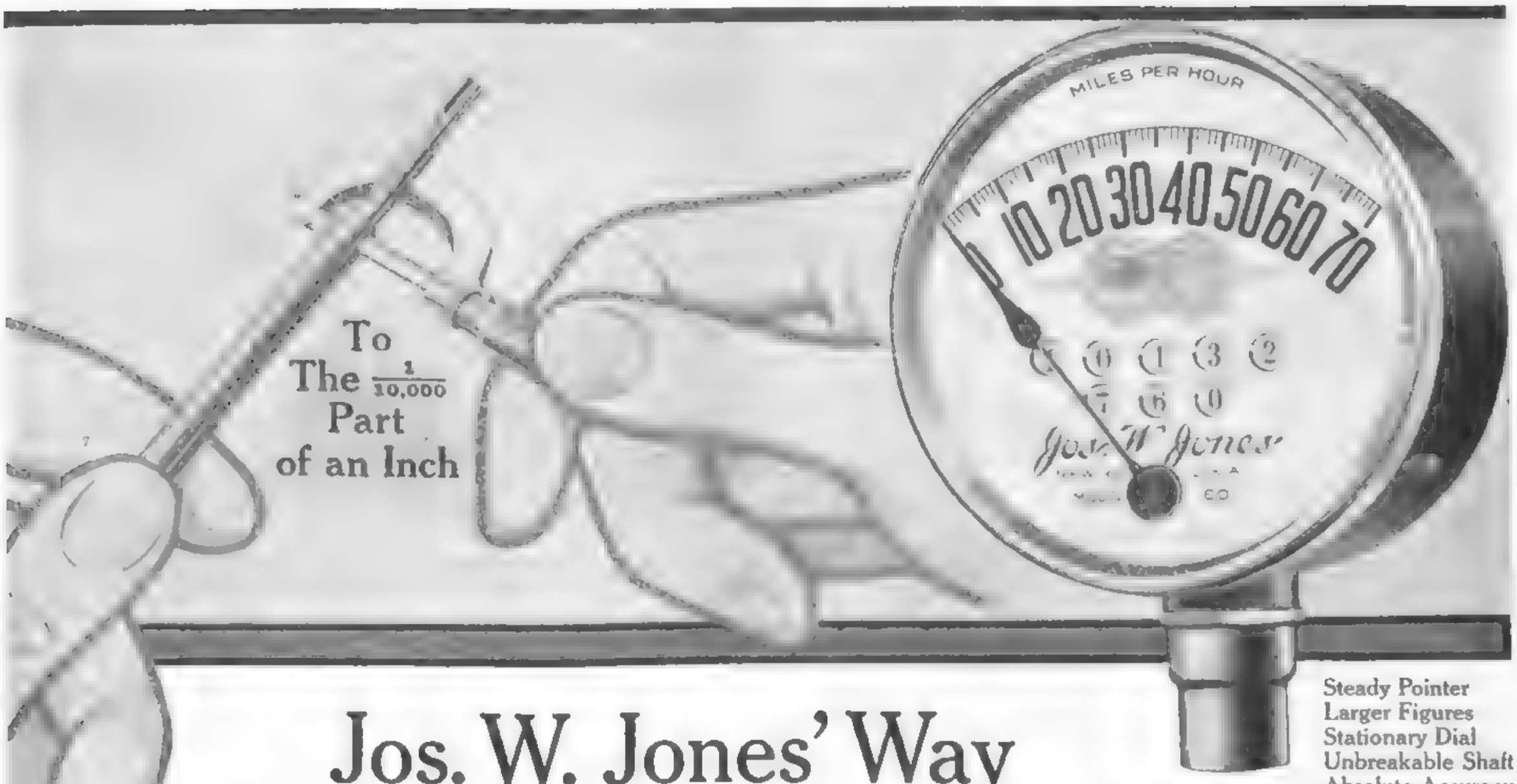
All these things, you see, created securities that promised more than the ordinary rate of return. The public would not buy standard stocks, and it would not buy standard bonds that yield only four and a half per cent or so. Consequently the Street, like a good merchant who aims to please, turned its attention to providing goods the public would buy. It is bound to do business on some terms or other, like that green street-car conductor who got a job in New York and was put in charge of a crosstown car. This car was operated mainly to hold the franchise, very few people patronizing it. The new conductor turned in a couple of dollars at the end of the first day and about the same amount the second day; but the third day he turned in eighteen dollars and the fourth day twenty dollars. The surprised superintendent asked for an explanation.

"Well," said the conductor, "I ran the car on the old line for two days and found there was no business there, so I switched it over on Broadway."

If you go uptown to those scenes that fond tradition associates with the Street's prodigality you will see few signs that the trade in stocks is dull. The old places of refreshment and recreation are all there. The notion that liberal spending depends upon Stock Exchange speculation has as little foundation in fact as the other notion that Wall Street's prosperity is indissolubly bound up with it.

In a melodrama, you know, when a character comes on in evening dress, smoking a cigarette, the audience immediately says: "Aha! That must be the villain!" So, anywhere in New York, when a gentleman is discovered scattering banknotes with both hands the public says: "That must be a stockbroker!" The joy rider who is taken to the hospital, after hitting a stone wall at a fifty-mile clip and mussing up the landscape with his young lady companions, gives his occupation as a broker. Very likely, in fact, he is a porch climber or a trance medium; but in deference to a popular superstition that all brokers are sports he says: "Broker."

At this writing the Stock Exchange sits in sackcloth and ashes. The Pujo Committee roasted it; the New York legislature passed eight or ten bills to regulate it here and there; several persons at Washington are nursing designs inimical to its happiness. Worse than all these things, it is not doing any business to speak of. Probably there will be a time when it will measurably come back. That will be a time when the rest of the country should watch out—for Stock Exchange booms are always boomerangs.



Steady Pointer
Larger Figures
Stationary Dial
Unbreakable Shaft
Absolute Accuracy

Jos. W. Jones' Way

There are several ways to build a Speedometer.

This is how Jos. W. Jones—called the Master of Accuracy—does it:

He uses the Gyroscope Principle. That avoids, without any special arrangement, all the effects of heat and cold. It insures absolutely accurate readings in both summer and winter temperatures. It permits of Jones Accuracy in every Jones Instrument—even the least expensive models.

Mr. Jones invented the speedometer for use on motor cars. He invented the Disc Record for talking machines, which made it possible for those machines to reproduce sound more accurately.

Some fifty inventions are to his credit, and accuracy is the keynote in all of them.

In the New Jones Speedometer he has bent every effort to surpass everything else in this respect.

Micrometer Exactness

He has made every part that turns in a bearing measure up to the ten-thousandth part of an inch.

He has hardened all bearings by the Harvey Process and ground them to absolute exactness to eliminate wear and insure lasting accuracy.

He has further protected every Jones Instrument with 58 hardened, imported steel balls in these bearings.

He has given each instrument countless inspections—and 16 running tests.

In Service 13 Years

This is the Standard for every Jones Instrument. He has put his signature on the New Jones as a sign that it meets with his every requirement—that each shows the true speed—and that each will last years under tests the most strenuous driver can give it.

Because of these standards, old Jones instruments are serving on their fifth and sixth cars—instruments made 13 years ago. Owners have volunteered the evidence.

Don't you want a speedometer that is good for these years?

On 200,000 Cars of the Better Class

The New Jones this year will be in use on 200,000 cars, or more. We can hardly supply a much larger output, for the New Jones isn't made in a hurry.

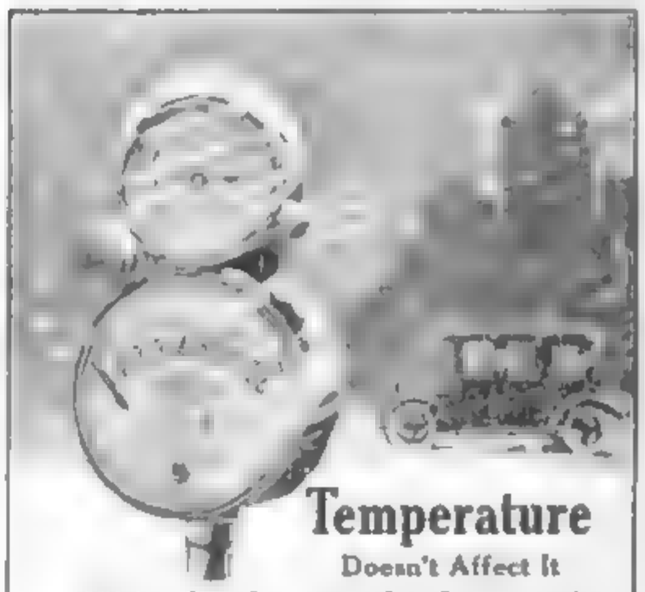
You will get it on some of the better known cars as regular equipment. But any maker will equip single cars with it if you state your preference for it plainly.

Gyroscope Principle

A Gyroscopic ring revolves at an angle in the New Jones. The faster it spins, the more nearly horizontal the ring has the tendency to set—the higher its lower edge is raised.

That change in its angle directly effects the movement of the hand on the dial. There is no surer way to indicate speed.

Write for the Jones Books, which describe this principle in detail, before you accept any other kind on your car.

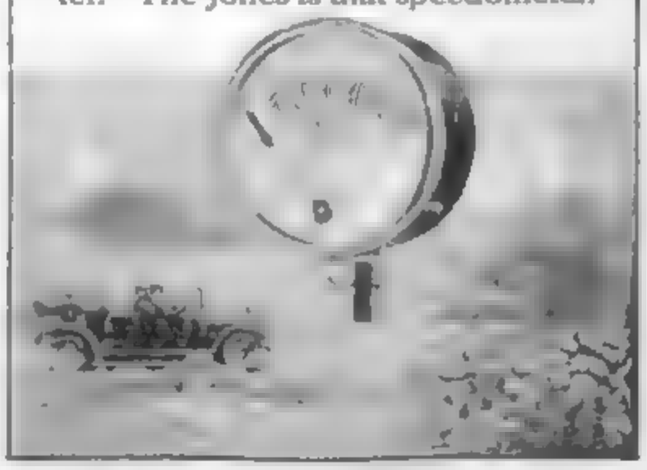


Temperature Doesn't Affect It

Write for the records of competitive tests in all temperatures by the United States Bureau of Standards, Columbia University and Armour Institute, in which the Jones was the only instrument to get a perfect score for accuracy.

Ask for the charts that show variations of from 20 to 35 per cent.

You want a speedometer that remains accurate regardless of any outside conditions, for you use your cars now both in summer and winter. The Jones is that speedometer.



The New Jones Speedometer

The Jones Speedometer

Broadway at 76th Street New York City

Buffalo, 20 [illegible] St
Baltimore, 217 W. Saratoga St
Detroit, 872 Woodward Ave
[illegible] Fourth St
Atlanta, 35 N. Pryor St
Birmingham, 18 S. 20th St.
[illegible] Life Bldg
[illegible] Delo Streets

FOREIGN AGENCIES

J. Millen & Son, Ltd., Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver
Markt & Co. (London), Ltd.
Markt & Co., Hamburg, Milan, Vienna, Barcelona
A. A. Kamptmanth (Brussels), Ltd., Brussels, Amsterdam
Severin & Co., St. Petersburg
G. Bruggemann, Moscow
Y. D. Rose, Paris
William D. Easy & Co., Sydney, Australia
The Tarrant Motor Co., Melbourne, Australia
C. E. Helvie, Manila, P. I.
Adams, Ltd. Christchurch, New Zealand
Markt & Schaefer Co., Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Buenos Aires, Argentine; Mexico City, Mex.; Habana, Cuba; San Juan, P. R.

CARBON DEPOSIT—How to reduce it

Considerable nonsense is current about carbon deposit.

Any product that will burn must be largely carbonaceous.

Flames prove the presence of Carbon. The elements of carbon deposit always appear in the resulting smoke and ashes.

Lubricating oil will burn and is therefore plainly carbonaceous. Non-carbon oils cannot exist.

But the amount of carbon deposited depends on the carburetion and gasoline combustion, and on the character of the gasoline, as well as on the lubricating oil itself and its fitness for the car.

The presence or absence of carbon deposit in no way determines the lubricating efficiency of the oil.

Under identical conditions, however, some lubricating oils will give much more carbon deposit than others. This is due, in part, to three conditions:

(1) The crude oil from which the lubricant was manufactured may have been unsuited to gas engine purposes.

(2) The oil may have been improperly manufactured or filtered.

(3) Its "body" may permit it to work too freely past the piston rings into the combustion chambers.

To reduce carbon deposit, it is absolutely necessary to use an oil whose "body" is suited to your piston clearance.

In our chart of recommendations (printed in part on the right) we specify oil of a "body" suited to the piston clearance and other lubricating condition in each motor.

The oils themselves are scientifically manufactured from the crude bases best suited to motor car lubrication.

They are thoroughly filtered to remove free carbon and other impurities.

If you are particular about your fuel, and your carburetion and ignition, the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car will put an end to unnecessary carbon troubles.

Motorists often select their lubricating oil with an indifference that is little short of reckless. The penalty is paid in a multiplicity of motor troubles.

If you use oil of less-correct "body", or of lower lubricating qualities than that specified for your car in our chart, unnecessary friction must result. Serious damage will ultimately follow.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to purchase a full barrel, half-barrel or a sealed five-gallon, or one-gallon can.

Make certain that the name and our red Gargoyle appear on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed on request

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car and under the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For

The Gargoyle grades refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are: Gargoyle Mobiloil "A", Gargoyle Mobiloil "B", Gargoyle Mobiloil "D", Gargoyle Mobiloil "E", Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic".

They are put up in 1 and 5 gallon *sealed cans*, in [illegible] barrels and barrels. *All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.* They can be secured from all reliable garages, automobile supply stores, and others who supply lubricants.

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

BRANCHES: DETROIT, BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO Fisher Bldg., PHILADELPHIA 4th and Chestnut Sts., INDIANAPOLIS Indiana Pythian Bldg.

Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world

CONSIDER THE LIZARD

(Continued from Page 8)

"Well," said Sim in the same guarded but plainly audible tone, "I've about concluded to get me an automobile anyway."

"What I don't see," said Todd dreamily, "is where you fellows got all those new slickers!"

"Them? I had 'em shipped ——" Lipton corrected himself hastily: "I mean, neither does the sheriff. He's inquiring about it in every store within a hundred miles—that and the rest of the stuff. It was all new—everything."

"Dines," said Todd loftily, "we do not want to associate with these—er—people. I think we had better saddle up and ride out in the—er—uncontaminated air."

"Quite right, me deah fella!" drawled Johnny. "A wuffianly lot they are, to be shu-ah!"

"Hold on a minute!" said Lipton. He fished two new bandannas from under the bar and shook them open. Each one had two eyeholes snipped out. "Take these. Every man in town has got one. When the sheriff and his bunch get back we're going to give 'em the Chautauqua salute!"

The innocents found an uncontaminated spot on a high knoll just out of town and lay in the shade of their horses.

"Now, Mr. Trained Observer, let's have an exhibition of that superhuman sagacity of yours."

"You first, Johnny—you're better looking than I am. I've got my notebook. If you should happen to say anything sensible I'll jot it down."

"I am handsome!" admitted Johnny. "Such being the case, here goes! But I hardly know where to begin. This whole design is so beautiful—at once so fantastic and so orderly! . . . A few general reflections first. There was at least one railroad man on the job; at least one man who knew how to follow a trail, and so didn't propose to leave any—some old-timer; at least one Easterner—no one out here ever saw a cap; and at least one man who had mighty good reason to know that it isn't safe to monkey with Uncle Sam—else why was it they didn't touch a thing in the mailcar? . . . Yet they hog-tied the postal clerk and put him off. Now what was that for? They didn't rob the mail. They could have left him in the car while they ran down to Mecca if that was all they did. . . . Consider the lizard! There was something they didn't want him to see—something besides cutting the wires and backing in over the High Line. Shucks, my head aches already!

"Now we'll get down to cases. We'll begin with that message for Carroll. They knew the Flossy train was to stop. Any operator along the line might have known that. But we'll just play, for the present, that our man Blinn stood in on the deal."

"Let X equal Fred Blinn—for the present," agreed Todd. "There was certainly some one on the job who knew exactly where the trains were, or they wouldn't have dared to back round so recklessly. We'll nominate Blinn for the goat. Anyway, he overplayed his part the first thing, in my opinion. Too fiery, he was—hot-headed, injured innocence, and all that. And for an excitable man he showed wonderful presence of mind in the emergency—thinking right offhand of wiring round by the Sante Fe, and throwing the train in the ditch!"

"If he's innocent—and he may be—he did it just as he tells it," said Dines. "If he is one of the bunch he told it to account for the elapsed time. It was nine o'clock when he came to Lipton's. That's thirty minutes and more by his own account, since he saw 'em back by. That was while the gang was doing something—making a getaway and hiding the stuff right here in Oasis, I guess. Ten to one they stopped here. That the engine went down to the junction almost proves that they went to Mecca. Therefore, as they're such a cunning bunch, they didn't. Yet at least one went to drive the engine. Tut! Tut!" He scratched his head. "And the kings are all lefthanded! Now if they had all wanted to stay here they might have started the engine up, and jumped off. But they didn't. They turned the switch and backed up on the spur. They knew how to run an engine. But they took a big chance of a smashup if Mecca had got nervous and started a rescue train as soon as the flier didn't show up. There must have been some one mighty anxious to get to Mecca—and, if our guess about Blinn is correct, they had some reason for wanting to get there by nine o'clock. Now who was it that had to be in Mecca by nine o'clock, and why?"

"I can think of two persons, who—if they were in it—would have a mighty good reason for wanting to be there by nine o'clock," said Todd.

"Blest if I do!" said Johnny. "But that's the proper number—two—engineer and fireman. Who was it? I don't keep up with you."

"You wouldn't. I'll tell you after a while. One thing at a time. The train dispatcher says he used the wire at eight-twenty-five. Blinn says it wouldn't work at some time before eight-thirty. The Limited people said that when the train stopped the first time it backed up immediately; so if the wire was cut before eight-thirty, there must have been still another man—and another pair of big shoes to make those tracks. Do you think that likely?"

"No, I don't. That would mean one more man to split the money with—and no need of it if Blinn was standing in with them as we think. He could just play that he called up Mecca when the flier backed by—he didn't actually have to call. They could cut the wires south of town as they went down the last time."

"But we don't know that Blinn is guilty and we mustn't build entirely upon that. He may possibly be all right after all!"

"Whoosh! Hooray! We've got him by George! we've got him dead to rights!" Johnny sat up, his big, black eyes snapping. "I thought all the time that nobody could get up a lie that wouldn't show through to field naturalists used to counting the spots on lizards. Blinn said that he tried to call up Saragossa and the other towns to the north at eight-thirty remember? And we know positively, by the evidence of the expressman and baggageman and the postal clerk, that the north wire was being cut at eight-thirty-seven! Blinn lied seven whole minutes!"

Todd made a correction in his notes.

"X is Fred Blinn," he said. "What next?"

"You're next. Do you want me to do all the heavy work? Get to grindin' and find those other men! Who was it you knew about, so wild and fierce, that had good reason to be in Mecca by nine o'clock?

"There are just two men alive who—provided they were in this thing and knew when Blinn was set to give an alarm—knew positively that they would be looked for in Mecca immediately afterward; and they were the very people to know best how inadvisable it is to trifle with the United States Mail. They were the sheriff and the railroad's special officer! And it is a ten-to-one shot that one of them—Cafferty—can drive an engine. But where's the money? And who were the other men?"

"The other men—why, they are the sheriff's posse! I am a man singularly free from vanity," said Johnny, "but I thought at the time 'twas a strange thing that Bill Hamilton should pick that bunch and leave me out—just as I thought it queer that he didn't notice what a break Blinn had made in not getting some capable person—like me—to size up the tracks before he gave the alarm and sent the whole blame town down there. You and me, we went down right off; but the sign was all mummuxed up before we got there—where they cut the telephone wire and where they hot-footed back to town."

"Maybe they didn't come back to town," suggested Todd. "Maybe they just stayed down there and oozed in with the crowd!"

"No, they didn't—they came uptown to set a good example marking out tracks. Bat Wilson and Petey Crandall are old-timers—they know what a telltale a footprint is if it's not queered. Whoever cut the telephone wire wouldn't wear those enormous shoes—'twould have been a give-away on Blinn. And they had to come up to town to hide the money too. No! By Heck! I see it all now—perfectly clear from start to finish! Bat smuggled them down in his wagon to begin with—so they couldn't be seen by any accident and wouldn't leave any tracks. The slickers ——"

Todd broke in:

"I see! The new slickers, new masks, new caps, new climbers, new pliers, new

The Bottle That Keeps Hot Liquids Hot 24 Hours, Cold Liquids Cold 3 Days

Hot or cold drinks when needed while traveling, fishing, hunting, motoring, picnicking et

Keep baby's milk at right temperature or invalid's hot or cold drink by the bed, all night, without heat, ice or bother of preparation.

ICY-HOT CARAFE takes
bottle and pitcher ideal for
to
refreshing

ICY HOT JARS and ICE CREAM PAILS—pints, two quarts—keeps stews, meats, oysters ice cream solid *without ice* for

The King of Vacuum Bottles—Yet Costs No More than the Ordinary—Accept No Substitute—There's No Bottle Just as Good

The inner
light

Pints, $1 up, Quarts, $2 up

Icy-Hot Bottle Co.
Dept. B
Cincinnati, Ohio

Icy-Hot Bottle
Pints—Quarts
Icy-Hot Carafe
1 Qt.
2 Qts.

OXEY'S

COMBINED LIFE SAVER AND WATER WINGS

Patented in U. S. Sept. 3 1912. Patent No. 1,037,370. Patents applied for in Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Canada.

Made of best 10 oz. White Duck
ing with Nickel Plated Rustless
fittings. Equipped with 8 in.
Rubber bladders
and non-returnable
Valves. When
blown up
like a
Foot-
ball

$3.00 COMPLETE

MAILED POSTPAID TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD
ONE SIZE ONLY

Adjustable to fit boy or girl of eight years, up to 250 lb. man or woman. Weighs only 17 ounces. Can be carried in coat pocket.

OXEY MFG. COMPANY
Dept. A Marion, Ohio, U. S. A.
New York Office, 309 Broadway

Swimming and floating even in the surf made easy and safe. Mothers with children at the Lakes, Seashore and other Swimming Pools are relieved of all anxiety. Impossible to upset

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St. New York
Subway Express Station at Door
Rooms with Private Bath $2.00 Day

AN AID FOR THE DEAF

SENT ON TRIAL absolutely FREE for ten days' test. Address

C. C. TIEMANN & CO., 107 Park Row, New York

Number Fourteen shoes—Bert Cornish brought them the day before in his new trunk—after Blinn had wired him when Miss Carroll was coming. On the same train he had the chest sent—that new chest—by express, on the off chance that the messenger would drop it off when the train stopped here. Why, it works out like the tabby end of a solitaire game! And the money —— Of course! Come along! It's all over but the shouting."

"Shooting, maybe!" suggested Johnny grimly. "But I guess we can surprise 'em. We will now send for Mr. Superintendent Jones. He's all right. See how he rambled round with his questions! But them others—they had the whole play rehearsed so fine they didn't waste a word. There's that switchkey! If the sheriff hadn't borrowed it to get in on the High Line with he would never have thought of asking if Blinn had it. Too smart! Come along!"

They shunned the town and rode to the solitude of the depot, where they held deep converse with Agent Howe. An hour later, in answer to their imperative summons, Superintendent Jones alighted from a northbound freight, accompanied by a Man Some Higher Up in express circles, who had hurried from El Paso to investigate.

"You claim you have a clew?" said Mr. Jones anxiously as they came to the office.

"Why, you might call it a clew—certainly," said Todd. "We've got the money anyhow!"

"What!"

"Yes and we know the robbers; but we haven't got 'em yet. They're out of town. Here's a list of their names—but don't open it till we make good."

"Why, how on earth ——"

"Exercise of pure reason," said Johnny. "We're very intelligent, Todd and me, for all we're so handsome. At that, I don't mind admitting that we lost a little sleep on it. The money—well, we took a little liberty, which we trust you'll excuse." He raised a saddle blanket, which was spread over a chest—the chest! He kicked the lid open, exposing currency in bundles; coin in stacks, sacks and packages; billbooks, watches and jewelry.

"We knew it was either in this box or in a certain trunk we knew of—but we felt a certain impatience to see it; so we didn't wait. One of us tolled Mr. Howe away and the other just naturally unlocked it with an ax. It was very rude—but we had to do it. We were getting palpitation of the heart."

"We busted the trunk too," said Todd. "No money in it or anything else that was in any way suspicious. Just a gentleman's wardrobe and not much of that. That doesn't make any odds—we had a clear case anyhow; but I'm sorry about breaking 'em open too," he added wistfully. "I wanted to send for a bunch of keys, take out the money, fill it up with junk, and let 'em take it home to divide. That would have been jolly!"

"Well—this is the most extraordinary circumstance!" gasped the expressman. "Will you explain how it happens that you made these discoveries rather than the officers?"

"Johnny will," said Todd. "I furnish the brains for this establishment, but Johnny is the orator. Look at your list."

The superintendent unfolded the paper. This is what he saw:

CAFFERTY, Railroad Detective
HAMILTON, Sheriff
CRANDALL
WILSON
CORNISH
BLINN } The Posse

"You see," said Johnny, "it might have been some time before that bunch found the culprits."

"I can't believe it possible!" said Jones.

"I'll tell you what then—you believe half of it and maybe this gentleman can believe the other half."

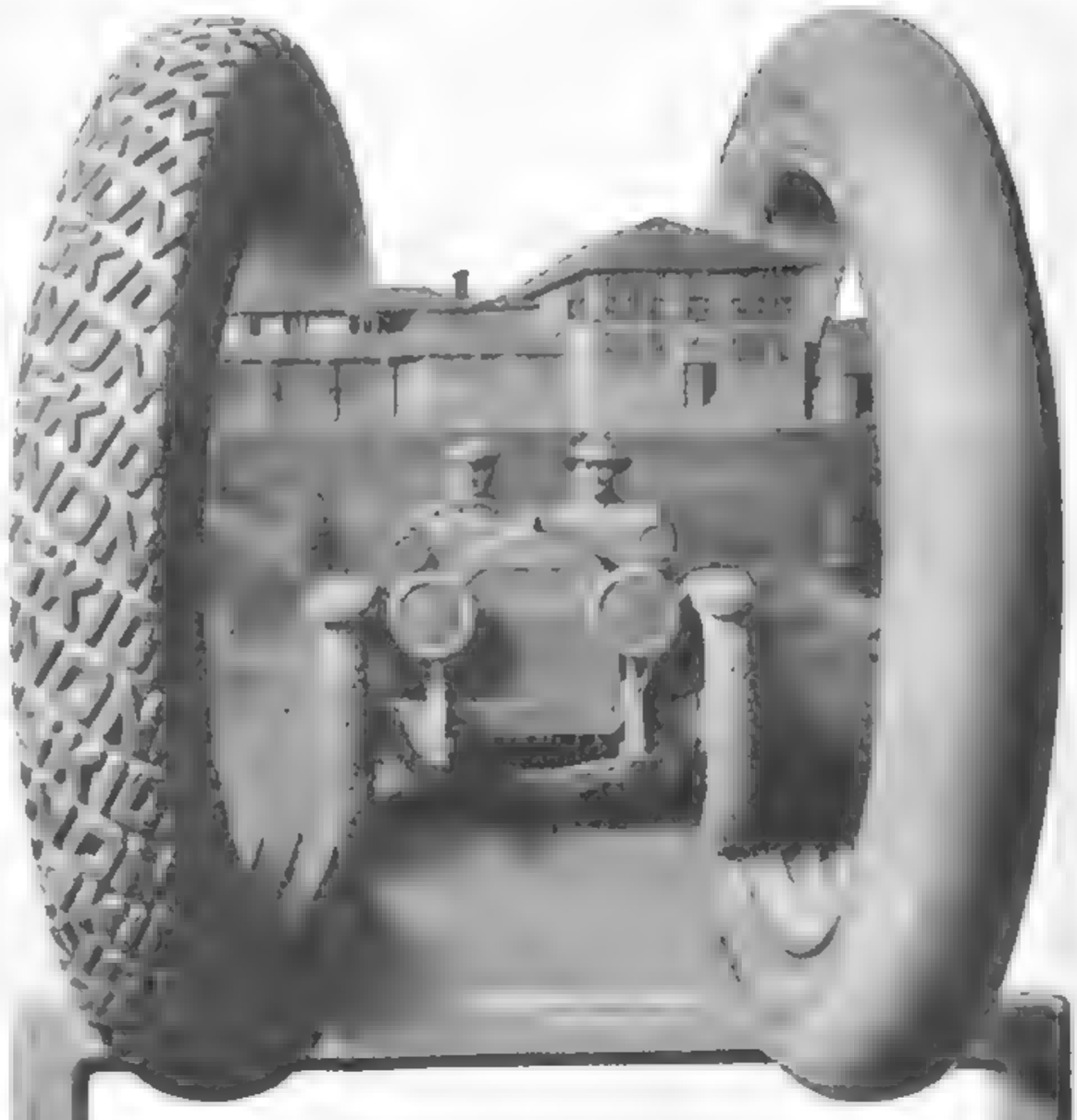
"For Heaven's sake, man, tell us what happened here and how you found it out!"

Johnny shook his head sagely.

"I'll buy," said Jones. "Tell us what happened."

V

"TO MY notion," said Johnny, "Cornish must have planned the whole thing. If it was any other way he couldn't have been in it at all. He had to put something into the partnership—so he furnishes brains. Hamilton and Bat and Petey Crandall are old residenters—Bat is Hamilton's accomplice in the cow business. They've got plenty of brains, but they're the right-now kind of brains—not the day-after-tomorrow kind.



THE man who is extra hard to please in tires, as in everything else, will stop short of nothing less than Firestone.

He knows this truth—"Economy is judicious spending," and as present-day standards push the quality notch higher, so there is a daily increasing demand for Firestone.

Firestone Success is a result of combining the right intent in building with the right materials built in.

Write for the complimentary booklet, "What's What In Tires," by H. S. Firestone.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Akron, Ohio—All Large Cities

Firestone
NON-SKID OR SMOOTH TREAD TIRES

How This New Six-Tone Hearing Device

Makes the Deaf Hear Perfectly

Sent On 10 Days

Free Trial

Without Deposit

THE ACOUSTICON was the first instrument devised to successfully enable the deaf to hear; so invariably efficient has it been that there are now over one hundred thousand of them in use, not only by individuals, but in churches, theatres, and public buildings.

Heretofore the Acousticon has been fitted to the weakness of the individual ear by a personal application, after the manner that glasses are fitted to suit the requirements of the individual eye.

This most recent contribution of Science, however, will bring great relief and convenience to the hard of hearing, for the problem of fitting the ear has been solved so that it will not be necessary for those desiring an instrument of this character to make long, expensive journeys to secure the most satisfactory results.

"Well! Well! I hear you perfectly now."

The One Difficulty Heretofore

Conditions of the ears vary with weather, health, voices of speakers, and environments, so that while the fitting was perfect under the old system the strength of the Acousticon could not be altered to meet changing conditions.

If a person with a soft voice spoke to you at an ordinary distance you would hear perfectly, but a harsh, penetrating voice speaking at the same distance would be disagreeably loud and discordant, perhaps unintelligible.

The voices of public speakers, actors, and others vary, while the location in a church or theatre makes it desirable to be able to adjust the Acousticon instantly to secure at all times the most satisfactory results.

After seven years of incessant endeavor and experiments we have at last succeeded in developing to the highest degree of efficiency

A Six-Strength Sound Regulator

which gives you the same results that you would obtain if you carried SIX COMPLETE INSTRUMENTS about with you.

By the simple movement of a tiny lever from one button to another the sound is regulated to six different strengths, from the loudest to the softest.

Think what this means!

If you are carrying on a personal conversation the mildest strength will be sufficient—if you are listening to a general conversation in a room-full, however, you can instantly regulate the strength so as to hear distinctly all that is said.

If you go to a Lecture or Theatre, you can quickly adjust the Acousticon to your exact requirements—The voices of actors are never the same; and if one sounds too loud and another too soft, you can instantly change the instrument to suit those voices.

If you are deaf you know that both ears are never alike in their degree of deafness—you also know how desirable it is to be able to use both ears. With the Sound Regulating Acousticon you can change from one ear to the other at will, regulating the instrument to the requirements of the ear you wish to use.

In addition to all this, we make several types of instruments in order to unfailingly meet every requirement and condition of deafness.

HOW YOU MAY TEST IT BEFORE PURCHASING

Our confidence in this new Acousticon is supreme. We invite everyone who is interested to make a thorough test of it before purchasing.

We have many offices at convenient points throughout the United States and Europe—If, however, you are not convenient enough to one of these to call in person and test the Acousticon, we will gladly send you an instrument for 10 days' trial in your own home without a deposit of any kind

TO OUR CUSTOMERS

You will thoroughly appreciate, we believe, how great an improvement this Sound Regulating Acousticon is over the old instrument.

We therefore invite you to write for the particularly liberal arrangements we have decided to make with our Patrons in the exchanging of our new instrument for the one which you now have.

Guaranteed for *3 Years*

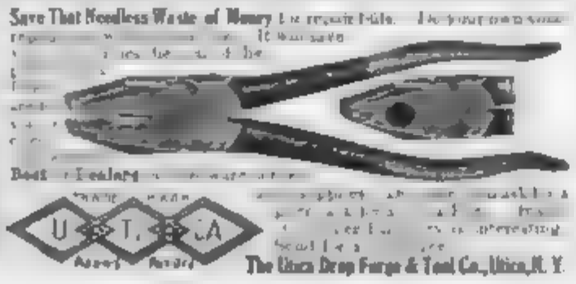
So durably and so dependably is the Acousticon made, that it is sold under a 3 year guarantee.

If you can possibly visit the Acousticon Factory, Jamaica, N. Y., you will see how we safeguard the user, and just what this guarantee means to you.

For Booklets, Full Particulars and Ten Days' Free Trial, address

THE GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO.

1308 Candler Building, 220 West 42d Street, New York City



"Cornish's first idea was that if the sheriff and Detective Cafferty were in the play they might not arrest themselves. Or was that it? Was it the train-robbin' scheme that sent him corruptin' the officers, or knowing the officers that made him think of train-robbin'? Anyhow he got 'em. And Blinn—they had to have Blinn to make things come out even.

"They ciphered out every point. They knew the Flossy train dropped the diner at Saragossa after supper, to be picked up on the return trip. That left three coaches. They wanted to make out with just as few to divvy up with as they could have and be safe—so they wouldn't be obliged to shoot anybody. You want to give 'em credit for that. That made five men—one for the engine, one for manager of each coach, and one to pass the plate. There's where the sheriff takes in Bat and Petey, knowin' them to be reliable.

"I judge by this time the sheriff was kind of taking the lead. Anyhow him and Cafferty had seen too much of Uncle Sam's work from the inside—they wouldn't hear to takin' a thing from the mail car.

"Everybody knew that Miss Carroll was coming pretty soon. So Cornish he goes back to Oklahoma. Nobody notices that—he's always taking little trips. He buys all that new stuff and packs it in his trunk.

"Then he rigs up this chest and sends it, or maybe leaves it—we don't know where-all he's been—with some good responsible person in Kansas City, to be sent by express on this particular train when notified by telegraph. Anyway, the box came from Kansas City, as per label. Cornish is mighty particular not to send it himself. He's got a long head. You want to go easy on these lads, Mr. Jones—they took a heap of pains to manage not to kill the express messenger. That was the idea for sending that chest—so they could hop on quietly while the messenger was dropping the chest out the door. Another thing—all they set out to do was to keep clear themselves; they didn't try to hang it on somebody else. That was decent of 'em. Mention that to the court, will you? No; you needn't. I'll do it myself."

"I'll not forget it either," said Jones.

"All set then! Miss Carroll tells her brother when she'll be here—night message of course; Blinn wires Cornish; Cornish wires his friend to send the box, and then comes back from Oklahoma, a day ahead of Miss Carroll, leaving his trunk in the depot.

"Last night, soon as Mr. Howe's gone, Bat Wilson brings the bunch down here, all cozy and out of sight in his covered wagon. No knowin' where he picked them up—different places, I reckon. Bat, he takes his team to the pastures and slips back. The beef and the freight was just a blind."

"The freight came today," said Howe.

"Yes," said Johnny admiringly. "They didn't miss many bets. Just one thing they overlooked—there never was yet a man so good but there was another one just a little better—except Ty Cobb.

"Well, they opened up little Bertie's trunk—in here—put on their masquerade duds, and got over beyond the freight cars on the far track before Lieutenant Carroll drove down with his little old ambulance.

"You know the rest—up to the time they coaxed the messenger to open the safe. While they were gone, Blinn opened up this box and dumped out what was in it—coal in little sacks packed tight—into the coalbin. They packed the swag in it, and they put back the sacks and enough coal to make it weigh about what it did before. There wasn't really any need of this. They could have put it in Cornish's trunk. I reckon that was Cornish's scheme, on the long chance that if anything went wrong Petey would be implicated and he wouldn't if nobody turned state's evidence. And I don't believe any of them fellows would do that—unless 'twas Cornish or Blinn.

"Yes, that was Bert Cornish. Just consider this: Blinn and Pete Crandall and Bat, they was all clamped down to this depot last night if things went wrong—Bat's wagon; the box for Pete's and Blinn's job. Hamilton and Ben Cafferty, they took their chance sloping with the train and maybe being seen when they walked the track from where they left it. They had to get home—for, of course, they was going to be called on right off to hunt down the perpetrators of this high-handed outrage. They had just nicely time to answer 'Present' to the rollcall. But Bertie —— He's certainly some slick crook! he ain't takin' no chances. There ain't a thing on him right now but a moral certainty—that and him bein' on the sheriff's posse."

"That's the way it looks to me," said the expressman dryly, "unless the others implicate him—as, of course, they will."

"Do you think so?" said Todd anxiously. "Maybe we'd better slip a little loot in his trunk to save trouble?" This ingenious project was negatived.

"Well, but you've overlooked one thing!" said the expressman. "Didn't they have inside information as to what money was carried by express? It looks like it."

"Not at all," said Johnny. "Such information, to be of any value, would have to coincide with the date of Miss Carroll's arrival, which is entirely improbable. No, sir; they were sure of a pretty good thing from the passengers alone, and they just took a gambler's chance on the express. If they made a big haul from you, which I don't know ——"

"He can only count up to nineteen!" explained Todd.

"—— it just happened that way. That's all, I guess—only that they're all on the posse because they dassent trust each other! They aim to stick together till things quiet down, and then, in a day or two, take the box out to the mine and declare a dividend. You'd better put this stuff in the safe and watch the safe, I reckon. Don't you want to hire a good honest man to watch you?"

"You always want me to do all the work!" said Todd bitterly.

"But how are you going to capture your sheriff and his posse?" said Jones. "Won't it be dangerous?"

"Oh, them? Shucks! I don't know yet. I'll rig up some sort of deadfall, so we won't have to kill 'em. One good turn deserves another—and they sure was mighty thoughtful about the express messenger! Well, I guess we'll shack along uptown now. Hey! You silly ass! Where you going?"

The last words were addressed to Todd, who had walked out the front door, crossed the track, and was now heading out for the desert. Todd stopped and partly turned round.

"Me? I'm going to catch me a lizard. I want to see what they look like!"

VI

ABOVE the hitching rack flaunted a gay signboard, riotous in color, enormous in lettering:

LUIZ TRUJILLO: TIENDA BARATA

The sonorous syllables merely bespeak a cheap store—in the Spanish idiom, Store Cheap—preceded by the owner's name. Suspended from this eye-filling announcement was a smaller board of modest black and white, lettered with the pungent pleasantry:

Why Go Elsewhere to Be Cheated?

Luiz Trujillo knew his Oasis. This was effective psychology—color, magnificence, mass and processional pomp for the gay and volatile Latin—two sides of many-sided truth, in one ironic glimpse, for the sober Saxon. An unfortunate phrase, this last: please substitute "the graver Saxon."

Columbus stood the egg on end and John Milton invented Satan. Other people have done these things better since, but the credit remains with the first discoverers. So with Mr. Trujillo's literary venture, which stirred up emulation.

Mr. Lipton's establishment was a quadrangle. The hotel was on one side of the big gateway, the saloon on the other: the inclosed square was a feed corral, with stables in the rear; and over the gateway was a high arch, bearing the ambiguous legend:

ENTERTAINMENT WITHIN FOR MAN AND BEAST

Johnny Dines sat at his balanced ease on the beam of the hitching rack. He was in his shirtsleeves; his hat was on the back of his head; his heels clicked idly together; he twisted the ends of his drooping mustache; by and large, he presented the picture of a man without a care—presumably with a vacant mind; and he trolled a stave of astonishing import:

Oh, the spring—the spring I sing!
There's nothing like fried onions!
Because the skies are almost overhead,
Let us lean up against the seashore!

PHOENIX SILK HOSE

Silk hose is no longer regarded as a luxury but an everyday necessity for well-dressed people. Phoenix Silk Hose provides the *quality* and *economy* that in the end reduce the cost of silk hose to practically that of good cotton. Phoenix Silk Hose is made of the highest grade pure-dye thread silk procurable. Its long service is wonderful—its low cost surprising.

IN DISTINCTIVE 4-PAIR BOXES
All colors and weights

Men's, 50c, 75c, $1.00 Pair
Women's, 75c., $1, $1.50, $2 Pair

AT ALL GOOD DEALERS

"Made in America" by
PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
224 Broadway, Milwaukee

Everyone can now Own a Bicycle

We are now selling "Ranger" bicycles (the highest grade) direct-to-users at prices so low they will astonish you. You can now easily

Earn your Bicycle

Write for special offer. No cash necessary in getting the Ranger. Your "Ranger" will be shipped promptly on approval. When the bicycle is received, if you do not wish to keep it, ship it back at our expense. If you actually buy the bicycle, we let you

Ride it for 10 Days On Approval

See its beauty, how easy it rides, how superior it is to bicycles sold elsewhere at $5 to $10 more.

Free catalog, big bargains, 1913 models, $7 to $25.

Mead Cycle Co. Dept. D-86 CHICAGO

JUST OFF THE PRESS

Our Big New Book—

"Modern Homes of California" 50c

—contains 77 new plans and photos of artistic down-to-date 1 and 2 story homes suited to any climate that cost no more to build than the old style cigar-box kind

3 SPECIAL OFFER Big Bungalow Books for $1.25

Each has 100 pages; 200 illustrations; exteriors, interiors, plans, etc.

Book "A"—[illegible] 70 artistic homes—$2400 and up
Book "B"—[illegible] $1100 to $2400
Book "C"—Modern Homes of California has 77 bungalows and homes $1500 to $5000.

Send 50c for one; 90c for two, $1.25 for all three.
Our ideas will save you money. Write today.
Complete architect's blue prints only $5.00 a set.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
760 South Broadway, Los Angeles, California

The sheriff and his party turned the corner from Cadiz Road—six dusty but jaunty horsemen. As they rode slowly down the long street, their coming suddenly became a triumphal progress. The windows blossomed with laughing girls: serious-eyed men strolled from every house. It was a beautiful, clear day; but all those serious-eyed men wore slickers or carried them rolled in a neat bundle; and every man, as the sheriff passed, fluttered a red and ostentatiously slitted kerchief.

"Got 'em in jail, Bill?"

"Never touched us!"

"Bet they bought you off!"

"Find any clues?" demanded one, wearing climbers slung conspicuously from his neck.

"Say, sheriff, what'll you give me to turn state's evidence?"

"Sheriff, these pesky fellers ain't using you right," said Lipton soothingly. "They oughta be ashamed! You come in and wash up. You must be all tired out. Supper'll be ready in a jiffy. Must be five o'clock or after."

He pulled out a watch, looked at it, shook it, held it to his ear. Then, from various pockets on his round and goodly person, he produced, one after another, five more watches, all of which he gravely consulted. In this process he dropped a pair of pliers from a side pocket and forthwith set a foot upon them, shod in the mightiest shoe Oasis could furnish. The posse grinned sheepishly.

No—they were not heartless, these people; the king's horses and the king's men could not have drawn them to this cruelly mistimed mockery had they known what waited.

The seven picked men who knew bore no hand in the foolery. There had been no discussion of this point; it was part of the fitness of things that they should not. Johnny Dines felt a twinge of pity—almost wished that the luckless wretches might sense their danger and turn and flee; but he had a better thought as well—of trainmen and messengers slaughtered without mercy—and he hardened his heart.

The sheriff paused before Trujillo's and fixed Johnny with a quizzical eye.

"Caught your men yet, Dines?"

"Not yet."

Todd came from the hotel, carrying a camera.

"Wait half a sec, sheriff, before you go in! I'm going to write this thing up for the El Paso papers, and I'd like to get a photograph of your crowd, guns and all, just as you came in from the manhunt. Won't take but a minute! Oh, never mind the dust—it won't show. We can't get a good picture in the shade. Just ride over in that sunny place by Rosalio's, where we can have the adobe wall and the old house for a background."

The posse complied, nothing loth. Todd planted his tripod and proceeded to arrange his group.

"I want to take two exposures—in case one plate isn't good. Not too close together now—don't let the horses crowd! And don't try to line up—you're not soldiers! Sit naturally in the saddles. Blinn, you're too stiff. Cornish, your hat's down over your eyes—push it back a little! Hi! You other fellows—stand back! You're crowding in the picture. I'll take some of you, all in good time, when you get what's coming to you."

A crowd had followed, after the manner of humans. They stood back obediently; Johnny Dines and five others, all in shirt-sleeves, even jumped over into the garden and ducked behind the crumbling wall to make sure they were out of the way.

Todd dived under the camera cloth. He popped up his head again.

"That's pretty fair! When we're ready keep perfectly still till you hear the machine click the second time. But don't look at the camera. Hold your heads up like you would if you were out on the plains looking at something a long way off. There! That's good! Hold that!"

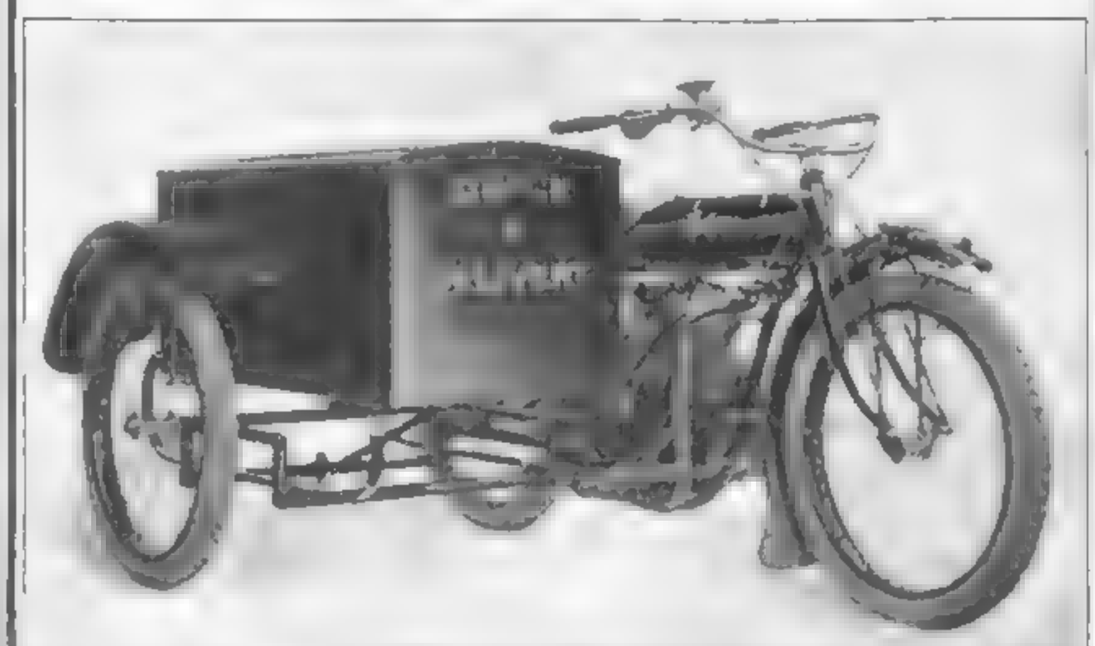
He made another dive and the camera clicked once—twice. Todd came up smiling.

"Now one more—a profile this time. Just turn your heads a little toward the garden wall."

The posse obeyed—and were annoyed to observe six shotguns rested on the garden wall—each man looking down the barrels of an individual shotgun to a steady eye beyond.

"Look pleasant, please!" said Johnny Dines.

Deliver Your Small Goods
by the handiest and most economical method—



The *Indian* Quick Delivery Van

FIGURING on the conservative average of 70 miles a day in delivery trips, under the control of a $10 or $12 a week operator, the advantages of the **Indian** Motocycle Van are immediately apparent.

Small merchandise can thus be delivered with a despatch and economy unapproached by any other method. The Van is simply an attachment to the regular stock twin cylinder **Indian** Motocycle for 1913. The reputation of the **Indian** for Speed, Power, Durability and Low Maintenance Cost is universally known. Satisfy yourself by asking any **Indian** rider. You're sure to know several in your locality.

Here is a partial list of possible users of the **Indian Quick Delivery Van**; a hundred and one others will suggest themselves:

All Retail Stores	Dyers and Cleaners	Telephone, Gas and Electric Service
Department Stores	Laundries	Typewriter Agencies
Stationery & Book Stores	Newsdealers	Auto Accessories, etc.
5 & 10c Stores	Printers and Engravers	Salesmen
Milliners, Modistes, etc.	Post Office Collections	Factory Errands
Haberdashers	Rural Delivery	

The box of the **Indian** Van is 40 inches long, 21 inches wide and 21 inches deep. The body is of sheet steel, lapped and riveted at all seams and is *absolutely waterproof*. The arched top insures complete drainage of rain water. When closed, the cover is held by two thumb latches on the inner side of the body, convenient to the rider. A lock is also provided to prevent theft of contents when the van is unguarded. User's name and any advertising matter can easily be lettered on the sides of the van box.

Examine the *Indian Quick Delivery Van* at any of our 2,000 dealers.

Write for Special Literature "V"

7 H.P. Twin Indian, with Delivery Van, complete . $330
Quick Delivery Van only, for 1913 Indian . . 80

PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY

THE HENDEE MFG. CO., 901 State Street, Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

BRANCH AND SERVICE STATIONS

Chicago Denver San Francisco Atlanta Toronto London

ARROW
Madras COLLARS

"Merion," like the "Devon," with the modish cutaway front, and made of a fine white striped madras.

U. S., 2 for 25c Canada, 20c. each, 3 for 50c.

ARROW SHIRTS

in every style, fit for field or function, some with Henley reversible cuffs, an exclusive feature that you will appreciate.

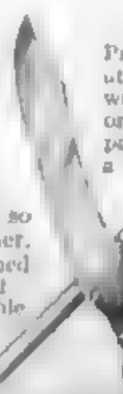
$1.50 and up.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., MAKERS, TROY, N. Y.

A sharp knife for a thin slice

Those dainty sandwiches of wafer-like thinness are no problem at all if the knife is sharp, and it's easy to sharpen it if you own a Pike India Kantbreak Knife Sharpener.

For putting a keen-cutting edge on bread and paring knives, kitchen and serving knives, there is nothing to beat this sharpener. Better than a steel because it sharpens so much faster and keener. Handsomely finished and rubber-mounted practically unbreakable.



Price 35 cents at your hardware dealer's or sent prepaid. "Pick a Pike."

PIKE INDIA KANTBREAK KNIFE SHARPENER

A Sciasors Sharpener Given Away

Send your dealer's name and 4 cts. for packing and mailing and we'll send our Pike India Sure-Stone for sciasors, pen knives, ink erasers, needles, etc., also our famous book "How to Sharpen." You'll be pleased. Write today

PIKE MFG. CO.
103 Main Street, Pike, N. H.

6%

July Investments to Net 6 Per Cent

FUNDS available at this time should be invested to secure safety and the highest consistent rate of interest.

A-R-E 6's, the Gold Bonds of the American Real Estate Company, provide this combination. They are based on the extensive ownership of New York real estate, which has increased steadily in value for nearly 300 years and creates millions of new wealth every year.

The Company's holdings are located along rapid transit lines, in the direct path of New York City's growth, and in the extension of its business offers to investors its 6% Gold Bonds, in these two convenient forms:

6% Coupon Bonds

In denominations of $100, $500, $1000, etc.

6% Accumulative Bonds

For investing $25 and upward annually to accumulate $1000 or more.

Printed matter and map of New York City fully explaining these bonds will be sent on request.

American Real Estate Company

Founded 1888 Assets $27,202,824.19
Capital and Surplus $2,188,805.50
527 Fifth Avenue New York
Room 511

THE PICTURE TELLS THE STORY—

There's nothing binding the leg; that means comfort, free muscles and no "sweaty," soiled garter. That's one big feature of

Shir Gar Trade Mark

The Only and Original Shirt Garter

(Patented Feb. 15, 1910)

Now note how snugly it holds the socks up—how effectually it holds the shirt down—yet how perfectly it adjusts itself to the posture of the wearer without pull or drag. A pair to-day to learn garter comfort. Rubber button and loop clasps—no tear. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Three Styles

SHIRT-GARTER CO., 920 Garden St., Columbia, Tenn.

THE FIGHTING SIX

(Concluded from Page 19)

My employer was a man named Jasael Phipps, who had begun as a journeyman cornice-worker. Possessing artistic and original abilities, he started a little shop, and this had developed into quite an industry for the manufacture of Corinthian and Roman entablature, together with adaptations.

However, Jasael Phipps' capital was insufficient, and three or four years after I went there he conceived a plan to raise funds. To me and to all the rest of his employees he said:

"If you wish to invest your savings in this business—as a loan pure and simple—I'll guarantee you ten per cent interest and give you a share of the profits in addition."

I knew the business was profitable and growing; so I began to take advantage of this opportunity. My salary had been increased to one hundred and sixty dollars a month and my wife had managed to save an aggregate of three hundred dollars. During the four years that ensued we saved about a thousand dollars more and put it all into the cornice plant. The interest and profits added to the principal made a neat fund of more than two thousand dollars. Then one day a heavy cornice fell on Jasael Phipps and killed him. Owing to the fact that Phipps had seemingly been sole owner, the business was forced to shut down pending some disposition of it by the courts. This long-drawn-out procedure was complicated by a row on the part of the heirs.

Again I went to old Lawyer Broadhead for his advice.

"A one-man concern is never a safe thing for a poor man to tie up to financially," he said.

"You know how much trouble partnerships have caused me!" I complained. "It was largely because Phipps was in exclusive control that I invested my money."

"Ah!" exclaimed the wise old counselor—"Ah! Phipps might have incorporated his business and still held practically an absolute power over it! And as a corporation your cornice plant most likely would be running along today, free from the ruinous interference that now marks its course." Then Broadhead examined the notes and agreements Jasael Phipps had given me and shook his head in a mystifying manner. "I fear you have put your foot in it as well as your cash," he opined. "You should have come to me before entangling yourself in any more partnership complications."

"Partnership?" I exclaimed. "I don't understand you!"

"Well," he replied, "there is no telling, of course, what the courts will do in this or any other case; but it looks to me as if you have done more than loan money to the Phipps Cornice Works—you have constituted yourself a partner of Jasael Phipps."

A Windfall at Stony Bend

Then he got off something about *ipso facto*—or something of that sort—since I never studied Latin, I cannot be sure. And true enough when the case had been dragged through an almost endless rigmarole of legal decisions—one piled on the other—it was determined that I and half a dozen other poor devils were partners of Phipps under the construction of the law, and as such were responsible for all the debts of the business! Meantime a big bunch of debts had developed—debts of which we unwilling partners had not had an inkling! This was the most cruel partnership of all, for none of the inferior partners had had the ghost of a show in the management!

The cornice plant never resumed business and out I went again to look for a job. I got one in the office of an ice company at seventy-five dollars a month. I had four children now and things looked pretty black. We moved from an apartment near Astor Place to one over a candy shop on Third Avenue and cut expenses in a way that tore our hearts.

One day a telegram came to me from Hen Hogan, up in Stony Bend:

Your Uncle Aphesus found dead in house. I know that he leaves his property to you.

Hen, you see, usually witnessed the wills made in Stony Bend and acted as confidential adviser besides. And as my uncle was the last of his immediate family, Hen had persuaded him to leave everything to me—homestead, blacksmith shop, and a few thousand dollars of savings.

The minute I got this telegram I grabbed my hat and made for the Subway, which had then been in operation a short time. I took an express train to John Street and hustled up to my attorney's office.

"For the love of justice," I cried, bursting in on old Broadhead, "save this inheritance from the clutches of the Phipps creditors! Law or no law, you know I never was in partnership at that infernal cornice plant! Now if the law steps in and gives the creditors license to walk away with my uncle's property it will kill my wife—who has already suffered torments because of my blundering mismanagement! It will kill her, I tell you, and beggar my children once more; and it will destroy the last hope I have of getting on my feet again!"

Broadhead took the telegram and read it with a deliberation that angered me. Then he made me sit down for an hour while he looked up decisions—I do not pretend to say what they were.

"Go home," he said finally, "and pack your grip. Meet me at the Cortlandt Street Ferry tonight at eight-fifteen, and we'll run up to Stony Bend and see what's to be done."

Next morning we had a long conference in Hen Hogan's bank with Hen himself and one of the best lawyers from Farm Center whom we had wired to meet us there. He and Broadhead agreed that my Uncle Alphesus had shuffled off at a most inopportune time—and that he ought to have made my wife the legatee instead of myself. Hen explained that he had advised this himself, but had not been able to bring the cranky old fellow into line. Only through extreme persuasion had Uncle been induced to abandon his purpose of bequeathing his little fortune to the Republican County Committee!

Still Another Partnership

We did not wait for the funeral, but probated the will at once. Then the lawyers threw up their intrenchments and made ready for war. Hen Hogan guaranteed their fees.

I will not take you through the maze of legal complexities. It is enough to say that, through the homestead laws and various precedents advanced by my attorneys, I saved for my family about two-thirds of my inheritance. The Phipps creditors got the rest, and we finally compromised and called our battle off for all time.

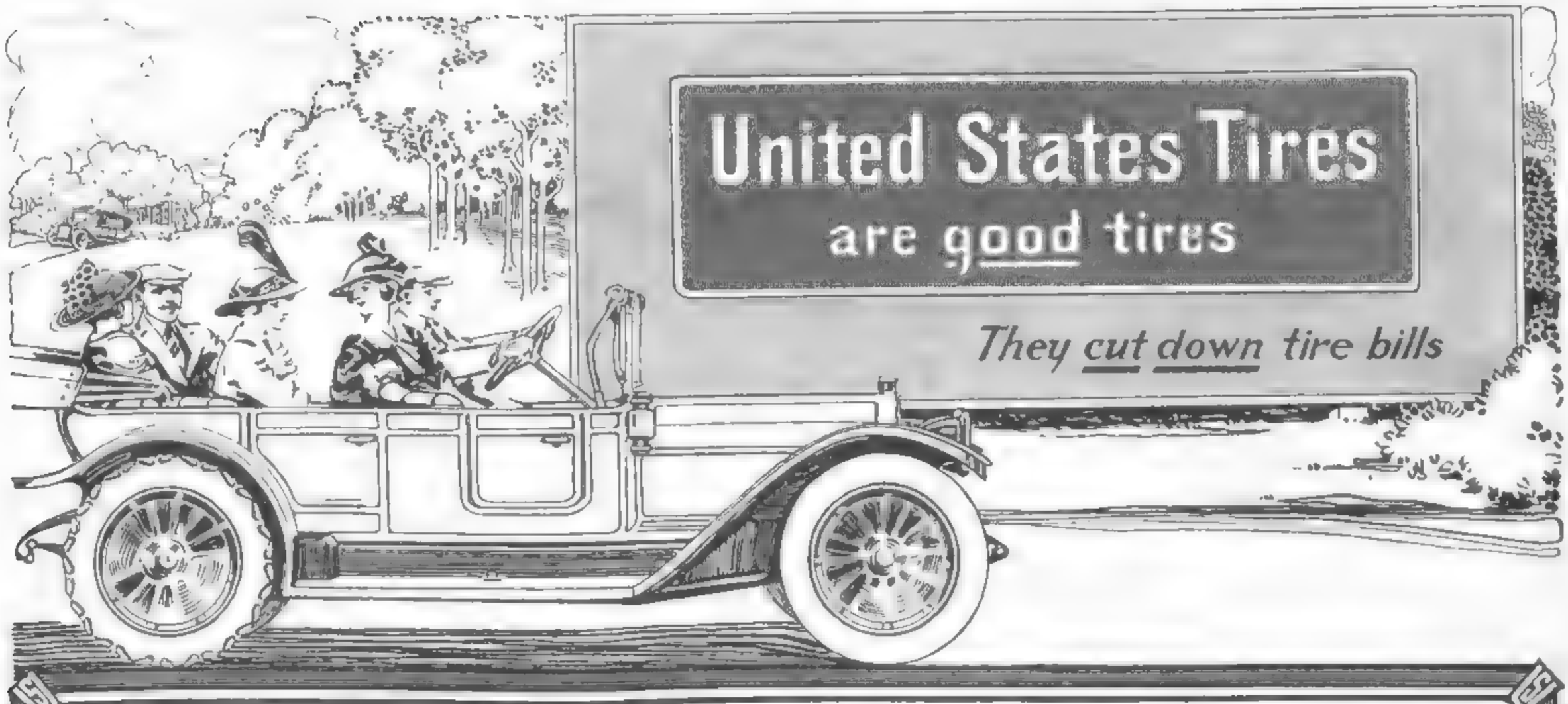
For a year or two my wife and children lived in my uncle's old house at Stony Bend—and it was like a haven of refuge, you may be sure! As often as possible I spent a few days with them—but I had the world to face again down in New York.

My family has been back in the city with me for some little time now, and the house up at Stony Bend is rented. I have a clerical job in an oil company's office down near the Battery landing of the Coney Island boats; but I don't think I shall be there long.

The fact is, I am thinking seriously of going into business again—with a partner at that! But you know it makes all the difference in the world what partner you take. The one I have in mind now is a man I would trust with any problem of management and any sum of money.

In short, I am contemplating moving back to Stony Bend—to start a cheese factory jointly with Hen Hogan. The firm name will be Hogan & Southern.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The fifth will appear in an early issue.



It will pay you to use United States Tires exclusively and this advertisement tells you why

No matter what make of tires you have been using—

No matter how satisfactory the service they have been rendering (for almost any standard make today will give you reasonably good service)—

The fact remains that if you have not been using United States Tires you have not been getting all that our exclusive four-factory cooperative methods of tire building can give you.

United States Tires yield from 25 to 50 per cent. more mileage than tires ever gave previous to the time the United States Tire Company was organized.

United States Dunlop Tires are the only tires guaranteed against rim cutting.

They are generally regarded as the most easily manipulated of all tires, due to the round toe—an exclusive feature.

No tire has ever been made with a larger average air capacity or larger diameter measurements. Use your own eyes to prove this.

By a process which we have perfected and control exclusively we have practically doubled the fabric strength of United States Tires and reduced blow-outs to a minimum.

If you knew of a car that at the same price possessed every good feature of your present car plus a number of exclusive advantages of its own, most assuredly you would switch to that car the next time you purchased.

Why not use the same reasoning in buying your tires?

Cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds

United States Tires are guaranteed when used with one of the recommended [illegible] and when bearing the [illegible] to both of the accompanying inspection stamps. When [illegible] available for use or attached to any other rims than those specified, our guarantee is [illegible]

United States Tire Company
New York

Tire-ly Satisfied.

The City Man Turned Farmer

The bets are on the city man to make good at farming on the vast arid plains of the West that Uncle Sam has put under water. The industrious carpenter, the economical small tradesman, the thoughtful mill operative—these are the fellows who are making a go of the new irrigation game. It takes cash and it takes pluck to wrest success from the soil—but it's not so much the amount of money the settler has that counts as the amount of man there is in him. Back of every one who tries stands Uncle Sam, and with a crisis in his pet irrigation project at hand he has taken a hitch in his suspenders, he has stuck his thumbs under the armholes of his vest, and he has spoken. What he has to say is told in an article by William Harper Dean in next week's issue of

The Country Gentleman

Millions of dollars are at stake. New irrigation projects are springing up overnight in every section across the slant of the Continental Divide. Texas, Colorado, Utah, California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana are advertising millions of acres of land "under water." The country is flooded with circulars proclaiming this new bonanza farming. But look before you leap! Hear what the Government has to say before you pull up stakes to tackle this new proposition!

Hetty Green's Money

Is home cash for home people. Her Texas money stays in Texas for investment in Texas enterprises. Her Illinois money is always on tap in Illinois. Her California money keeps working in the Golden State. "The farmers of this country are starved financially because the funds of their home banks are in Wall Street being used for stock and bond promotion in China and the Philippines." That's what Hetty Green's son says, and he knows something about the proposition because he is a farmer himself. An article in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN next week tells the views of Col. E. H. R. Green on the problem of financing the farmer—and very practical views they are, too.

Florida's Forbidden Fruit

It was an itinerant Methodist preacher who placed the curse upon Florida's citrus-fruit industry. Not that he meant to do it, but if it hadn't been for Parson Brown there probably would have been no Parson Brown orange, and if it hadn't been for the Parson Brown orange there might not have been any such squabble as the Green Fruit Law has kicked up in these past few years. The proof of an orange, as of a pudding, should be in the eating, and you who have bought yellow, luscious oranges and found them filled with juice as sour as vinegar want to know why. You who have money to invest in Florida groves want to know why, too. Harry Snowden Stabler tells you.

Express *Versus* Parcel Post

Boston people eat halibut under the impression that it was lately caught off the Grand Banks. Really it came from Seattle by refrigerator car. The "Oyster Bay asparagus" of your New York hotel was shipped from California, and the "Long Island trout" very likely came from Utah. Such shipments as these are possible by express; they are not by parcel post. James H. Collins, the business expert, analyzes the competition of the express companies and Uncle Sam's parcel post in an article that THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN will publish next week—and he finds there is no competition.

Dinner for Fifteen for $2.25

A company of fifteen persons sat down to dinner on the farm. And when they had partaken they began to talk of the high cost of living. So the farmer-host looked up the city market prices for the articles he had served and found that the selfsame dinner in town would have cost $22.50 for the raw materials. But he had raised everything on his own place—and it had cost him $2.25. Here is a lesson for the man with the big farm and the man with the small place. William R. Lighton, in an article next week, says that the farmer ought, first of all, to make his own land and his own labor yield directly the largest part of the food eaten at home.

Isn't each one of these five articles worth a cent to you?

There are twice as many more stories that we shall throw in for good measure in next week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy $1.50 a Year

The cover alone is worth the price. You will get an hour's amusement finding new things in Harrison Cady's Fourth of July picnic.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

THE PROOF OF LOVE

(Continued from Page 17)

that had embraced such moral dubieties as faro, bucket-shops, mining stock, horse-racing, real estate, poker, roulette and ward politics, Dick Prouty had been reasonably honest—as honest as a man can be in that list of professions. Now he felt as though he were stacking the cards to get possession of a six-year-old boy's savings bank.

"It's only for a few weeks!" He silenced a rubbing sense of shame, handed over the piece of string, and got a ring that the voluble dealer assured him would deceive Mr. Tiffany. "And"—he said with a confidential wink of meager white lashes—"the young lady'll never know!"

Dick glared!

That evening, in the rooming-house parlor, a dingy place of grimy Nottingham curtains, decrepit Axminster, and chairs of frayed green velours and patchy varnish, Leila's cheeks flushed—flashed from pink through rosemadder to crimson! She held a sparkling finger up to the gasjet.

"Oh! Dick!"—rapturously; and immediately, in a troubled voice: "Isn't this awfully expensive?"

"Um-m-m!—not very," said Dick.

"Because you know, dear, I'd just as soon have a garnet, or ——"

"The idea!" Dick exclaimed indignantly.

"Are you sure you can afford it?" she persisted.

"Easily."

"I'm almost afraid to wear it," she protested, again holding it up to catch and radiate the light. "I might lose it! Or"—her eyes flamed with panic—"some one might steal it!"

"Don't worry. I'd buy you another," Dick assured her.

"As if I'd let you be so extravagant!" she cried tenderly.

A sense of humor and a sense of shame clinched.

The humor finally won.

"It wouldn't be extravagant," Dick told her gravely.

For a full minute she watched the gaslight flicker against the facets, drawing rays of quivering beauty. Then, without warning, she flung her arms about his neck and laid her cheek against his. Dick was surprised. As a rule Leila expressed affection with diffident but eloquent glances of her turquoise eyes. The sense of humor went under.

"Now," she whispered softly, "I'm sure you really love me."

Dick was startled. His protestations during the last month had been many and ardent.

"Weren't you before?" he demanded resentfully.

"N-no," she stammered, the red flushing from cheeks to brown hair. "You see, I always knew you were used to making love to many women—and not meaning anything. A girl at the notions counter has a cousin who works at a manicuring parlor ——"

"Leila!" Pain and wounded pride and the reproach of absolute innocence were in his exclamation. "If that's the opinion you had of me it's a wonder you didn't send me scooting!"

Her eyelids drooped.

"I couldn't!" she murmured. "I cared so much that I wanted to be near you whether you cared—or not. But now"—there was a catchy thrill of perfect joy in her soft voice—"now I'm sure! And, Dick, it's lovely of you to care for an insignificant girl like me instead of all those stunning women."

Dick Prouty's sense of humor slunk out of reach. He regretted its departure. In a ticklish crisis it had been an excellent protector. Grimly he pictured Leila learning the cost of this proof of his love. The hysterical anger of Cissy or the shrill contempt of Beatrice would be infinitely preferable.

"I wonder if that mounting is tight?" he said weakly.

Leila pressed a fingernail against the tiny gold prongs.

"Quite."

"Let me see!"—reaching

She held her hand away.

"Oh, no!" she said impetuously. "It's bad luck to take it off."

Unwillingly he desisted.

"Those settings are not dependable," he warned her. "I'd better look at it every few days."

That week and the next—also the next—Dick hustled for tips, deals and sure shots; but poker was not the obliging friend it had been in the past. And the money he slid to bookmaker friends did not slide back many times increased. It came not back at all, or with a trifling addition.

Leila, living calmly within the limits of seven-fifty, penetrated the hustling side of Dick's life only by guesswork. From his occasional moments of meditation she suspected that margins were shorter than usual. And when she read in the newspapers that flour would be cheaper that spring, owing to a drop in the price of wheat, she was sure. She timidly mentioned that maybe her cousin, Sam Elbey, could get Dick a position traveling for his house. And then —— Leila's rare pink blush completed the sentence.

Dick kissed the spot where the blush was deepest; but he was not impressed. Sometime he intended to marry Leila. In a year—or two years—or three! It depended on his luck. He loved her with all his heart. Any mention of a steady position, however, prickled his nature contrarily. Work was intended for folks not clever enough to dodge it.

A month later Benjy roamed back, as gloomy and devoid of geniality as the under side of a log at the bottom of a malaria-microbed swamp. A string of city councils had testily and righteously denied any promise to accept a percentage. A string of perfectly good and unused slot machines had been consigned to various dumping grounds.

"I had a hunch that deal was too good to be true," wailed Benjy. "Ain't it a shame? Forty thousand dollars that we didn't get! Still"—brightening—"two hundred ain't so much to lose. Got five dollars? I got a tip on the run at New Orleans tomorrow—a two-hundred-to-one shot. It ain't a sure thing—but I don't mind risking a fiver on it."

Dick eyed his friend sourly.

"I've got exactly two dollars and thirty cents! And, of course, two hundred dollars of another fellow's money isn't much to lose—a mere trifle in fact. Just a handful of small change! Oh, certainly!"

"Well"—aggrievedly—"you surely don't expect luck to hug you all the year round! Give me the two dollars. I think I can get three from another chap. We'll go thirds."

Dick handed the two over. Between thirty cents and two hundred and thirty the difference is so infinitesimal that a man might as well struggle along with the one as the other. A day later Benjy deliriously shoved a large green bunch of bills at him. The round, swarthy face was as refulgent as the first sunflower of the season.

"Ain't I a friend?" he said excitedly. "A-a-ain't I?" After so many lean weeks prosperity had unhinged Benjy.

"Yes," Dick acknowledged gratefully, pocketed the money, and went —— Many earnest students of human nature, psychology, Darwinism and Fröbelism might expect that Dick would go immediately to the girl he loved, tell her that a loose setting, luck or no luck, required attention, and on flying feet or in a taxi hike to a jeweler's shop and purchase a genuine diamond ring. Did Dick Prouty take that direction? He did not.

Time has a bitter potency. It can curdle milk; draw a willow plume from the center of an importer's Easter window display to the job-lot counter of the basement of a department store; turn newsboys into trust magnates, and trust magnates into subpœna-dodgers; corrode iron statues and political parties; cool lava; evaporate even a rankling sense of shame. It had accustomed Dick to duping Leila. It had even, though he tried to crush the knowledge, put a flicker of scorn into his love—only a flicker; but one flirt of the pepper-can may ruin a quart of ice cream!

Leila was a dear, sweet little girl. Dick loved every hair on her head; but he did not palpitate with admiration for the amount of gray matter under that brown hair. He went round the corner to a tailor he knew. For some time Dick had been irritably aware that his wardrobe lacked the immaculacy required by sartorial perfection.

After an hour spent entertainingly with tape measure and a line of new fabrics he came back and loitered on the corner—an occupation he had not enjoyed for several weeks. Empty pockets take the pleasure

out of corner-loitering; so many men brush past you and round you who seem to have nicely filled pockets that you are tantalized.

Dick's glance, roaming leisurely round for any sight out of the ordinary, rested upon Cissy.

Dick's eyes glowed pleasurably. He held out an affectionate hand. He had not thought of Cissy in several months. It was no use to think of Cissy in lean months. Cissy did not care much about strolling down to the pleasant, economical lakefront. She liked to stroll into a palm-decked, brilliant restaurant.

Dick wanted to know, in a very solicitous voice, how Cissy had been getting along since their last meeting, and whether she was too busy to drop into the Edelweiss, across the street, for a club sandwich and a glass of something.

Cissy was not busy—rather she was busy; but business could go hang! Cissy felt much more like taking in a matinée that afternoon than moiling for a hard-hearted employer who did not appreciate it. She suggested that, instead of crossing the street to the Edelweiss, they taxi out to a roadhouse several miles from that corner.

The taxi ride cost money. So did a fling the next evening at an elusive jack of spades that hid coyly in the bottom of the deck, when Dick could have sworn it was near the top! Several days later the green bunch of bills had dwindled below the price of a third-water, half-carat diamond.

Perhaps time, with its potency, had also accustomed Leila to Dick and an engagement ring. She was very quiet—even dull. Perhaps ten hours a day behind a hosiery counter tired her. Dick was concerned. He wished that the forty thousand had materialized. In that case he would have settled down—maybe!

"Dick," said Benjy one day, "I heard you was meditating matrimony. Never mind who told me. Don't you want to buy a suburban cottage? A peach of a bargain! Fellow that bought it can't scratch up the interest on the first mortgage. Dirt cheap—and you have to make only a small payment down! Seven rooms; big lot; open plumbing; cement walk; lilac bush in front yard; Circassian walnut buffet in dining room; elegant back yard to raise your own radishes, lettuce ——"

Dick merely looked at him. Benjy's eloquence was slittered.

"It is within the bounds of possibility," said Dick, "that I may sometime join a chain-gang in Georgia or gather rubber in South Africa. It might be that in my dotage I may supe in a moving-picture company. But when you see me a commuter, raising my own garden truck—it won't be me! Some other soul-gink will have shoved me out and taken possession of my skin and bones."

Benjy shrugged his shoulders resentfully.

"You needn't get so miffed when a fellow's simply telling you of a bargain! And if I was you I'd plant some of that wad you got yesterday before it melts as usual."

A bucketshop deal had proved unusually lucrative for both; but Dick retorted that he could manage his own business.

That evening a detail of which he had been vaguely aware for some time struck him forcibly—Leila's eyes no longer suggested liquid blue fire. They were lusterless. While he was irritably wondering about it, she told him, in the indifferent voice that seemed to have become habitual to her, that her cousin, Sam Elbey, was passing through town and would stop off to see her—and incidentally meet the fiancé of whose existence her mother had written Sam's married sister, who had written him.

"That so?" Dick asked with careless interest. "Let's see—what line did you say he carried? Glassware?"

"No—silverware and jewelry."

"Good line!" said Dick unthinkingly. He lounged back in a green-velours rocker and yawned. Conversation with Leila lately had not been lively. She was unresponsive. Now all her attention was apparently focused on an embroidery hoop and a scrap of linen.

Two minutes later he sat up as straight as a lamp-post. Swooping at him was an unpleasant thought—Sam Elbey carried jewelry! That meant rings! Suppose Mr. Elbey was familiar with white sapphires! Suppose—Dick Prouty wriggled mentally and physically—suppose Leila's cousin carried some of those glittering deceptions! Then he remembered he was flush. Relieved, he sank back. First thing in the morning he would rustle ——

"He will be here in a few minutes," observed Leila—"nine o'clock, he said."

And almost immediately Sam blew in—jovial, bald-headed, boisterous. He kissed Leila, looked Dick up and down, nearly jerked his hand out of gear, gave him a cigar, declared that the weather in this town was not fit for a yellow dog, told Leila that her mother was almost dead to see her, and cried, with the license of relationship:

"What you been living on—peanuts and bananas? You look as though you don't get enough to eat."

"I do too!" she said warmly.

"Better go home for a week and get fed up!" Sam persisted. "Ah!" he exclaimed in the tone of one who has met familiar property. "Let's have a look at that ring ——" Dick stiffened. "Ah!" sighed Sam. He held Leila's hand up to the light. "Nice stone!" Approvingly he beamed upon Dick. "Must've cost something."

Under the gasjet the stone glowed and sparkled with a blaze of pink and rose and blue rays—glowed exactly like a genuine diamond. Dick's breath stuck in his throat. He bent forward and looked hard. He was fairly familiar with diamonds. Several times in the past it had been convenient to judge hurriedly. His intent glance went from the stone to Leila. Her eyelids were lowered, but his gaze drew them up and Leila looked at him.

In his lifetime judges, prosecuting attorneys, poker opponents, peeved farmers and even a grand jury had looked at Richard Prouty with eyes that were either fiery or exceedingly cold—and he had minded not at all. Before the tired ash-blue of Leila Grayne's he cringed like a whipped pup! Sam soon departed.

"Where did you get it, Leila?" Dick asked hoarsely.

"I bought it," wearily. "The setting seemed loose one day, and I took it to a jeweler. He laughed at it—and me. And-I was afraid Sam would drop into town some day—and—tell the folks back home." Her voice trailed miserably into silence.

"I intended," Dick explained without looking directly at her, "to replace it—I was broke—I met a friend who needed ——"

"So I thought—for a while."

Dick remembered that a girl at the notions counter had a cousin in a manicuring parlor. Leila's cheek were colorless.

"Where did you get the money?" he asked curiously.

"I bought it on time—three dollars a week."

Dick subtracted three from seven-fifty.

"Ah!" he said chokingly. "Leila"—miserably—"don't you believe that I care for you? I do!"

She did not raise her eyes. On the hand lying in her lap the ring blazed mockingly.

"Yes," she admitted slowly after an interval; "I suppose you do—in your way!" The emphasis was pregnant. His face burned. Presently she added in a dispassionate tone: "I'm going home next week."

"You're not!" he cried fiercely. "I'll—I'll buy you another ring tomorrow!"

She raised her eyes. Instead of liquid turquoise fire they shot the heat of blue lightning.

"I don't want it!"

Dick gazed at her hopelessly. He had never before realized just what it felt like to desire passionately to put his arms round Leila and be deterred by fear of her.

"Leila!" he began abjectly ——

The door opened and Sam Elbey blew back in.

"Forgot everything about it!" he cried apologetically. "Got halfway to the depot before I recollected Leila wrote me several months ago that you'd like the first opening with my firm! There's a dandy position vacant now—city trade. Still want it?"

Leila sprang up, scarlet-faced.

"No—no!" she stammered. "He doesn't ——"

"But I do!" Dick cried excitedly. Under the blue lightning of Leila's eyes he had suddenly experienced a soul-wracking revulsion from lucky deals and sure tips. "And, Leila, tomorrow morning I'm going to buy a cottage out north—big back yard; swell *console*—Circassian. Honest, Leila! Won't you," said he pleadingly, "take it instead ——"

Leila looked at him doubtfully. His eyes widened until all hint of shiftiness vanished and only honest, frantic fear remained. The pink flashed into Leila's cheeks, deepened to rose-madder. Her eyes melted from ash-blue to liquid turquoise.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried rapturously.

Barrett Specification Roofs

A First-Class Roof on a First-Class Building

Every building of the first class, every manufacturing plant, every railroad roundhouse and depot, every flat-roofed building, from a residence to a skyscraper, ought to carry a Barrett Specification Roof.

These Roofs have won their standing on the basis of past performances.

Their first cost is below that of any other permanent roofing; their maintenance cost is nothing; their unit cost is about ¼c. per foot per year of service.

They last twenty, sometimes thirty, years without repairs or care.

They do not need painting.

They take the lowest rate of insurance.

For these reasons they are more popular than any other kind.

Copy of The Barrett Specification will be sent free on request.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Carey, Ala.

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited

Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Clifford Shopbell Co., Architects. St. Louis Roofing Co., Roofers.

H. Hendrich Cigar Factory Evansville, Ind.

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

Every dealer in men's wear can supply

PARIS GARTERS

25c-50c

If you ask for them positively, and insist on it, you'll get them.

The name is on the back of the shield.

A. Stein & Co., *Makers*

Chicago and New York

Look For The Wood Core When You Order

Compo-Board

THEN you'll know you have the genuine—the strongest, the most satisfactory material for wall linings, ceilings, partitions, window trims, etc.

Impervious to cold, heat and moisture. The only wall board on which you can safely apply wall paper

Send for Sample

Test it [illegible] with other wall boards

Sold in strips four feet wide by one to eighteen feet long by [illegible]

Northwestern Compo-Board Co.

4303 Lyndale Ave No

Minneapolis Minn.

The two indispensables
of modern business—the telephone and the

DICTAPHONE
(REGISTERED)

The Dictaphone saves every minute your stenographer now spends in taking shorthand notes; every minute you spend in waiting for your stenographer; in holding your dictation down to her speed; in answering her questions.

Outside of the incalculable increase in your own efficiency and convenience, the financial result of the Dictaphone system is that you save the cost of the stamp on every letter that goes out of your office.

Demonstration by appointment in your own office on your own work. Reach for your telephone and call up "The Dictaphone."

If you don't find that address in your telephone directory, write to the nearest address below.

"YOUR DAY'S WORK"—a book we should like to send you.

THE DICTAPHONE, 161 Woolworth Bldg., New York
(Columbia Graphophone Company, Sole Distributors)

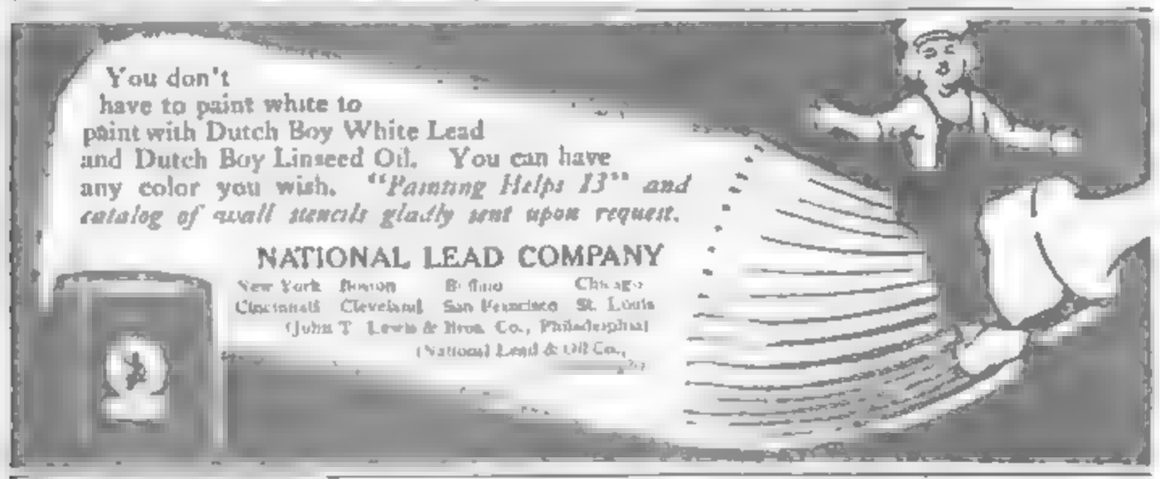
Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, [illegible] New Haven, New Orleans, New York [illegible] Rochester, San Francisco, Seattle, [illegible] Washington, Vancouver, Winnipeg [illegible]

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Dictaphone is distinguished from the ordinary "dictating machine" by this man-at-the-desk trade mark

We will pay your college bills
in whatever institution you choose to attend. Write us a letter of inquiry; we will explain.
Educational Division, Box 69
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS WORTH $50,000
or other large sums—the real rewards actually obtainable, and how. The patents wanted by capital. Send 8 cts. postg. for books of greatest interest and value to inventors.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dep. 2, Washington, D.C. Estab. 1869
Patents that COMPLETELY Protect.


You don't
have to paint white to
paint with Dutch Boy White Lead
and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil. You can have
any color you wish. "Painting Helps 13" and
catalog of wall stencils gladly sent upon request.
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
New York Boston Buffalo Chicago
Cincinnati Cleveland San Francisco St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co.,

The New Marlin

Now ready! For rabbits, woodchucks, crows, hawks, foxes and geese, get this superb new Model 27 Marlin. It's the only repeating rifle in the market using the popular .25 Rim-Fire cartridge.

The .25 Rim-Fire cartridge is almost as well and favorably known as the .22 Short. It has power enough so that it is used very successfully on deer; so accurate it is extensively used in target work; and so cheap **you can use it freely without counting the expense.**

Unless you wish to use center-fire cartridges and reload your shells, you will find this .25 Rim Fire Marlin repeater the most convenient, most economical and satisfactory repeating rifle obtainable for medium game and target requirements.

This new rifle is our popular Model 27 repeater adapted to the .25 Rim-Fire cartridge. It has the quick, smooth-working **"pump" action** and the modern **solid-top and side ejector** for rapid, accurate firing, increased safety and convenience. It has take-down construction, action parts removable without tools, it is easy to keep clean. Has Ivory Bead front sight and Rocky Mountain rear sight; 8 shots at one loading. Price, with 24-inch round barrel, $13.15; with octagon Special Smokeless Steel barrel, $15.00.

Send 3 stamps postage for new catalog showing complete line of Marlin repeaters, rifles and shotguns.

Ideal Hand Book tells all about reloading cartridges. Mailed for 6 cents in stamps.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
29 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

WHAT NEXT?

Repairing by Compressed Air

COMPRESSED air's latest feat is making it possible to keep a vessel afloat in spite of a bad gash in the side or bottom, and to repair the damage from the inside of the ship without immediate recourse to a drydock.

The idea has been tried only a few times, but each time the engineers make the air do more than in the previous instances; so that compressed air bids fair to be for ships what antiseptics are for surgery.

The compressed air is used the same as in driving the tunnels under the rivers at New York—to push against the water trying to come in through a leak and prevent most or all of the water from getting in.

The repairs to the Uranium recently made by means of air showed some of the possibilities. The liner was badly crippled by running on a rock at the entrance to Halifax Harbor, her stem being torn off and the bottom ripped up. Pumps and compartments kept her from sinking; but the drydock at Halifax was occupied and it was necessary to get her to a New York drydock quickly, for she was needed sorely in the service of the line.

Compressed air saved the day. One of the decks was made airtight and compressed air was pumped into the whole ship below this deck.

With the air to keep out the water, workmen plugged up the holes to the entire satisfaction of the ship-insurance agents, using sheet lead, concrete mattresses and timber. The repairs enabled the Uranium to proceed safely to New York for the final repairs in drydock.

Locating the Third Party

AN INGENIOUS telephone manager in one of the states of the West has discovered a method of finding out who is the eavesdropper on a party telephone line, when complaints come in from patrons that somebody is making a practice of listening to conversations not intended for her. As soon as a complaint is received from a subscriber a man is sent to test the batteries of all the phones on that party line, and a record is made of the condition of each battery.

Some time later another test of all the batteries is made, and if any one subscriber has been the offender the batteries of his phone will probably show that it has been used more than a normal amount. To make the plan more perfect, a record of the calls made from and to each phone may be kept at the switchboard and checked up with the battery records.

Wiring Angles

HOW it is possible to poke a wire through an old underground conduit in the streets—especially if the conduit has any turns or angles—is a mystery to most people; and the answer is that sometimes it is almost impossible to do it. A new method, however, is to put some disks that just fit the size of the conduit on a rope and then push them through the conduit by compressed air. In this way the threading may be accomplished round corners.

Watch the Barometer

LOOK out for mine explosions when the barometer begins to drop! This is the new word that has gone out among coal-mine managers all over the world. The weather bureaus have heard it, too, and are beginning to furnish barometer predictions for mines.

The barometer tells the sea captain of the approach of a storm well in advance of trouble, but the warning is not given so far ahead in the case of the mines. The weather bureau, however, can predict the coming of low pressure as a "low" moves across the country.

Methane is a dangerous gas in mines, developing most seriously in the old workings of coal mines; and it has been established that when the barometer drops, meaning that the pressure of the air is decreasing, the amount of methane increases. The gas has less pressure of air to hold it back, and comes stealing out of nooks and crannies. Extra precautions can usually be taken when warning is given in time.

Doctoring Water

JUST when the chemists were congratulating themselves that they had largely solved the problem of pure drinking water by their idea of doctoring water with chlorinated lime to kill germs, protests have been increasing in many cities that the water tasted of the chlorine, and they have had to go to work again on the problem. Now they have discovered a way of putting more chemicals into the water to kill the taste of the chlorine after the chlorine has killed the germs.

Millions of Americans drink water that has been chlorinated, more than four hundred cities using this method of improving the river or lake water they use. Usually the amount of chemical spread through the water is so small that no one can taste it; but the proportion varies with local conditions and there are times when much larger amounts are used. If more than seven pounds of the chemical is used in a million gallons of water, the most sensitive palates begin to discover the taste and complaints are telephoned to the water department. With every additional pound of the chemical come a score more of telephone protests.

One way to get rid of the taste is to store the water before sending it into the mains; but this is not usually practicable and chemists have been seeking another remedy. Now a chemist of the sanitary district of Chicago reports that a drug called thiosulphate will hide the taste of the chlorine after the chlorine has had a few minutes' time to kill the germs. His prescription calls for one part of thiosulphate to two parts of chlorinated lime. To prove that the additional chemical is harmless, he points out that thiosulphate is used in medicine, and that in order to get a dose the size a doctor would order for a patient a person would have to drink about three hundred and seventy gallons of the treated water.

Gyroscopic Acrobats

SOME extraordinary toys based on the old gyroscopic tops have been recently invented by Professor Gray, of the Royal Society, and exhibited by him at the Royal Institution. One toy is a doll figure hanging by its hands from two wires strung along together, a gyroscope whirling inside the doll figure. As the wires are slightly joggled the figure begins to move along the wires, hand over hand like an acrobat. By a curious property of the gyroscope, when the hidden wheel begins to run down the little figure begins to hurry, as if it intended to use every effort to complete its journey before losing its power.

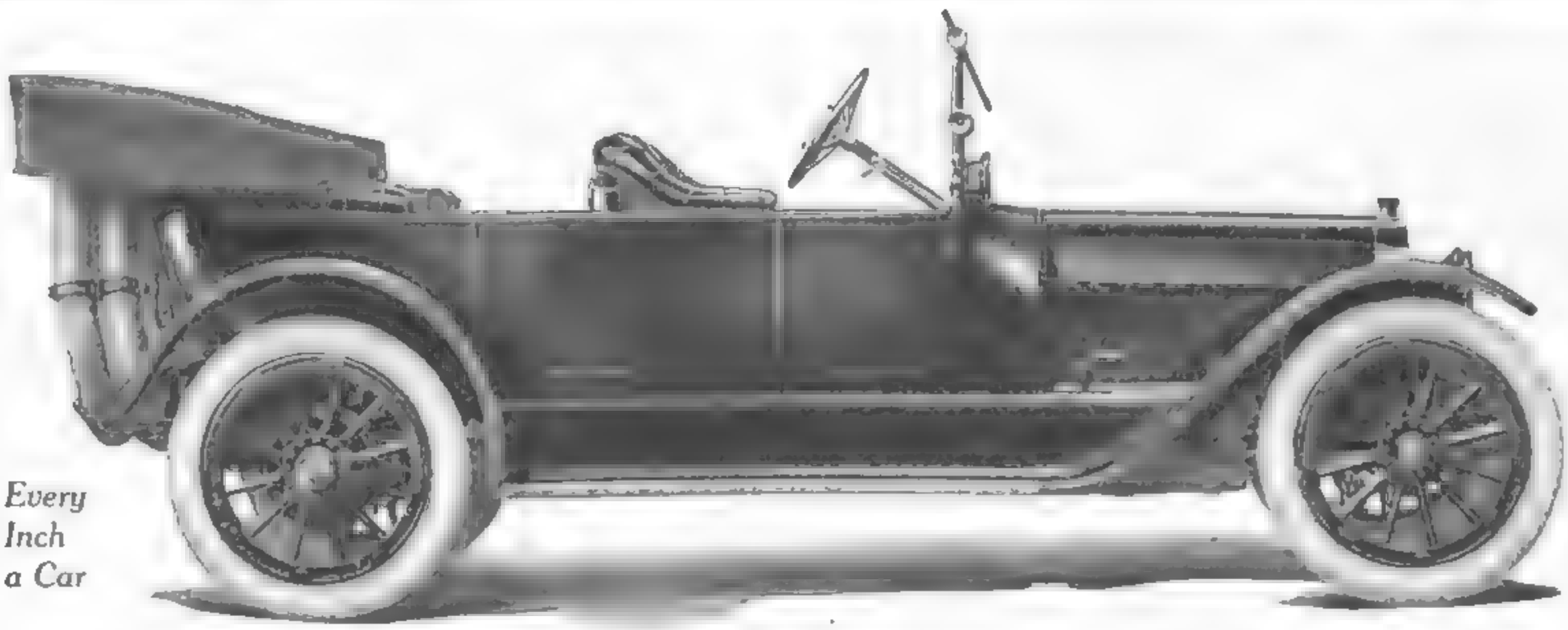
Another toy consists of three doll acrobats on trapezes, a gyroscope being concealed in each doll. When the gyroscopes are properly started the three acrobats perform balancing feats, each doll in its turn doing a stunt in regular order, but no two doing the same stunt at the same time. A doll bicycle rider on a tight rope is another toy. From the handlebars of the bicycle, wires are run to the proper connections with the hidden gyroscope, so that if the little figure starts to fall to the left the handlebars are turned and the front wheel pointed to the left enough to keep the balance, exactly as a human rider does.

From his models the scientist showed how it is possible to place a gyroscope in an automobile to prevent the car from overturning on a curve. With such a device a car rounding a curve at high speed would tilt to the inside as if it were running on a banked track, and theoretically it would be impossible for the car to overturn.

Lighting by Automobile

A MASSACHUSETTS man uses his automobile to store up electricity as he goes about in it on business trips through the day, and then utilizes the electricity to light his house at night; but he has to get home early or expect trouble at home.

On his car is an electric system for lighting, starting and ignition, which can be made to store up more current than is needed for automobile purposes. At the end of his day's trips he runs his car into his little garage and connects the storage batteries with the wires to his house. The batteries give enough current for five ordinary lamps.



Every Inch a Car

A new "Six" at $2350

A new model has been added to the KisselKar line—*The 48 "Six"*—a silent, powerful, well groomed thoroughbred, that sets a new level of comparison and is bound to turn discriminating automobile buyers in the direction of the KisselKar.

The announcement of this new KisselKar model is of greater significance than an ordinary announcement because it carries with it a notice of changing conditions in automobile making—the establishment of values and prices upon a more solid and settled manufacturing basis.

A few years ago, when the KisselKar 60 "Six" was announced, it was at once acclaimed the sensational value in "Sixes." It was the first "Six" to respond to the demand for a high powered six cylinder automobile at a moderate price. *History is now repeating itself.*

In presenting the new KisselKar 48 "Six" at $2350, the Kissel Motor Car Company is again making automobile history, as it did with the big KisselKar 60 "Six" five years ago.

KISSELKAR

Electric Started and Lighted **48 "Six"** *Left-hand Drive—Center Control*

The KisselKar 48 "Six" is the latest big thing in six cylinder automobiles. Point for point, it challenges comparison—in construction, performance, comfort and refinement.

The design is strikingly handsome and original, representing the very best ideas of American and European body construction—a design we expect to see freely copied a year hence. In the 48 "Six" we have succeeded in producing a liberally designed, roomy five passenger six cylinder automobile of medium size that fills the gap between the so-called "little sixes" and the high powered "big sixes."

It requires but a slight study of the KisselKar 48 "Six" to prove it a worthy exponent of all that is best in automobile construction. Its smooth running, silent, powerful and flexible motor has loads of excess power, and is responsive to every demand. Clean, graceful lines, low hanging body, perfect poise and balance, big, roomy tonneau, extra long wheelbase, big tires, extra deep luxuriously upholstered seats combine to make the KisselKar 48 "Six" a car of superlative beauty and riding comfort.

Look up the KisselKar dealer in your locality and investigate the new KisselKar 48 "Six." It is now being shown at all our branches. You will find it one of the most exceptional values in America, and a car you will be proud to own

The KisselKar line consists of three striking models—60 "Six" at $3150, 48 "Six" at $2350, and the 40 "Four" at $1850—each a leader in its class.

Send for illustrated portfolio and the nearest dealer's name.

Features of The New KisselKar 48 "Six"

An entirely new model in design of chassis and body along the very latest ideas of motor car building.

Specially constructed frame hung close to the ground, with large "kick-up" in front and rear—providing plenty of spring clearance and allowing more flexible springs and riding comfort.

Clean and simple construction—at a glance you are impressed with the few number of parts.

Tonneau without boxes or brackets to mar the effect of simple completeness.

Kaklsh new design fenders with rounding tops instead of flat.

Front axle of foreign design with the castor principle, which allows easy turning of car and avoids accidents, as the wheels are always kept in one. The construction of this axle also adds strength to the car as a whole and many parts.

Large body 21" wide and 5 passenger tonneau with room to spare.

Deep low, properly proportioned seats. Backs pitched for extreme comfort—and cushioned with the finest upholstery.

Patented Golde top, which eliminates front brackets. This top is used only on the very best cars and is remarkably easy to put up and take down.

The "cowl" is equipped with a mahogany board on which all instruments are placed—accessible and convenient to line of vision.

Large 36"x4½" tires—giving the car oversize tires for its weight.

Special flexible spring construction which takes up the jolts and jars.

Extra long wheelbase, 132"—which provides space for roomy tonneaus and contributes to riding comfort.

Large gasoline tank (24 gal.) and tire irons in the rear.

Left-hand drive and center control.

Electric started. A simple and positive system that makes starting easy and sure.

Electric lighted. Big powerful electric lights of twice the candle power of average cars.

Powerful, easily accessible, long stroke motor, with large crank shafts carefully balanced and capable of developing plenty of excess power. Silent, smooth running, responsive.

Four speed transmission—direct drive on third

Cone leather faced clutch can be disassembled without removing transmission or motor.

The KisselKar 48 "Six" is fully equipped in every detail and embodies every desirable feature for the comfort and convenience of the car owner.

KisselKar Service

The KisselKar is sold under a written guarantee of service to owners—a tangible, definite and specific contract that clearly stipulates the scope of KisselKar Service and provides for care that forestalls trouble and retards depreciation.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., 400 Kissel Ave., Hartford, Wis.

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES MINNEAPOLIS ST PAUL DALLAS
Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, El Paso, San Antonio, New Orleans, Baltimore, Omaha, Butte, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Duluth, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Hartford, Conn., New Haven, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, and 200 other principal points throughout America.

Stewart Speedometer

Model B, with Grade Indicator
Price $50

The Most Popular Speedometer in the world

SEVEN years ago you rarely found an automobile that was equipped with a Stewart. Today you rarely find an automobile that is *not* equipped with a Stewart. Such is the natural outcome of intrinsic merit. Speedometers—like everything else—sooner or later find their destined level. But, let's measure Stewart success by statistics. Figures either convince or convict. There are now over 800,000 Stewarts in use. As there are not, all told, over 1,000,000 automobiles in operation, you can easily figure out Stewart popularity.

Estimates show that four out of five cars are equipped with a Stewart. There are over 350,000 Stewarts on contract for 1914.

The Stewart is built on the famous magnetic principle. That probably sounds a little deep to the non-technical mind, but in a single word it means—simplicity.

This is the principle on which all of the finest electrical measuring instruments operate. There is about a trillion dollars invested in power and electric light plants, and the entire success of this business depends on the correctness and accuracy of the magnetic principle. If you use electricity in your home you have one of these magnetic electrical measuring instruments.

The magnetic principle eliminates all cams, pins and springs; there is no loose play and no lost motion; no places for friction to get in its deteriorating work; no metals to rub or soften; no detrimental high shaft speeds; no wear and tear. In fact, it is practically impossible for a magnetic speedometer to become inaccurate.

Simplicity makes more accuracy, and accuracy makes for practicability. In consistent consequence of which, the graceful, handsome and dependable Stewart you see on hundreds of thousands of automobiles has just naturally gained the distinction of being the world's most popular and practical speedometer.

Remember that practicability results in efficiency, and efficiency is the forerunner of economy. It will pay you to have a Stewart on your car.

The Stewart Speedometer Factory

1910 Diversey Blvd., Chicago, U. S. A.

International Service

Service Stations in all important cities all over the world

EST. JAN 5TH 1909

OLUS

REG U S PAT OFF

PUT a supply of OLUS in your bag, if you're going away. Keep a supply in your dresser, if you're staying home—*then you'll know what real summer comfort means.*

There's not an inch of superfluous material in OLUS—*we have turned the shirt tails into drawers.*

Coat Cut—opens all the way. *Closed Crotch*—no flaps, bunching, nor binding. *Closed Back* and perfect fit. *Can't work up* out of trousers.

OLUS comes in all shirt styles and in all shirt materials—madras, percales, ginghams, silk mixtures, mercerized fabrics, flannels.

Prices: $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5

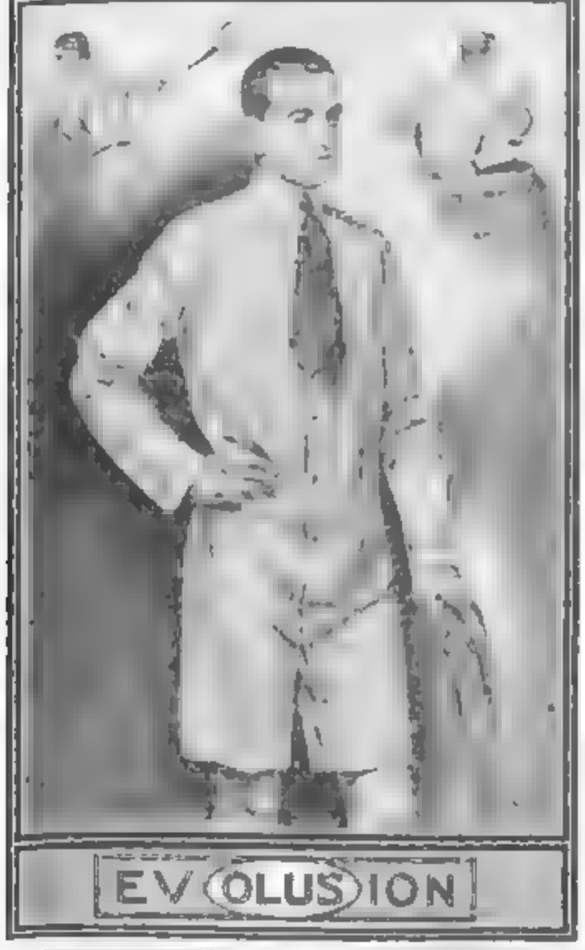
Ask your dealer for OLUS. We will send prepaid, if he cannot supply you. Write for free booklet.

Closed Back

PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY

Dept. G, 1199 Broadway, New York

Makers of "Emperor" Laundry-Proof Shirts



EXCELSIOR

Samson of the Road

ONLY MOTORCYCLE WITH ENTIRE CONTROL IN HANDLE BARS

Right and grip throttle. Left and grip spark. Racing proves strength.

EXCELSIOR World's Records 1 mile, 36 sec. flat

Excelsior Single 4-5 H P., price $200
Excelsior Twin 7 10 H P price $250

Excelsior Motor Mfg & Supply Co
Dept A Chicago

Live agents wanted

Use This Genuine Folding

Naco Camera

10 Days FREE

"Rapid" shutter and ... of insertion. Post card size and retails for $5.00 cash. After a thorough trial you decide it is to ... send us $1.00 a month for ten months. ... return it at our expense. You take no ... Write for free kodak developing offer

NATIONAL CAMERA CO., 911 LUCAS AV., ST. LOUIS

OLD COINS WANTED $1.00 to $1000.00 cash paid for all rare money to-date. Many valuable coins in circulation. Get posted. Send ... stamp for large illustrated coin circular. It may mean much ... You certainly have nothing to lose ... SO SEND ... Numismatic Bank of Texas, Dept E, Ft Worth, Texas.

BACK-FIRE

(Continued from Page 21)

"Sometimes. I must say, though, that I don't care much about shooting. I hate the noise and the shock of a gun." She shot him a look of demure mockery. "I, you really think I'm a heathen, Doctor Penfold, don't you feel that as a missionary your sacred duty should indicate an effort to save this poor little straying soul?"

"Decidedly," answered Penfold with emphasis, and the lines of humor about his mouth and eyes deepened. "That poor little straying soul is going to get a chance to acquire no end of merit through me!"

Edna's eyes opened a little wider.

"I'm so glad," she murmured. Then in a creamy voice she added: "How rapidly one becomes acquainted on a camping trip!"

Penfold nodded. "Nature is always intimate," he agreed. "Perhaps I notice it less than you because I am a doctor. Doctors are apt to acquire a habit of intimacy of an impersonal sort, even out of the wood. If you were to fall off that pony—which, by the way, you may do if you let him walk in those gopher holes—and break your leg, and I had to whittle some splints and set it, you wouldn't think a thing of it, but probably be only too glad to have it put right. Your soul is worth a lot more to you than your leg will ever be, and you know that already; so if you choose to consult me as a soul doctor you will have to listen to what I say with polite consideration."

Edna nodded. "You're right," she answered. "I asked for a consultation, and whether I'm satisfied or not I've got to pay my consultation fee. What is it, Doctor Penfold?"

"Confidence in me."

"But I've got that already. The question is, how am I going to pay it?"

"You don't have to send a check or a van to deliver it. All you've got to do is to have it."

"But I've told you already that I've got it."

"Then the bill's paid!" Penfold gave his short laugh.

"But it's not paid at all, Doctor Penfold!" Edna exclaimed. "Or if it is I haven't any receipt." She pretended to search in the pockets of her riding coat, then looked at him and laughed. "I've just got to have a receipt," said she, and glanced back. The baggage wagon with its escort of negro pedestrians was creaking along somewhere out of sight in the palmettos.

"I want a receipt," said Edna laughingly. "Otherwise I shall always feel that I owe you something."

Penfold looked back at her and the color came into his lean cheeks. He thought her far prettier than her younger sister, which was a generally acknowledged fact, as Lucia's charm was frankly boyish, whereas Edna possessed a certain nymphlike seductiveness that was purely feminine.

"All right, I'll give you the receipt." Penfold reached into his pocket and drew out his notebook, then looked at Edna and laughed: "Let's see." He began to write: "Received from Miss Edna Gillespie consultation fee in full for examination of undeveloped, embryonic, congenitally blind and semi-atrophied soul."

"You've left out 'unregenerate.' I love that word. It conveys such an agreeable sense of irresponsibility."

"That's true. And when you've said it you've said it all." Penfold inserted the desired word. "There's your receipt."

"Give it to me, please." Edna held out her hand.

Penfold looked at her and his face wore the expression of a Chinese money-lender.

"But I'm not sure in my mind about my fee," he objected.

"Don't you trust me?"

"No; of course I don't."

"But I told you that you had all of my confidence."

"And I told you that in that case the bill was paid. Then you asked for a receipt. You didn't trust me; why should I trust you?"

Edna knit her brows and stared at the pony's ears. "You are more of a business man than I had thought," said she grudgingly.

"Oh, thank you so much!" The lines at the corners of Penfold's mouth were creased deeper. He folded the receipt and put it in his pocket, then looked at her with an expression of mock seriousness. "I'd like to be gallant; but, after all, business is business."

Are the Folks at Home as Cool as You Are?

Perhaps you already have a "STANDARD" Electric Fan in your office, keeping you cool, fresh and up-to-the-mark. But how about the family sweltering in the heat at home? Aren't they *entitled* to the same comfort *this summer?* A "STANDARD" Fan costs a great deal less than you think it does, both in price and in operation. Look up the "STANDARD" dealer in your city.

Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans

As Low as $9.00

Think how little it costs to have cool comfort the hottest days. How much *healthier* and *stronger* the whole family will be. It's like bringing the breezes of the seashore or the mountains to your own home!

Our special 8 inch "STANDARD" Fan ... It is beautiful to look at and ... easily regulated ... with any light socket. Just the thing for offices, too.

A Rush for Fans

When hot weather comes everybody wants "STANDARD" Fans. They're a necessity among people who know the wonderful relief and refreshment they give. Get your order in early.

We've been making fans for 18 years; you'll find Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans everywhere. All styles, for all uses—ceiling desk bracket ... for every kind of ... in offices, stores, banks, homes, factories or amusement and hotels.

Write for FREE Fan Book

Describes the entire "STANDARD" line, and will help you in making a selection. Free from your dealer or a postal will bring it from us.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in All Principal Cities

We are also the World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Small Motors—1/50 to 15 h.p.—for all purposes

Vacation Accidents

EVERY MAN needs insurance against accidental injury at the present time. But in summer the chances of injury are increased until they are like the sand of the sea for multitude.

The vacation period is the time when people are most active by

Traveling by Land and Water. Living in Hotels. Riding, Driving, Automobiling, Boating, Fishing, Hunting, Playing Golf.

In 1912, The Travelers Insurance Company paid $1,120,000 for Travel and Vacation Accidents. The payments ranged all the way from weekly indemnity for slight injuries to large payments for death claims.

Do you carry an accident insurance policy?

The Travelers' policies are famous the world over as the standard of what such policies should be. Thousands of business men will have no other.

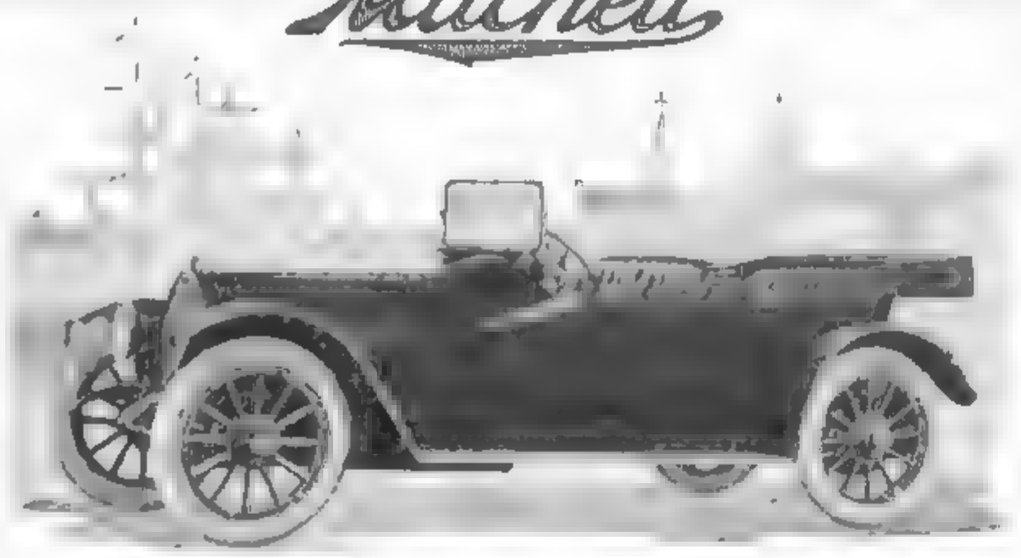
MORAL: Insure in the TRAVELERS

The Travelers Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn. Sat E Post C

Tear off

Please send particulars regarding Accident Insurance. My name, address, occupation and date of birth are below:

Mitchell



THE 1913 Mitchell cars show a great many improvements and conveniences which are thought to belong only to the highest priced cars.

In the 1913 Mitchell we stopped at nothing that would improve its running and wearing qualities; nothing that would make it excel in beauty of line, in comfort and in your pride of ownership of this American built French car.

All 1913 Mitchell cars have left drive and center control, Bosch ignition; Rayfield carburetor; Firestone demountable rims; rain-vision windshield, Jones speedometer; silk mohair top with dust cover; Turkish upholstered cushions; Timken front axle bearings; gauges on the dash to show air pressure and oil pressure; gauge in the gasoline tank showing amount of gasoline it contains; and a portable electric lamp which also illuminates the instruments on the dash.

All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels

		Wheel Base	Prices F. O. B. Racine
7-passenger Six	60 H. P.	144-in.	$2,500
2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P.	132-in.	1,850
2 or 5-passenger Four	40 H. P.	120-in.	1,500

For Canadian prices and name of nearest Canadian dealer, write to us.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company

Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City London Paris

Safety in Quality

Some people have to be scared into buying quality—even the quality that overcomes discomfort. There is comfort, service and *quality* in a

Pad with rubber button 25c and 50c

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.

Philadelphia

Continued in *The Saturday Evening Post* of July 12

U-ALL-NO

AFTER DINNER MINT

A delicious, creamy candy with a flavor all its own.

Sold in tin boxes only—never in bulk.

We Ship On Approval

Prepay Express and Allow

Thirty Days' Free Trial

The best "Nonskid" puncture-proof device for automobiles, commercial cars and motorcycles

Try Them At Our Expense

Be your own judge—don't take any one's word for it. *"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."*

Perfect Score in 4 Glidden Tours
Twin Cities to Fargo, N. D. 1909
Twin Cities to Helena, Mont. 1911
New York City to Jacksonville, Fla., 1911.
Twin Cities to Winnipeg, 1912.

It only costs one cent to learn our prices and guarantee on "Brictson" Detachable Treads.

Write Today for Full Particulars

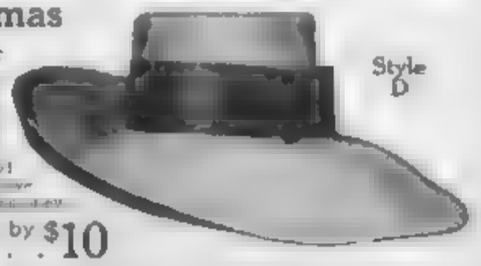
The Brictson Mfg. Co. 3763 Brictson Bldg. Brookings, S. D.

Genuine Panamas Direct from the Importers

We import thousands of extra quality Panama Hats every year, direct through the Port of Galveston, and personally inspect, block and trim every hat. Through our buying facility, proximity to the point of manufacture and the fact that we sell **direct to the wearer**, we are able to offer exceptional values. Our **binding guarantee protects you. Your money will be refunded promptly without question if the hat is not equal to your expectations.** Our $6.00 Panamas for men are closely woven, beautifully finished and trimmed with neat silk bands and leather sweat bands. We Guarantee our $6.00 Panamas to be equal to hats usually priced at $15.00. State size and style desired; whether style A or B, Fedora or peak style. Sent prepaid by Parcel Post for . . . $6

Ladies' Panamas

Here are two popular styles of fine white fibre very loosely woven Sennit Optional Style Drawstring Crown Trimmed with Band and Bow



Sent prepaid by Parcel Post . . $10

HOUSTON HAT COMPANY, Dept. A, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Edna nodded. "Your point is well taken," she admitted. "When dealing with gentlemen one can't be too careful, and when dealing with young ladies one can't be careful enough."

"It's almost enough to discourage trade," said Penfold sadly.

Edna's rippling laugh broke out. Lucia glanced back, and gave them an owlish look that had in it something of the quality of that of a small boy observing the philanderings of an elder sister.

"It's very unfortunate!" said Edna regretfully. "Here's the whole deal put through, the papers properly signed and attested, and then comes a hitch about the delivery. What should you advise doing?"

She touched her pony with her knee, and the well-trained little animal crowded up against that of Penfold so closely that her shoulder touched his. Edna laughed, reached for a pine plume and tore off a part of its tassel, then put the needles in her pink mouth and bit into the acrid, turpentine sap, a good deal as a cat devours catnip.

"I'd advise pigeonholing the documents," said Penfold. "The confidence idea has been so much abused that really the only way to transact business today is with a hoe."

"But even that entails a certain amount of risk," she answered. "You invest your money in the earth and plant your seed and keep out the weeds, and then before you gather your harvest there may come a drought or a flood or a frost. The only really safe method is the cash transaction. Your consultation fee was my confidence, and I've already given you that. But since you seem to be in doubt of the title I suppose I'll have to affix a seal," and she looked up at him with eyes half veiled by their long lashes and slightly parted pouting lips, swaying slightly in her saddle so that her cheek was almost against his shoulder. There was no refusing such an invitation, and even though he had a vague sense of falling into a trap, Penfold did not flinch at springing it. Here seemed an arch coquetry that was not entitled to chivalrous protection. With a gleam in his gray eyes he reached out his arm, drew her to him and kissed the red, smiling lips; and then at the touch of their soft freshness and perhaps also because he was not a man of half measures, his grasp tightened and he kissed her again and still again.

The ponies started forward, drawing them apart. Edna loosed herself.

"You are a high-priced specialist, Doctor Penfold," said she a little breathlessly.

It occurred to Penfold that he was rather more of a charlatan, and he answered with a smile:

"With a rich patient it's better to overcharge than to undercharge. They are usually better pleased."

"I understand. The rich have to pay for the poor. My receipt, if you please," and she held out her small, gauntleted hand with a look of demure gravity. "You might insert the amount of the fee, if you don't mind."

He shook his head gravely and looked at her with twinkling eyes.

"No," he answered; "I'm inclined to think, on sober reflection, that perhaps I shouldn't have charged you any fee after all. Come to think of it, I'm a medical missionary, not a civil practitioner. Your receipt reads 'payment in full,' or words to that effect. I'd rather not specify the amount of the charge, because it was rather exorbitant, and I'd hate to have it thought that I was exorbitant."

Their eyes met for an instant and Edna's fell before the penetrating mockery in his.

"But, after all, I've paid," she murmured, "and it seems to me only fair that the amount should be specified."

"If you feel that way about it I'll return the fee," and he swung his pony against hers. But Edna edged away into the scrub palmetto.

"No," said she, looking at him warily; "I don't want to accept charity. I've been pauperized enough. Give me the receipt and we will let it go at that."

Penfold handed her the paper, which she folded carefully and put in her breast-pocket. Then observing the expression of his face she drew it out suddenly, tore it into small pieces and scattered them on the trail, then looked up at him and laughed.

"There," said she, "you see I trust you a lot more than you trust me."

"Perhaps you are less of a heathen than I thought," he answered dryly.

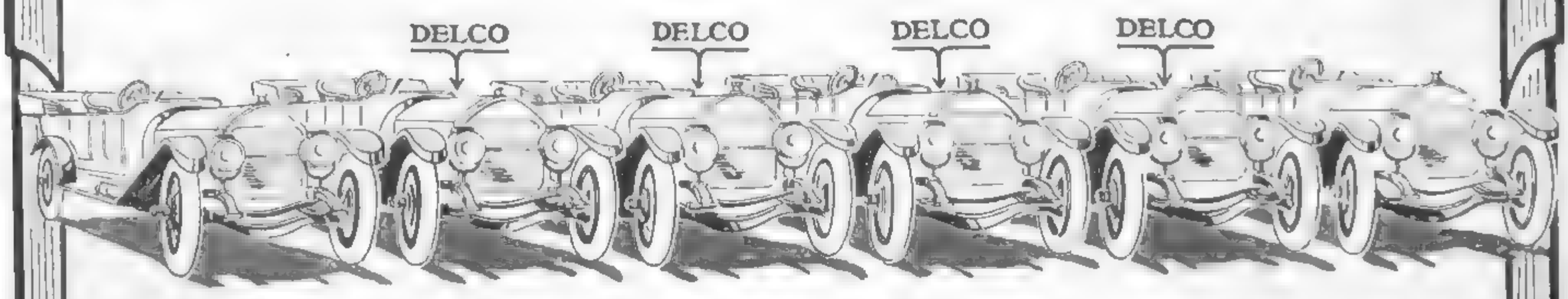
(TO BE CONTINUED)

WE WANT YOUR BOY

WE desire to give him a chance to earn as much spending money as you are willing that he should have and at the same time get a lot of the sort of premiums which every boy wants. During some of his leisure time this summer he will have a splendid chance to earn his spending money and to get an experience which will be of inestimable value later in life. Thousands of other boys will do the same thing—in fact they are doing it now, selling *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. If he'll write to us, we'll tell him all about it.

Sales Division, Box 67

The Curtis Publishing Company, Phila., Pa.



Two-thirds of all Electrically Cranked Cars in Use Today are Delco Equipped

Count them for yourself as you see them on the street.
You'll be surprised to find the remarkable preponderance of Delco equipment.
Now go a step further if you will.
Visit the repair shops—you'll find that the Delco is almost never in the hands of the trouble man.
All of which simply emphasizes pretty forcefully what we have been saying over and over again—"Delco Equipment is Built for Service."
It is right fundamentally—It is right electrically—It is right mechanically.
No automobile engine is too big for it to crank easily and effectively.
No service to which an automobile can be put is too severe for it. It is almost impossible to damage it by jolting or vibration.

The Delco System

Electric Cranking-Lighting-Ignition

The Delco equipment has been in actual use in the hands of automobile owners long enough to thoroughly demonstrate its efficiency.

Not quite two years ago, the first electrically cranked car appeared on the market—it was equipped with the Delco System.

During the automobile season of 1912 twenty thousand of these cars were sold and by January 1st of this year about 20,000 were in use.

We hoped to be able to produce 40,000 equipments during the calendar year of 1913.—That was the outside limit of our expectations of January 1st.

But the record of the Delco System on those 20,000 cars already in use was entirely too convincing a demonstration of Delco efficiency.

The demand of this year was so insistent that we have had to more than double our anticipated production.

During the first four months of 1913, in spite of the interruption of the great flood, 15,000 Delco equipments were produced, and by the end of the year a full 100,000 Delco equipped cars will be in use.

Can you imagine a more amazing and positive endorsement of Delco superiority?

And now, note this point—this tremendous Delco business has been built solely on the performance of Delco equipment.

It hasn't been what we have CLAIMED for it—we didn't make any claims until after thousands of cars had been in actual use for a year, demonstrating Delco efficiency.

It hasn't been the work of an aggressive sales force—we haven't any sales force.

Delco success is based solely on what Delco equipment has DONE in actual service. You can't go back of that.

The Delco Equipment on more than 40,000 cars at this minute is giving positive, unfailing service to more than 40,000 satisfied users.

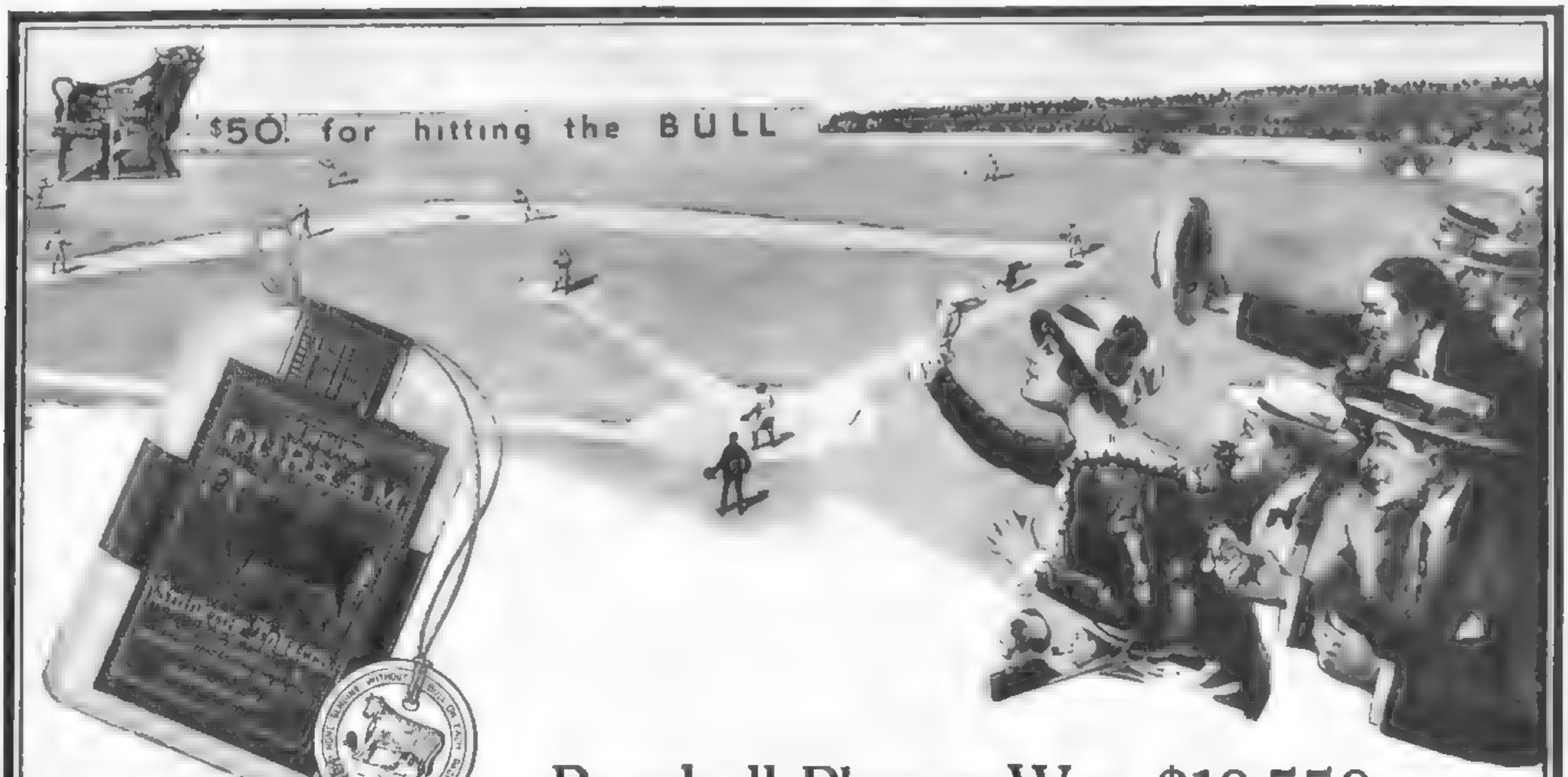
Do you wonder that we grow somewhat enthusiastic when we try to make you understand that the Delco System is more than simply a motor and a battery and a bunch of wires?

It is the experience, the skill, the know-how back of it that gives it its dominance in the Electric Cranking and Lighting field.

It is the quality that is built into it that is placing Delco Equipped cars at a premium, and that is causing the insistent demand that has almost swamped this great six-story factory of ours.

If you are interested in the development of Electric Lighting and Cranking, write for the Delco Book.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, . Dayton, Ohio



Baseball Players Won $10,550. For "Hitting The Bull" Last Season!

The famous cut-out "Bull" Durham sign is erected in the outfield of league baseball parks throughout the United States. Every player who hits this giant "Bull" sign with a fairly-batted fly-ball in a regularly scheduled game, is presented with a check for $50.00 by the manufacturers of "Bull" Durham Tobacco. Last season these cut-out "Bull" Durham signs were hit 211 times in league games for a grand total of $10,550. Some of the famous baseball players who received $50.00 checks for "hitting the Bull" are Chick Gandil, Walter Johnson, Ping Bodie, Jack Murray, Hal Maggart, Hans Lobert, Gabby Cravath and Ben Houser.

An additional prize of 72 sacks of "Bull" Durham is awarded for every home-run made in regular league games in parks where these "Bull" Durham signs are erected. Last year baseball players won 257,400 sacks ($12,870. worth) of "Bull" Durham by batting out 3575 home runs! Making a grand total of $23,420. awarded to baseball players by the manufacturers of "Bull" Durham Tobacco during the season of 1912.

GENUINE

"BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

Baseball and "Bull" Durham have been the nation's two favorite forms of enjoyment since 1859! Baseball, the good, clean, honest game—and "Bull" Durham, the good, clean, honest smoke—have both earned the loyal support of millions of "fans" throughout the United States, in Panama, Hawaii, the Philippines and other parts of the world. Neither has a rival. Every real baseball "fan" considers a smoke of "Bull" Durham essential to his enjoyment of the game.

"Bull" Durham has been the standard smoking tobacco of the world for *three generations*—smoked by *more millions of men* than all other high-grade smoking tobaccos combined! No matter where you are, you can always get "Bull" Durham, and get it fresh. It is sold by more dealers throughout the world than any other single article of commerce.

Get a 5-cent muslin sack of "Bull" Durham at the nearest dealer's today, and learn why over 352,000,000 of these sacks were sold last year alone!

THE PROGRESSIVE-REPUBLICAN MERGER

(Continued from Page 5)

the two old parties. Both the Democratic and Republican methods of building a tariff are exactly the same, and must and do produce equally unsatisfactory results. The country was promised great things from the last Democratic revision of the tariff under Cleveland; it was promised great things from the last Republican tariff revision under Taft; and it was equally deceived and disappointed by both. And now again we are told that the needs of the country will be met by the Democratic tariff revision at present under way. The Democratic leaders have formally and in terms told the country that the tariff bill now making will put an end to the high cost of living, on the one hand, and increase wages, on the other hand; that it will improve business at home and enlarge our foreign trade; and that this miraculous new law will also take away the power of the trusts by taking away the special tariff privileges they now enjoy.

Tariff Making in Few Hands

Yet certain stern facts already loom up clear and large. Strange, is it not, that though we are told that the trusts are to be punished by this new Democratic tariff law the great interests do not appear to be more worried by this bill? Perhaps time will clear up this mystery.

Of course hardly anybody knows what is in the bill. It was framed in exactly the same way that the Payne-Aldrich Bill was framed. Not more than a dozen men all told had any part in its making. There are not twenty members out of more than five hundred members of House and Senate who at this moment can explain its provisions. And it is being rushed through by the same autocratic methods that were used to jam through the Payne-Aldrich Bill—with those autocratic methods raised to the *n*th power.

Just how the bill is to do away with the high cost of living, raise wages, improve business and extend foreign trade is not explained; but we are told that the new law will do all these things. And the country is taking this statement on faith. Of course all of us hope these things may happen. All of us hope that the high cost of living will be lowered; that wages will be raised, business improved, profits increased. But suppose these things do not come to pass. Suppose we find ourselves next year paying as much as we do now to keep ourselves fed, sheltered and clothed. Suppose wages are not raised—I do not ask you to suppose the terrible possibility that wages actually may be lowered. Suppose business does not become better—I do not ask you even to suppose that business may become poorer. Suppose any or all these things. What then? Does anybody imagine that people who have thus been so fooled and wronged will not strike down the party which has promised all this and not made good? Of course they will.

What will the people then do? If they turn to the Republican party that party will say that at last the people have indorsed the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill; at last Mr. Taft's statement at Winona that the Payne-Aldrich Bill was the best ever passed has been proved to be true. That is what the Republican party will say; and that party will have a right to say just those things. Its leaders are saying just those things right now by way of prophecy. So if the people in their disappointment and despair turn to the Republicans the latter will give us another dose out of the same bottle from which they dosed us with the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. We should have again the same one-sided and worthless hearings; the same star-chamber caucus methods; the same framing of a bill by a few men, with the unjustly favored interests in the background; the same slugging of the bill through Congress; the same outrages and injustices in the end. The only difference would be that the Republican party will feel licensed to be more extreme than ever for it will reason that the people, tired and exhausted with this endless tearing down and building up of tariffs, will stand for anything rather than see it continue.

Very soon, however, the people will rebel against that unjust tariff just as they rebelled against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, and the country will find itself once more up against another tariff revision. The country will at the end of all this turmoil be just exactly where it is today. And this process will go on just so long as the country tolerates the method of handling the tariff that both old parties alike employ. So we see that business peace—a settlement of the tariff question is not possible through either of the old parties.

The Progressive party is absolutely and utterly against this method of tariff making that both old parties employ. The Progressive party believes that the tariff should be taken out of politics and handled as a purely business question, which it is, instead of as a political question, which it is not. The Progressive party believes that our tariff should be built on exact facts as nearly as those facts can be gotten; and that it should be changed schedule by schedule, section by section—or even item by item—when the facts make such change necessary. This is the way in which prudent and farseeing business men manage their business affairs.

It is the way that Germany, France, Japan, and other protective tariff countries handle their tariffs. Tariff changes in those rival countries do not upset the business of those countries, but strengthen it. They are made almost automatically. Can anybody recall when France was plagued with a tariff upheaval? Of course France or Germany, or any other rival country, could not stand the upsetting of business by the wholesale tariff revisions we Americans permit the two old parties to impose upon us. The reason why rival nations have better tariff methods than we do is not because their statesmen are abler or their people more intelligent than ours; but because those countries are so crowded and their resources are so small that they can not afford such haphazard, unbusinesslike and wasteful tariff methods as we Americans employ.

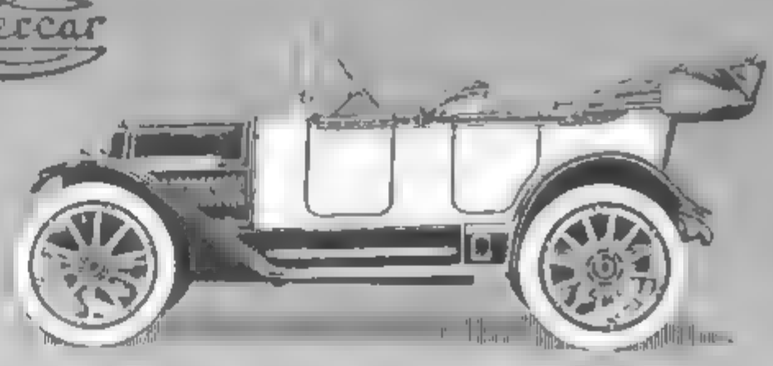
Dark-Lantern Methods

You see, Americans are the only people on earth who can afford a government by politicians. We are so few in numbers and so wealthy in resources that we can manage to get along with politician-made tariffs and dark-lantern tariff methods. But ought we go on with such tariffs and such methods just because our wealth is so great and our numbers so few that we still can live in spite of such tariffs and such methods? The Progressive party believes that we ought not. If Germany and France and other rival nations with many more times our population to the square mile, and with very little natural wealth compared with us, can equal us in domestic prosperity, beat us badly in steadiness and security of domestic business and, comparatively speaking, make us take their dust in foreign trade just by using common-sense business methods, what could we not do with our few numbers and great resources if we also used common-sense business methods?

All of us have heard the bombast of the political stump speaker about our having the greatest prosperity the world has ever known, until we are sick and tired of it; for though in sums total our business transactions and growth in resources are very great, still statistics show that our prosperity is not nearly so great, comparatively speaking, as that of rival countries packed with people and without any of our advantages. The plain truth is that we Americans are allowed to realize only a part of the prosperity we ought to have. Our politician methods of lawmaking, especially in our business laws, keep us from making ourselves as prosperous as our scanty numbers and unrivaled advantages justify. And what prosperity we do have is not fairly distributed. The business policy of the Progressive party is to make our business laws by common-sense business methods and fit those laws to actual conditions, as less favored but more successful nations do. The Progressive party believes that we should do this in order to give us that greater prosperity which we ought to have, and in order to pass that prosperity round.

So the Progressive party would make a thoroughgoing tariff commission of experts, as permanent and able as our Interstate

Cartercar



GEARLESS

A GEARLESS transmission enables the Cartercar to **climb 50% hills** and go **through bad mud and sand** with remarkable ease. Another advantage is the **unlimited number of speeds,** controlled easily and noiselessly with a single lever. Then, too, there are **no jerks or jars** in starting and changing speeds, which means the utmost comfort and at the same time **less wear on tires.** Think over these advantages and you'll realize why the Cartercar gives such perfect service—over all roads—all the time. Four splendid models—"Jesco" **electric starting and lighting.** Send for our new catalog.

Cartercar Company

Dept. S **Pontiac, Michigan**

STUDY ART with a ... illustration ... learn to write can learn to draw Write for Catalogue St. INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF DRAWING, Washington, D. C

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED ... Send sketch for free search of Patent ... Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent FREE Branch Offices, 12 Sussex St., New York, 1439 Chestnut St., Phila. Main Office, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

This is the New Thermos Bottle

It is cementless, padless and ... absorbent material ... new plan ... beauty of the ... a minute. Refills at all dealers.

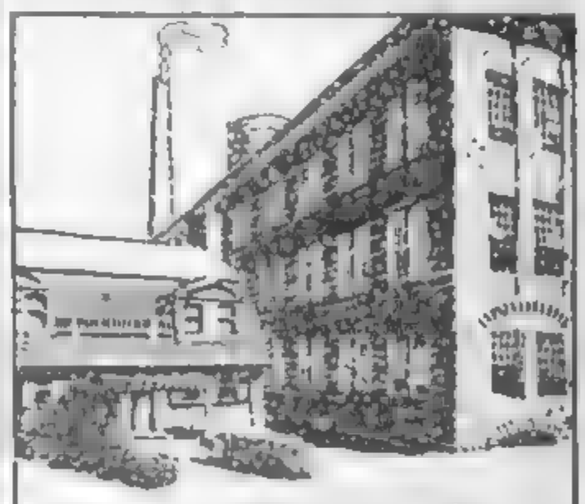
The new Thermos exhaust system ... in our seven-acre plant at Norwich ... us to secure a higher vacuum than ... been possible, this means bottles ... hot or cold a greater length of time

In these models the consumer secures the benefit of not only a greatly improved product but a much lower price.

THERMOS ON THE THAMES
At Norwich, Conn.
New York San Francisco Toronto

THERMOS

Pints $1.50 Quarts $2.50



Brings the Shop Next Door

You can easily ride a mile in five minutes or less on a bicycle. That would let you eat lunch at home, get to work on time regardless of late trolleys and spend more time with your family.

IVER JOHNSON
TRUSS-BRIDGE
BICYCLE

is a little better than any other machine made because ... Send for 72-page Catalogue C

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
200 River Street
Fitchburg Mass

NEW YORK
99 Chambers Street

Vacation Positions for 200 Students

Howard Connor, a Massachusetts High School boy, is now filling one of these positions. He is earning about Thirty Dollars a week.

DURING the past year a University of Nebraska student averaged over $40.00 a week. A San Francisco boy received $295.00 for work done last July. An eighteen-year-old girl, inexperienced in business, made $140.00 during the same month.

Any student can make $18.00 a week this summer by acting as our representative and looking after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

You will enjoy the work, meet interesting people, make new friends and earn a lot of money. You may work at home or travel—with other students if you choose.

We will tell you about the plan if you will write.

Educational Division, Box 70

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILA., PA.

Commerce Commission. The Progressive party would make this tariff commission as non-partisan and independent as the Interstate Commerce Commission. And we would give this tariff commission all the powers needful to discharge its duties. We would have that commission prescribe a uniform system of accounting for protected industries. We would have it gather facts concerning the tariff even fuller and more detailed than the facts the Interstate Commerce Commission gathers concerning the railroads—because the gathering of these facts would be the basic work of the tariff commission. And we would have the benefits in any protected industries go to the working men employed in that industry; for the Progressive party holds to the protective-tariff doctrine of Abraham Lincoln—that the purpose of a protective tariff is to protect American working men from competition with working men elsewhere who are paid less than American working men can live upon by our American standard of living. The Progressive party believes that this standard of living is the vital problem of American statesmanship.

The Fight for a Tariff Board

And we are at relentless war with the present-day Republican doctrine of a guaranty of profit to manufacturers. Such an idea never was heard of before the Taft-Aldrich-Root-Lodge combine forced it into the Republican platform. Why not guarantee profits to farmers, and barbers, and doctors, and lawyers?

Neither of the old parties believes in the Progressive party method of handling our tariffs. The Democratic party frankly says that it does not; and, though some Republican politicians have been driven by the terror of their situation to appear to favor a tariff commission, yet the Republican party as such is estopped from taking that position. The Republican party cannot be heard now to say that it favors a tariff commission. Not only did its leaders attack the tariff-commission bill, when it was introduced some years ago, in terms hardly fit to print; not only did certain prominent Republican leaders who now pretend to favor a tariff commission do all they could against it; not only do they admit in private conversation that they take no stock in it now—but it is a matter of public record that three times within the last five years the Republican party, having full power, had a chance to fix a genuine, permanent, non-partisan and powerful tariff commission in our law as firmly as the Interstate Commerce Commission is fixed, and neglected and refused to do so! Of course, everybody knows that Mr. Taft's so-called tariff board was feeble and worthless.

The fact that a very few prominent men now in public life—who illogically have chosen for a while longer to remain in the Republican party—do sincerely favor a tariff commission and the Progressive party's method of handling the tariff question does not relieve the Republican situation. That fact only makes it worse. For here again we see the fatal division of the Republican party within itself. The other day Mr. Penrose, the Republican leader of the Senate, prepared a careful article for the public press in answer to Mr. Wilson. Mr. Penrose said about everything anybody could think of in attacking the present Democratic tariff bill and in defense of the policy of protection; but not one word about a tariff commission—not one word about condemning methods of tariff building employed by both old parties. On the contrary this Republican leader of the Senate made a two-handed defense of those very methods. Mr. Cannon, in his strong but medieval article in this weekly, took the same ground that Mr. Penrose takes.

You have only to read the Congressional Record of three, four and five years ago to find out what the Republican leaders really think of a tariff commission. Of course they now are willing to put a tariff-commission plank in their platform; but then putting a thing in a platform before election and carrying it out after election are two very different things. It is the men behind the platform that count. And, besides, all of us know that the Republican party is willing to put nearly anything in its platform just now. It is the old case of a drowning man catching at a straw.

So then, on the tariff question, how are you going to merge the Progressive party, whose members all believe in the Progressive party method of handling the tariff, with either of the old parties, both of which have fought that method as hard as they could and are against it now? The only sensible thing for those who have remained in the Republican and Democratic parties—but who believe in the Progressive party's method of handling the tariff—to do is to become members of the Progressive party; for what these men want is the fruitful success of policies and principles in which they believe, instead of the barren success of a mere party name, with which they have been labeled—is it not?

Or take that other great division of our business problem—the question of the trusts. Here again the Progressive party policy is at war with that of both old parties. Briefly stated both the Democratic and Republican parties propose to go on with that series of actions to break up the trusts which the country has witnessed for twenty-five years. Of course these useless lawsuits under the Sherman Law amount to nothing so far as any benefit to the people is concerned. All they amount to is to badger business, on the one hand, and to give to such great interests as can afford to go through the courts a decree to go on doing everything that really hurts the people, on the other hand. Witness the so-called dissolution suits of the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust. Did either of these lawsuits reduce the cost of oil or tobacco? No; the cost of tobacco has not changed and the cost of oil has been increased—the price of gasoline has been raised seven times. Did they prevent the watering of stocks? No; the trusts can go on doing that as much as they like—one former component of the Standard Oil Company made a stock dividend of twenty-nine million dollars within a few months after the decree. Did they prevent the manipulation of prices and unfair methods of competition? If so, point out where those practices have ceased.

So where do the people get any relief? Nowhere! On the other hand all legitimate business is utterly confused. No matter how honest, American business men today cannot get for any fee from a reputable lawyer an opinion as to whether, in many important, necessary and wholly honorable transactions, they are lawbreakers or not. A great number of indispensable business arrangements now are being carried on, though those who carry them on are criminals under the law. Yet they must go ahead, because they cannot do business under modern conditions in any other way.

Foreign Trust Regulation

This intolerable trust condition and the politician-like treatment of it by both the old parties do even more to hamper American prosperity than the old party methods of handling our tariff. Here once more the policy of the Progressive party is different in its very nature and theory from the shifty and shifting policy to which the two old parties equally hold. The Progressive party takes the ground marked out by every great authority on modern economics. We hold with these standard economic authorities that great organizations of capital engaged in industry are not only inevitable but necessary; that they are caused by railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and all modern agencies of communication which bring scores of millions of people into direct touch with one another—which make a modern nation a single industrial family.

These mighty organizations of industry called trusts are found in free-trade England and in protected Germany as well as in the United States—they are even greater and stronger, considering comparative wealth and numbers, in those countries than they are with us. And, instead of trying to break them up, those foreign governments encourage them. For example, last year a German cartel, or trust agreement, expired. The big concerns that were parties to this trust agreement each wanted more of the future profits of the trust than the others would agree to; and so they would not sign the new trust agreement. But this concerned German business and especially German foreign trade. So the German government promptly notified these firms that if they did not at once renew their trust agreement the government would increase railroad rates on the products of each member of the expired trust. Of course that was going too far in the other direction, and we would tolerate no such governmental practice here. I cite it only to show how other nations which cannot afford waste of any kind deal with this profound subject.

But while these foreign governments encourage trusts, they control them—sternly and effectively control them! That is just what we ought to do here. So the Progressive party would stop the policy of badgering business through sham battles against the trusts, which is the only plan the two old parties have with which to deal with this question, and, instead, control them, so that they cannot hurt but only serve the people.

The Progressive party recognizes that the organizations of business cannot be and ought not to be destroyed, on the one hand; but we say that they can and must be bridled and directed, on the other hand. The greatest business concerns can be made the greatest servants of all the people.

Just this is what the Progressive party would do. We would make these vast industrial concerns do the people's work instead of letting them exploit the people. We would pass a business law plainly stating what business practices are unlawful, punishing its violation by prison sentences instead of money fines; and we would create an independent arm of the General Government to control and regulate these giant business agencies in the interest of the public. If the Interstate Commerce Commission is a good thing to regulate and control the railroads of the country, will anybody tell us why an Interstate Trust Commission would not be an equally good or better thing to control and regulate the trusts, whose products the railroads carry?

The Foundations of the Party

Thus, and only thus, will there be an end put to the watering of stocks, which taxes the whole consuming public as the Government itself does not tax it; an end to the arbitrary, unjust and wicked raising of prices, which makes life a burden to the masses of our people; an end put to those crushing and criminal manipulations that have so choked legitimate business! Yes, and an end put to that business uncertainty which chills the energies of American business men and to that confusion which blinds the vision of the clearest business eye! In short, the Progressive party would establish business peace on the firm foundations of fact and justice.

Yet against this plain, simple, commonsense statesmanship of the Progressive party, both old parties and also the great and evil interests that have worked their will upon the American people are united. Thus we see that on the business question—the tariff and the trusts—there is no common ground upon which the Progressive party and either of the old parties can get together.

I have enlarged upon the Progressive party's business program and the common hostility of the two old parties to that program because the business question is the one now biggest in the public eye; but when one comes to the underlying principles of the Progressive party one sees even more clearly why any kind of merger with either of the old parties is impossible. There are three fundamental principles on which the Progressive party is founded and from which its policies flow. Let us state these three principles and give an illustration of each.

First—The Progressive party stands for a broader, more logical and more helpful nationality. Most of the problems that bear down upon the American people today are national in character and can be dealt with only by the people of the nation acting as a unit. So the Progressive party searches our national Constitution to find power for the nation to do those things the welfare of the whole people demands; the two old parties, on the other hand, search the nation's Constitution not to find such power but to find limitations upon such power. The Progressive party believes that the master words of the Constitution are the very first words in that great charter: "We, the people . . . in order to . . . promote the general welfare, . . . do ordain and establish this Constitution." And we Progressives read our fundamental law by the light of those master words. On the contrary the two old parties say that these guiding words of the Constitution have no real meaning.

The result is that the two old parties think the states should handle every problem, no matter how national in character, that the Constitution does not expressly command the nation to handle; whereas we Progressives believe that the nation should handle all national questions that the Constitution does not expressly forbid the nation to handle. This principle of the Progressive party was better stated by Abraham Lincoln than by anybody else. Lincoln said: "The nation should control what concerns it; a state or any minor political community should control what exclusively concerns it; an individual should control what exclusively concerns him."

Take one of many illustrations of this principle of the Progressive party—the subject of child labor. For every possible reason this is a national question, and everybody who has studied it knows that it can be handled wisely only by national law. The Progressive party favors a national law on this vital subject. The two old parties say that the nation has no power to deal with child labor at all, but that the subject must be left to the states. Yet if left to the states not only can child labor not be ended; not only will the ruin of American citizens in the making go on in the various states that fail to stop it; not only will labor disturbances in states with good child-labor laws continue to be caused by the employment of children in other states—but also the most serious business inequality is set up all over the republic. For manufacturers in states which do not permit the employment of children must make their goods with manhood labor, paid manhood wages—and yet sell those goods in the open market in direct competition with business men in other states who are allowed to make their goods by childhood labor, paid childhood wages. I personally know manufacturers who employ children and who would be glad to stop it—but cannot, because other manufacturers next door to them go on employing children.

How, then, can the Progressive party, which has this concept of nationality as one of its basic principles, be merged with another party which denies that principle? Will the Republican party put a national child-labor plank in its platform? Let the merger promoters try it!

How to Strengthen Liberty

The second principle on which the Progressive party is founded is a broader, purer Democracy. We believe that liberty can be strengthened best by strengthening the foundations of liberty. So the Progressive party believes that women should have the right to vote precisely the same as men. We see no sense in allowing some of us to vote because we happen to be men and not allowing others to vote because they happen to be women. And especially the Progressive party believes in making the people's laws and public servants subject to the people's will all the time.

We think that no harm, but only good, can come from giving the people power over the people's laws under which the people must live, and over the people's servants who make those laws and conduct the people's Government. That is what every individual does in his own affairs; why should not the people do it in their affairs? The initiative, referendum and recall strengthen our representative Government by making it certain that it will really represent the people whose Government it is, and not the special interests whose Government it is not. Everybody knows that our representative Government has fallen under the influence of antipublic forces.

Yet we find the two old parties, as parties, standing together against the Progressive party's principle of a stronger and more vital popular Government.

True, some Republicans and some Democrats favor this Progressive party principle; but the majority of both Democratic and Republican leaders are against it. Mr. La Follette is for it and Mr. Lodge so unalterably opposed to it that he gave this as his excuse for deserting his personal friend and greatest benefactor, Colonel Roosevelt. Mr. Cummins is for it; but Senator Root thinks it will break down our Government.

The Democrats are in exactly the same case. Mr. Bryan favors this Progressive party principle, but did not write it into the Democratic platform; while Mr. Underwood frankly and boldly opposes it. A few Western Democrats stand for this Progressive party principle; but Eastern Democrats are against it to a man. For example, Governor Baldwin, of Connecticut, a Democrat, is quite as sure that this Progressive party principle would blast out the foundations of the republic as is Senator Root, a Republican.

So we see there can be no getting together of the Progressive party with any

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER

Burglars Make Cowards of Us All

(New 380 Calibre Now Ready)

THE 10 Shot Quick-as-Lightning Savage Automatic puts a *steel back bone* of boldness in us all.

Why? Because it aims easy as pointing your finger. Your wife won't be afraid of the Savage—a glance, or a touch of the indicator tells her if it is loaded.

The one ten shot Automatic. A trigger pull for each shot. 32 and 380 calibre.

Send 6 cents in stamps for booklet on what to do if you find a burglar in your house.

A Savage *'phoned for today*, means a home *unafraid tonight*.

FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

The "Imp," The Most Talked of Gun in America

The remarkable 22 Savage high power rifle that shoots cartridges of high concentration with Savage efficiency. Post yourself. Write us for information about the "Imp" today.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 76 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Winona College of Agriculture

Learn Scientific Farming. Two years ALL AGRICULTURE COURSE, prepares for all phases of farming.
13th Annual Session Begins September 16
Experience on College Farm. Increasing demand for teachers of agriculture. Comfortable living facilities. Athletics. Expenses reasonable. For catalog address, J. C. Breckenridge, D. D., Pres., Box K, Winona Lake, Ind., or REGISTRAR, 500 Willoughby Bldg., 61 E. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, and Supplies. Write for catalog, 445 illustrations. Free; it gives information for musicians and new bands. LYON & HEALY
World's Largest Music House
20-44 Adams Street Chicago

"When I Stopped Guessing"

(SENT FREE)

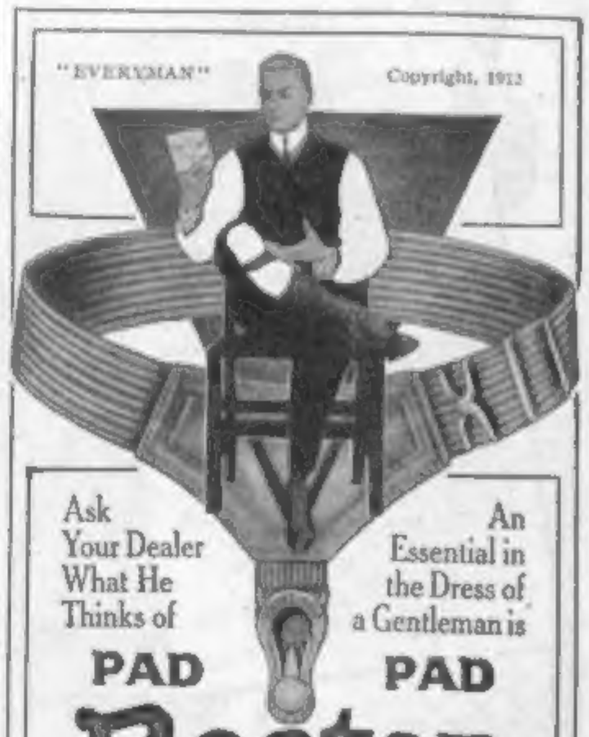
SEND for this true story of how E. W. Darrell increased his retail business from $37,000 to $140,000 a year. Learn how you, too, may increase your business by finding what lines show a profit and how much—what it costs to obtain that profit—whether your clerks are earning more or less than you pay them and in other ways stopping leaks and grasping opportunities.

Mr. Darrell says: "For eleven years I was a guesser. My buying was a guess. My selling was a guess. I guessed at my costs—guessed at what prices should be—guessed at my profits—and guessed where the money I should have made had gone—then I woke up. I rebuilt my business on a basis of exact knowledge. I applied the success-producing methods of other live retailers with a result of over 400 per cent. increase."

Write now for "When I Stopped Guessing," the 28-page book, and learn how Darrell turned losses into gains by short cuts to larger profit.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
99 Burroughs Block Detroit, Michigan

European Office: 76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England



Ask Your Dealer What He Thinks of PAD

An Essential in the Dress of a Gentleman is PAD

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

That's what counts with you. Next you want snug comfort, and finally, the service that only the best materials and making can give.

Lisle, 25c. Everywhere Silk, 50c.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, BOSTON

The finger piece idea in eyeglasses

is the acme of security, comfort and convenience. You can get this idea, worked out in the most skillful way and from the finest material, by asking your optician for

Fits-U Eyeglasses

Look for this mark on the bridge

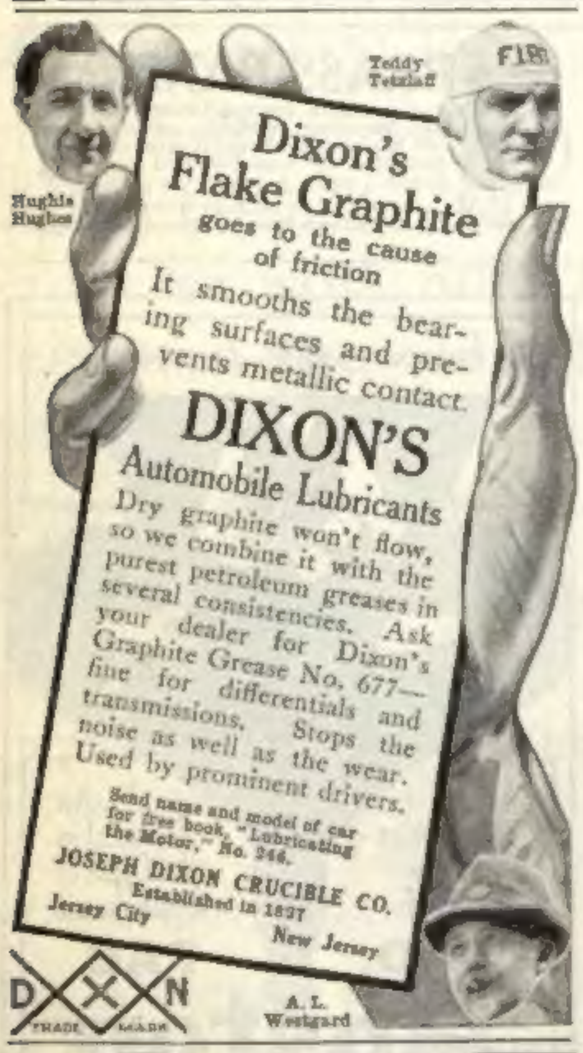
Write for "The Glass of Fashion"

Address Dept. F

American Optical Company

Southbridge, Mass.

Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and lenses in the world


Teddy Tetzlaff
Hughie Hughes
Dixon's Flake Graphite
goes to the cause of friction
It smooths the bearing surfaces and prevents metallic contact.
DIXON'S
Automobile Lubricants
Dry graphite won't flow, so we combine it with the purest petroleum greases in several consistencies. Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Grease No. 677—fine for differentials and transmissions. Stops the noise as well as the wear. Used by prominent drivers.
Send name and model of car for free book, "Lubricating the Motor," No. 346.
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Established in 1827
Jersey City New Jersey
D X N
TRADE MARK
A. L. Westgard

Shirley President Suspenders

Buy a pair of Lightweights for summer wear, weight but 2 ounces.

There is ease and comfort in the sliding back. Price 50 cents, from any dealer or the factory. Signed guarantee on each pair. Satisfaction or money back.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
400 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

other party on this second vital principle upon which the Progressive party is founded. Neither of the old parties, as parties, stands for it—both of the old parties, as parties, are against it; and the only reasonable and sincere thing that those who believe in this underlying principle of the Progressive party can do is to join the Progressive party, which, as a party, is pledged to this principle.

The third principle upon which the Progressive party is founded is that of humanity in legislation. I do not mean that we Progressives are kinder or better than members of other parties; but I do mean that, as a party, we Progressives insist on making our laws from the human point of view rather than from the purely commercial point of view. For example, the Progressive party rejects the savage economic doctrine of the obsolete Manchester School that labor is nothing but a commodity, to be bought at the lowest possible price, used until efficiency is exhausted, like a shovel, or a machine, or a bucket of coal, or a bushel of wheat. We insist that the man whom the accident of birth or fortune makes a laborer is a human being, with all the feelings and aspirations, all the capacities for joy and sorrow, for pleasure and for suffering, possessed by the other man whom birth or fortune places in a more happy plane of life.

The Progressive party, therefore, would draw its labor laws according to this fundamental principle of economics.

We think it a great deal more important that men and women engaged in any industry should not have their health ruined or their lives destroyed than it is that the manufacturer should make abnormal dividends. We Progressives believe it is of far greater consequence that children shall grow into normal human beings, with an equal chance with other human beings, so far as health and strength are concerned, than that the industries which employ these children should make larger profits because of their employment. We think that the industrial order, which, notwithstanding the enormously increased productivity of machinery, nevertheless drives human beings to such hard and excessive hours of labor that their usefulness is sucked out of them by middle life, is utterly wrong; and so, under the head of social and industrial justice, the Progressive party platform proposes a program of comprehensive, systematic and practical reforms to carry out this third great principle on which our party is founded.

Nobody has yet been willing to say that these human reforms are not desirable; but the two old parties say they are not practicable. The answer to this, of course, is that every one of them has been tried and found to work well in other less favored countries than our own. But the two old parties are against the social and industrial justice section of the Progressive party's platform—some of the old party leaders are quite violent in their opposition; but with Progressives these human reforms are the expression of a principle in which they earnestly believe. So how is a merger of such strong and hostile convictions possible? How is it even thinkable?

So we see that the broad and deep-lying principles which created the Progressive party and which give it its life and strength are not accepted, but opposed, by both of the old parties. The same is true of the Progressive party's policies. Here and there you will find numbers of Republicans and Democrats who, in this locality and that, favor both the principles and policies of the Progressive party; but neither the Democratic party, as a party, nor the Republican party, as a party, can be made to stand for any of the Progressive party's principles or policies throughout the whole nation.

On the contrary the Democratic party, as a party, and the Republican party, as a party, stand against these Progressive party policies and principles as national propositions. Yet a political party must have principles and policies as broad as the country.

The Progressive party, however, as a party, stands for its principles and policies throughout the whole republic. What we fight for in Oregon we fight for in Florida. What we preach in Kansas we preach in Rhode Island. What we stand for in Wisconsin we stand for in New York. Whereas fragments of the two old parties are willing to stand for some Progressive policies in localities where those policies happen to be popular and yet fight those very policies where they happen to be unpopular, the Progressive party fights for those policies and principles a little bit harder in the localities where they are unpopular than it does in the localities where they are popular. For the Progressive party fights for political convictions; the two old parties merely maneuver for expediency.

If this sounds harsh ask yourself whether it is not true. If it is not true, then explain the difference between the Democratic platform of Oklahoma and the Democratic platform of Connecticut; between the Republican platform of Nebraska and the Republican platform of Rhode Island. Explain the sudden about-face of the Republican manipulators in Michigan and the stonewall-standing-fast of the Republican bosses of New York.

It is plain, then, that our merger-promoting friends have undertaken an impossible task. And why, after all, should there be any amalgamation of parties believing in different things? Certainly not for the purpose of carrying out clearly stated principles and well-understood policies; for there is no agreement on those principles and policies but, on the other hand, utter disagreement.

To what end, then, is this proposed merger? "To win!" answer the merger promoters. Quite so. But to win what? To win offices and power! When you get at the bottom of it will any one point out what else there is to come from this proposed merger and amalgamation? And is that result attractive to any sincere and thoughtful man?

SENSE AND NONSENSE

A Jersey Spelling Lesson

A COUNTRY politician in New Jersey was elected school commissioner. One day he visited a school and told the teacher he desired to examine the boys and girls.

A spelling class was performing; so the commissioner said he would inquire into the proficiency of that organization. The teacher gave him a spelling book and the students lined up in front of the mighty educator.

He thumbed the book. Then, pointing at the first boy, he said: "Spell eggpit."

"E-g-g-p-i-t," slowly spelled the boy.

"Wrong," said the commissioner, and pointing to the next boy: "You spell eggpit."

"E-g-g-p-i-t," spelled the boy.

"Wrong. You spell it."

The next boy spelled it the same way, and the next and the next.

"Bad spellers, these," commented the commissioner to the distressed teacher.

"Why, Mr. Commissioner," she protested, "they have all spelled eggpit correctly."

"They have not."

"Will you let me see the word in the book?" the teacher asked tearfully. "I am sure they have."

"Here it is," said the commissioner, and he pointed to the word "Egypt."

The Accommodating Cop

WILL PAYNE, who comes on from his farm near Paw Paw, Michigan, every winter to spend six weeks in New York, says the New York policemen, despite everything that has been said about them, are the most accommodating persons wearing uniforms anywhere on the habitable globe; and he tells this story to prove it.

"I was in the downtown financial district," says Payne, "and I wanted to go to an address on Dey Street. I walked up to a big traffic cop and said to him: 'Where is Dey Street?' pronouncing it as though spelled Day.

"'The correct pronunciation is Die Street,' he said; 'and it is four blocks north.'"

We Can Do Without the Woman

WHO sprinkles salt on the tail of temptation.

Who thinks she is a jewel just because she is set in her ways.

Who can forgive a man anything except the crime of not admiring her.

Whose head can't be turned by flattery only because she has a stiff neck.

Who doesn't know how to treat a husband until she has had at least three.

Who thinks she is an angel when really she is a high flyer—there's a difference.

Who never forgives her Creator for having given her two ears and only one tongue.

Who is always dreadfully disappointed if her worst suspicions don't come true.

Who is so fond of bric-a-brac that she would break the Ten Commandments to gratify a fad.

Not That Kind

A CERTAIN senator was urging the appointment of a constituent on President Wilson.

"I admit," said the President, "that your man has many admirable qualities; but he lacks experience. That office needs an experienced man in order that the best results may be obtained."

The senator leaned across the presidential desk and asked:

"Did you ever stop to think, Mr. President, that if experience was the first requisite for office we shouldn't have turned out Mr. Taft?"

A Peacemaker

THE proprietor of the leading drug store in a small Kentucky town was coming out of the front door of his place not long ago, when a small boy came tearing round the corner at top gait with his head down and butted squarely into him.

"Hey, kid!" demanded the druggist. "What's the matter?"

"I'm tryin' to keep two boys from gettin' into a fight," panted the youngster.

"Who are the boys?" asked the druggist.

"I'm one of 'em."

A Weird Race

WALTER KINGSLEY, a theatrical man, happened to strike a small town in the northern part of the state of New York lately.

"So you're in the theater business?" said the proprietor of the little hotel where Kingsley stopped. "Well, all I've got to say is that you troupers certainly are a funny lot! Thirty-two of them minstrel fellows stopped over with me last week and all of them was named Cull but one—and his name was Props!"

Eggs Fried on Ice

FRYING eggs on ice is entirely feasible, as was demonstrated at a recent electrical exhibition given by the University of Illinois. The eggs were placed in an ordinary frying pan, and the frying pan was placed on a pile of cracked ice on a kitchen table. Eggs were fried nicely, though it took longer than when a stove is used. No wires were in sight. The frying pan had no electrical connections and could be taken up and replaced at will.

Under the table was the secret, an electro-magnet. Even with the secret divulged, the trick was wonderful enough, for between the frying pan and the magnet was the pile of ice and the board table-top, neither of which was affected, excepting by the heat sent down from the frying pan.

A peculiar but simple principle of electricity was used. An electro-magnet, as is generally known, is a horseshoe shaped bar of iron, with coils of wire wound round each arm of the horseshoe.

When a current of electricity is sent through the coils of wire, the horseshoe becomes a magnet and will attract and firmly grip any bit of iron placed near the ends of the arms, or poles. This applies to a direct current of electricity. If, however, an alternating current of electricity is sent through the coils, any iron near the magnet poles is heated by what are called "eddy currents."

In the egg-frying trick the magnet was placed under the table, and an alternating current was sent through the coils.

You're "The Picture Of Coolness" In B. V. D.

TRIFLES don't nag you—heat doesn't fag you in Loose Fitting, Light Woven B. V. D. You're not chafed and confined, as in tight fitting underwear. You *joy* in the feeling of *muscle-freedom*, as well as in the *coolness* of B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, or Union Suits. To-day, buy B. V. D.

To get *genuine* B. V. D. get a good look at the *label*. On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

Insist that your dealer sells you only underwear with the B. V. D. Label.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07.) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B. V. D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

Copyrights U.S.A. 1913 by The B.V.D. Company

Fry day April 1913

Deer Grocey Man

Mamma is sending Jaims aftersome grocrys and 2 Boxes of corn flakes. Pleas dont give jaims and corn flaikes but Kelloge. Jaims dont no any difrens differense but we no a lot of differense there ant any corn flakes that taste like Kelloge Jaims is waten to take this note so pleas dont forget Kelloge pleas.

Youre lLoveing

Betty Lovejoy

W. K. Kellogg